

THE
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FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

THE fashion of illustrating books is not one of recent date, as a glance at almost any collection of old books will show. Go back as far as you will, even before the invention of printing, when books grew slowly under the pens of scribes, you still find them illustrated. The old monks, who were the copyists of the dark ages,

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felt the inspiration of the text they copied, and let it make pictures in their minds, the which pictures they transferred to their manuscripts in the shape of borders, vignettes, and initial letters. They succeeded in the frame-work of their pictures better than in the pictures themselves; for their drawing of natural objects and

the human figure was crude and false, while their conceptions were ludicrous and common-place. Still

"They painted better than they knew."

They were the progenitors of Fra Angelico, Perugino, and the early sacred painters.

The very first works issued from the presses of Caxton and Winkin de Worde, were adorned with cuts, and very queer cuts they were. They might have been worshiped safely, so little resemblance did they bear to anything in the heavens, or the earth, or the waters under the earth. But they were necessary even in that rude age, or they would never have existed; perhaps they were more necessary then than now. Nations are like children—they love pictures in their childhood.

Two or three centuries passed with but little improvement in the art of illustration. The designs of Albert Durer, in Germany, and those of Le Brun and other eminent artists in France, are wretched enough. There is a world of amusement in those old French steel engravings. Fat Cupids, in a deplorable state of nudity, sit on mountainous clouds, aiming yard-sticks at the round bosoms of innocent damsels of forty, or thereabouts. Amorous Jupiters descend to their waiting Danaes in showers of golden *louis d'ors*, fresh from the mint. Fauns, satyrs, and wood gods, make love to dryads and hamadryads. Everything is mythological and allegorical.

Our English literature of a hundred years ago is disfigured with the same sort of high art. But toward the close of the century our book illustrations began to look up. Westall and Stothard were graceful and natural in comparison with those who preceded them. Still later, we have Turner, the prince of painters and designers; and now, at this present writing, Birket Foster, John Gilbert, and a score of other excellent artists in England; while, in France, we have, or rather had, (for he is dead now,) the marvelous Tony Johannot. In America, we have Felix O. C. Darley, the subject of the present sketch. If you have many new books in your library, you certainly have some of Darley's designs in them. If you have any old books among the new ones, just compare their designs with Darley's, and see how su-

perior he is to the best artists in his line. I must put him at the start at the very top of his profession. But let me drop this generalization, which came near being a small folio, and give you a short biographical sketch.

Felix O. C. Darley was born in Philadelphia, on the 23d of June, 1822; a little ciphering will give you his present age; by the rule of simple addition, it is thirty-four years and a fraction. His parents were well-to-do people: an old family, I believe. His mother is said to have been a woman of strong natural talent, with a clear and vigorous mind. One of his brothers is a good musical composer; another a fine artist. He has two sisters likewise, one of whom is an artist, while the other writes exceedingly well. Talent seems to run in the Darley family, as acting ran in the Kembles.

I know but little of the childhood of Felix, except that he began to draw at a very early period. He remembers using a chair instead of a table to draw upon, so small was he when the "designing disease" first broke out. He made sad havoc with his father's letter-paper, and soon used up a box of water-colors belonging to his sister. In other respects he was, doubtless, like little boys the world over. He devoured much bread and butter; and, like Mr. John Horner, of nursery memory, retired selfishly and privately into remote and obscure corners, and pulled out plums to any extent. In due course of time he was sent to school, when a passion for drawing on his slate rampant cats, and disorderly gentlemen with long legs, introduced him to those spurs of human intellect, ratans and flat rulers. The rod was not spared, so the child was not spoiled.

At the age of fourteen he was placed in a mercantile house in Philadelphia. His father thought he would rather have his son a merchant than a poor artist. He was quite right, was papa, except that he made a slight mistake about Felix.

Felix was destined to be an artist, but not a poor one. He went into the counting house, as his father wished, and gave himself up to business—just as much as he could. Like Lamb, if he sometimes came late in the morning, he made it up by going home early in the afternoon!

He drew, in his leisure moments, a series of sketches of characters about town. Philadelphia is a fine field for character, but a

dangerous one for a young artist to work in, if he has a fancy for such studies as Darley made. He drew fish - women, market - women, engine - boys, "killers," and loafers generally. The loafers of the city of Brotherly Love, especially those who run with its engines, are famous.

To call a man a Philadelphia fireman is to call him a *mauvais sujet*. Darley's sketches were characteristic and spirited, and were much admired by his friends. I doubt myself, though, whether they were creditable to the genius he has since shown. I have looked over his illustrations in "The Library of Humorous American Works," (of which hereafter,) and I must say that they do not strike me happily. They were admired, however, by many, among others by Mr. Thomas Dunn English, a literary gentleman of Philadelphia, author of the popular song of "Ben Bolt." Mr. English had a poem, which he wanted illustrated, and a friend, who happened to know Darley, recommended the latter to him. He was struck with one of Darley's sketches, the ink of which was scarcely dry, an outline drawing of a drunkard whom Mr. English had just passed in the street; so he sought the young artist, and looked over his portfolio. This was 1842, when Darley was twenty years old. Like all young artists and poets, he aimed high. In addition to the sketches of city life, he had been trying his hand and pencil on a variety of high-art themes. He had illustrated "Manfred," "The Maid and the Magpie," "Cromwell," and "Scenes in the Life of an Indian Chief."

These and the city sketches were shown to the Philadelphia editors, who were kind enough to notice them. In a few days Darley saw himself mentioned in an article. He has been mentioned in hundreds of articles since, but probably none moved him like that one. It is a great thing to see our names in print for the first time. In a little while it becomes an old story; the difficulty then is to keep out of print.

A number of Darley's early efforts, doubtless the fish - women, engine - boys, and "killers," fell into the hands of the editor or owner of "The Saturday Museum," who expressed a desire to publish them in his paper. A bargain was soon made, for I fancy Darley had given up the mercantile myth, and the vocation of the

young genius was definitely settled. He was an artist. Not being accustomed to draw on the block, his sketches did not look as well in printer's ink as in his own pencilings. Still their merit was conspicuous, and the foundation of Darley's reputation may be dated from their appearance.

Some more of the same sort remaining on hand, Joseph C. Neal, author of "Charcoal Sketches," "Peter Ploddy," &c., undertook to illustrate them with reading matter. A series was commenced, but it died after one number was issued. The rest of the sketches were published in "Godey's Magazine," and "The Democratic Review."

The publishers of Philadelphia began to hear of and to employ Darley, whom they found very useful, and I dare say cheap. It is only your old geniuses, men who have made a mark, who dare to ask the mercantile value of their ware. As for the young ones, the fledglings of art and literature, they must be content for a while with whatever they can get.

Messrs. Carey & Hart, an old and well-known firm, about this time, say in 1843, published a series of cheap volumes, which they called "The Library of Humorous American Works." These works consisted, for the most part, of short newspaper stories, based on sporting anecdotes and traits and customs at the South and West. They were funny, but coarse; good specimens of a bad school of writing. A little closer attention to the niceties of English grammar would have added to their merit. How many of these things Darley wasted his talent on, I know not; his name is on the cover of each volume of the library, and there are not far from fifty in all, but I am confident he never saw the inside of many of them. Certainly the pictures are not by him.

Besides this "Humorous Library," he made designs for an elegant edition of the poetical works of Mrs. Sigourney. This was indeed going from "the lively" to "the severe."

In 1848 Darley was persuaded by his friends to remove to New-York, where he has since resided. He was engaged by Mr. George P. Putnam, who was then getting out a complete edition of the works of Washington Irving, to furnish a number of designs for "The Sketch Book," "Knickerbocker," and "Tales

of a Traveler." It is no flattery to say that these designs are worthy of the stories they illustrate; they are worthy of any author, living or dead. A number of Darley's outline sketches suggested by Judd's "Margaret," not drawn for publication, but out of sheer admiration for this singular but powerful romance, having been seen by the managers of the American Art Union, they gave him an order for six designs in the same style from Irving's "Rip Van Winkle." These were distributed to the members of that institution, (it is dead now,) and soon after republished in England. The English edition was a miniature copy of the original. In 1849 he drew six more designs from the same lucky author. This time it was "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." These outlines placed Darley at the head of American artists. The English critics considered them superior to any thing of the kind ever produced in England.

The Irving outlines were followed by a series of large designs on American historical subjects, some of which have been engraved and published in this country and in England. The London publishers have offered Darley various inducements to pull up his stakes, and settle in the modern Babylon, but he has hitherto refused their offers. He has enough, and more than enough, to do at home. He has his "Margaret" outlines not finished, innumerable orders from booksellers and bank-note engravers, and an untiring fertility and patience to spur him on. Every year he contributes a dozen or two characteristic drawings to the Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, and scarcely a month passes but you see "Darley fecit" under the graceful frontispiece or title-page of some new book. His bank-note designs are well known among engravers, and beautiful designs they are. For the first time in its history, perhaps, money finds itself endorsed by a true artist. The root of all evil rejuvenates itself with the fairy blossoms of Art. The poor artist has become the bosom friend of the rich merchant; his dainty fancies are garnered up in corpulent pocket books, transformed by magic into Tens, Twenties, Fifties, and other fabulous fortunes in federal currency. Would that all our pockets were filled with them for the sake of Darley's designs!

The "Margaret" outlines will be finished and published this fall. There are to be some thirty in all. I believe Redfield is the happy publisher.

The "Margaret" outlines will place Darley higher than anything that he has yet put his name to. They have been in his hands now eight or nine years, during which time he has labored at them constantly, and grown up from youth to manhood in art. They are not crude blossoms, although their conception may be dated from the spring of his artistic life, but ripe fruit, the first perfect and mature harvest of his genius. About two years ago his publishers showed me the proofs of several of them. I have forgotten their detail, but the spirit of each remains vivid in my mind. They are representative pictures of certain phases of New-England life and character, the truest and best among the very few that can be considered successful. There is a true and a false New-England mapped out in our so-called Yankee sketches and stories, and, as is often the case, the false predominates over and is generally taken for the true. The false element of New-England has produced "Major Jack Downing," "The Widow Bedott," and the "Sam Slick" books of Judge Haliburton. Take from them their disgusting slang, and the result is *nil*. In such books the Down Easter always whines through his nose, which nose he is forever poking into the affairs of his neighbors; always wears a bell-crowned hat, with a bad nap, an antiquated coat, with long tails and bright buttons, and the shortest of all possible trowsers. He is mean, vulgar, and inquisitive, and so "cute" that it is a wonder he keeps out of the States Prison. You have often seen the wretch in caricatures; but never, I will be bound, in real life. The true New-Englander, the Yankee as he was and is, is a *rara avis* in art and letters. You find him and her (I beg the pardon of the ladies for neglecting them so long!) in Judd's "Margaret," in Mrs. Dorr's "Farmingdale," and in the weird and wonderful tales of Hawthorne. Hawthorne's New-England, however, is mostly the New-England of our forefathers, the stern old Puritan land of two centuries ago. "Margaret" is a magnificent book, and magnificently has Darley illustrated it, as you will see early in the fall or winter.

I have been looking over the "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow" outlines. When first published, they were pronounced superb by the best art-critics here and in England, and for once these gentlemen were right. They *are* superb. They are as good of their kind as are Retzsch's outlines of *their* kind, which is the highest praise I can think of; for Moritz Retzsch is the greatest outlineist in the world. His etchings to "Faust," originally published in 1812, his outline illustrations to Schiller's "Song of the Bell," "Pegasus in Harness," "Fridolin," and "The Fight with the Dragon," marked an epoch in art. His "Gallery to Shakespeare's Dramatic Works," which occupied him from 1827 to 1846, is not so happy as a whole. "Macbeth" and "The Midsummer's Night Dream" are wonderful: the one for its terrible tragic power; the other for its delightful glimpses of Fairy Land. Darley is the only outline-artist who fails to remind me of Retzsch. I can detect no evidence of his ever having seen the etchings of his renowned German brother, but of course he has seen them, and studied them profoundly. Other artists copy Retzsch's faces, and figures, and foliage, in short, imitate him; but Darley merely borrows his method, and creates for himself. He is a creator. I remember only one face, and that an unimportant one, in the "Sleepy Hollow" outlines, which suggests Retzsch. It is the face of the negro boy who is swinging on the door, in the fourth plate. It somehow reminds me of Caliban in "The Midsummer's Night Dream." The rest of the faces are native to the soil and time, grotesque or beautiful, as the exigences of the drawing require, but always characteristic and original. The children in the first plate, and the dancers and on-lookers in the fourth plate, are admirable.

Darley's Indian drawings are among his best, as they are among his oldest works. As long ago as "The Humorous Library" days, when he might be supposed to turn out anything, "to make the pot boil," he published a series of outlines intended to embody the adventures of an Indian chief from the cradle to the grave. Mr. Dunn English supplied the letter-press, and named the whole "The Death of War Eagle." The title is not very promising, whatever the sketches may have been.

"Just as the twig was bent, the tree inclined."

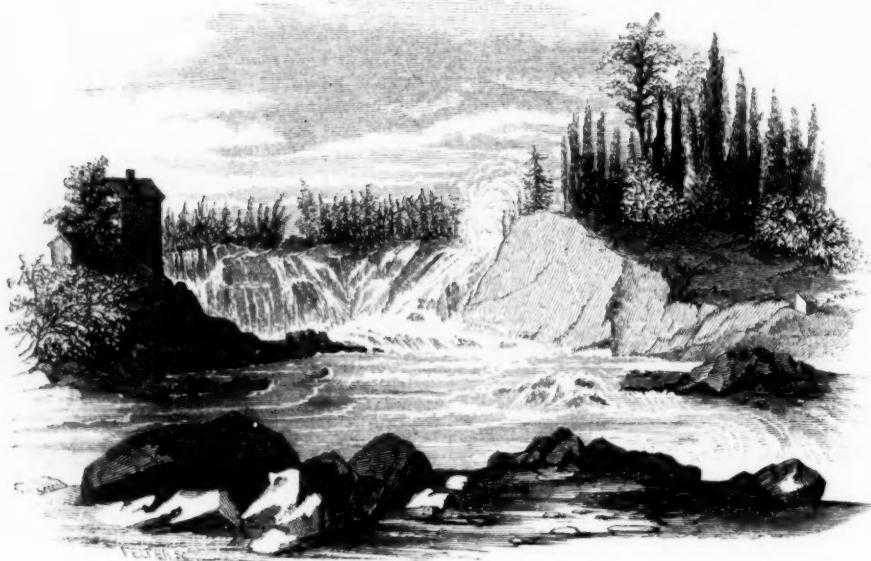
Darley would illustrate "Hiawatha" finely, but I fancy his time is too much taken up with "Margaret" and bank-notes. Perhaps he don't admire the poem.

One of the first things that strikes you about his sketches is their wonderful clearness of idea. You feel that they are drawn by a ready and skillful hand; one who thoroughly understands himself and his art. He never seems to have hesitated for a moment on the progress of his work. His conception is clear, sharp, and distinct in his mind before he puts pencil to paper. He knows the grouping of every figure, the expression of every face. If he wants a tree in a particular spot, he knows just what species of tree he wants—the size and shape of its bole, the individuality of its bark and moss, every quirl and twist of its boughs, the very twinkle of its leaves. Nothing is left to chance; all is certainty. He never guesses, he *knows*.

He groups his characters finely, dramatically. They are beautiful in themselves, and, what is better still, they tell their story. Many artists insert figures in their compositions, not because the compositions demand it, but because the figures are pretty. Darley belongs to another and a higher school of art. His mind is too simple and direct to sacrifice anything to mere beauty. He sees everything severely: his atmosphere is like crystal in its clearness, but it is intensely cold.

Darley is more widely known as an illustrator of books, than any other artist in this country, and known as such rather than an artist proper. He does his work well, and turns off a great quantity of it. He will illustrate a novel for Simms to-day, a poem for Mrs. Estelle Anne Lewis to-morrow, and the day after a comic almanac or a political biography. But you would have to pay him well, I fancy, before he would meddle with politics, especially in their present condition.

To conclude. I consider Darley one of the best, if not *the* best artist in America. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to his brethren of the pallet and brush, to elevate one who works without color, so certainly above them; but such is my opinion. I judge the man by the idea in his drawings; by their harmony, beauty, correctness, and finish. His ideal is high; his execution excellent. If I had a story or a poem which I wanted illustrated, I would take it to Felix Darley.



THE FALLS OF ELF CARLEBY.

FROM STOCKHOLM TO DALECARLIA.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

IT was a fine evening of the last week in July that I found myself on board one of the Haparanda steamers, bound for Gefle, from which place I had purposed traveling across the country to Fahlun, the capital of Dalecarlia.

There are some excellent steamers which make the passage from Stockholm to Haparanda, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, touching at Gefle, as well as other points along the coast. But I had been particularly unfortunate in my selection of a vessel. The "Berzelius," a very fine steamer belonging to this line, was some two or three days over due, and reports were beginning to be circulated that she had been taken possession of by the Russians. This rumor, however, proved quite unfounded; but there is no trespass, whatever may be its character, which the Swedes would hesitate to impute to their Russian neighbors. The steamer which for this voyage re-

placed the "Berzelius," was destitute of a solitary good quality to entitle her to a kind remembrance. Even the quarter deck was crowded with freight of all descriptions; and confined to our cage for twenty-four hours, a standing posture was the only relief which we found for a change from long sitting, as walking was quite impracticable.

The scenery of the Gulf of Bothnia is similar in character to other portions of the Swedish coast. The belt of islands extending around the whole of the Scandinavian Peninsula, is here more broken than at any other point, with the exception of the southwestern coast of Sweden. And, although we found ourselves at times in a maze of islands with tall masts apparently lifting themselves among the forests, yet, occasionally, we were quite in the open sea. The Aland Islands were passed at such a distance as to enable us to judge little of their character.

Among our passengers were two returned Swedish emigrants, who had passed some years in the United States. They

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

seemed well pleased at meeting an American, and extended to me at once an invitation to their houses in the interior of the country. I was, however, unable to avail myself of their kindness without materially changing my route. One of these persons had accumulated considerable wealth in America, and had returned to enjoy the fruits of his labor in his Northern home, situated far up the Gulf of Bothnia, the charms of which seemed never to have lost their hold upon his affections. There are, I think, few people so devotedly attached to their fatherland as the Scandinavians. It has been difficult for me at times to comprehend, in some desolate portions of the North, how persons who have visited other climes can still find so much to attract them in their Northern homes.

The peasant who has been nursed among the most beautiful scenes of Switzerland, or of sunny and classic Italy, is not more warmly attached to his country than is the peasant of the extreme North. In surveying his domain, oftentimes where jagged, wild, and shattered rocks stretch away in all directions, with scarce a blade of grass, a tree, or a shrub, he is ready to exclaim, "God be praised; this is my country." The words of the Creator, expressed in the ancient Saga as addressed to the North, seem truly verified. "Although no flower shall here bloom," said the Almighty, "no bird sing, and no blade of grass grow, yet the wicked spirit shall have no share in thee. I will have compassion on thee, and suffer men here to dwell, who with love and affection shall cling to these rocks, and be happy in their possession."

Among our passengers generally I found the same spirit of kindness to me, as a foreigner and an American, which I have everywhere seen in the North. From a captain in his Swedish majesty's service, I received an invitation to pass some time at his house in the country. Such invitations are by no means uncommon here; they seem to be honest and heartfelt, and oftentimes from a person who is scarcely known to you.

With another Swedish gentleman I discussed the merits of Cooper and Irving. I found him quite familiar with the characters of "Leather-Stocking" and "Harvey Birch," as well as with that of "Rip Van Winkle," and others of the inimitably

drawn characters of "Geoffrey Crayon." But in the North I think we have no other writer so fully appreciated as Cooper. There is, indeed, to all Europeans, something peculiarly American and novel in the scenes and characters which he introduces. In "Leather-Stocking" they find a creation which no other country could have suggested. The half savage and half civilized character of the trapper is one especially pleasing to the people of the North.

It was eleven o'clock, just twenty-four hours after leaving Stockholm, that we found ourselves set down at Gefle, and were soon after established in a comfortable inn. Gefle contains about ten thousand inhabitants, and seems a flourishing town, but without anything of especial interest to the traveler. There is a small trade with the United States carried on at this port, amounting in all to some four or five ships a year, which are usually freighted with cotton, and take iron for a return freight. Southeast from Gefle, at the distance of about sixteen English miles, are the Falls of Elf Carleby.

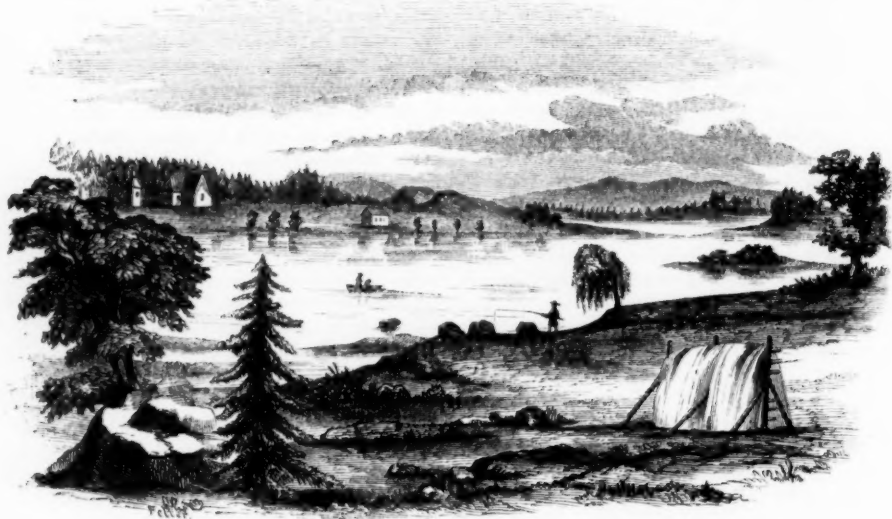
EXCURSION TO ELF CARLEBY.

THE waters of the Dal Elv, after passing through a singularly wild and picturesque country, become more tame and uninteresting in their descent, until just before pouring themselves into the waters of the Baltic, they make a sudden leap over a rocky ledge, as if unwilling to be lost in the waters of the sea without making one more effort at the picturesque. In a note which I received from Miss Frederika Bremer, she says:

"This is the waterfall which in Sweden comes nearest to the American Niagara. Mr. B. will enjoy himself there in a good, though homely inn, near the falls, see salmon taken by the fisherman, and eat salmon, if he likes it, at all his meals. The Linneus flower and the Forget-Me-Not grow abundantly in the woods about the falls, and will, I think, be flowering at this time."

With such an account of the charms which nature had lavished upon this quiet and secluded retreat, it was with no small degree of anticipation that I left Gefle with pilgrim's staff and knapsack *en route* for the "Swedish Niagara."

The road passes through a country possessing nothing of especial interest, occupied by a hardy race of peasantry, with here and there a timber building painted



THE LAKE OF SVARTSJOHN.

red, and occasionally a large gateway opening through the center of the building, on the one side of which are stables, and on the other the domicile of the family. Upon the whole route I observed but one house which made the slightest approach toward elegance. All the others were evidently the abodes of a simple class of peasantry, and generally displayed an appearance of rustic comfort. These were constructed, like the houses which I have described in the last number of *THE NATIONAL*, of hewn timber, and mostly painted red. In Sweden the roofs are generally covered with tile or boards; but in some portions of the country turf is used, as in Norway.

Having started with the intention of taking everything quite in the rustic fashion, I stopped for breakfast at a peasant's house, which indicated some degree of comfort. Here I found fresh milk, with very dark brown bread. The house was red, and had, withal, a certain *well-to-do* look about it, externally, as well as internally. The farmer's wife and daughter were patting about the house with bare feet and homespun dresses. In the corner of the room which I entered stood a spinning-wheel, and on the window shelf lay the unfinished yarn stocking. The same apartment served for kitchen, dining-

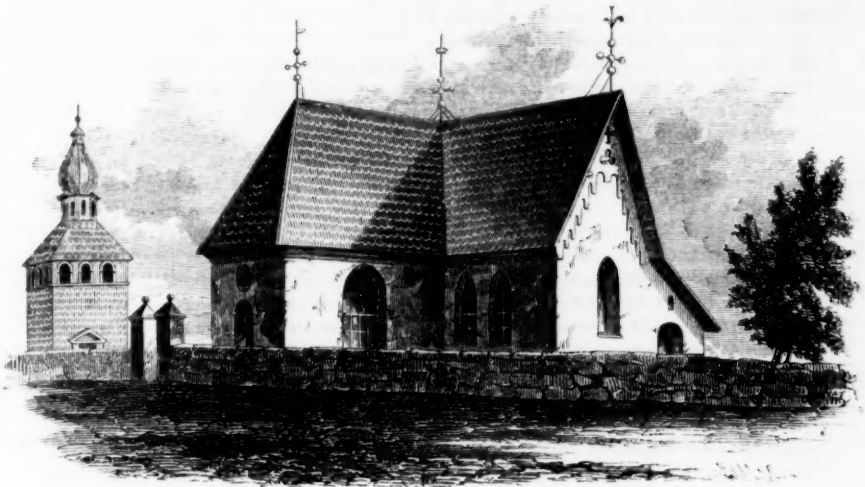
room, and dormitory. One corner was occupied with a capacious fireplace, the chimney standing out quite entire in the room, the fireplace opening upon two sides of the chimney, with a massive iron crane fastened in the corner and swinging round upon the two open sides. Directly opposite was a tier of berths arranged like those on board ships, but occupying more space; these supplied sleeping accommodations for some five or six of the household. The people I found to be good-natured and very obliging. A tin basin in which the milk for breakfast was brought, looked bright, and the wooden trencher upon which the brown bread was placed, clean and white. The latter was suggestive of pleasant memories of the olden time in New-England. So much for my first Swedish country breakfast.

It was near evening when I arrived at the end of my journey; not very fast walking, it is true, sixteen miles to the day. The roar of the cataract was distinctly heard for the last two or three miles of the way. The falls of Elf Carleby are by no means destitute of interest. But what American, after having viewed the wonders of his own beautiful land, ever arrives at a European waterfall without feelings of disappointment? At the time of my visit so small was the

supply of water, owing to the unusual drought of the season, that even the miniature likeness of Niagara was entirely imperceptible. The water was twelve feet below its ordinary level, and a second fall, separated from the main sheet of water by a small island, as represented at the right of the sketch, bringing Goat Island slightly to mind, was entirely destitute of water. The rapids, which extend a distance of some three hundred yards below the cataract, add much to the picturesqueness of the whole scene.

My little inn near the falls was humble and unpretending in the extreme. The house, built of timber, was one and a half stories in height, and painted yellow.

There was, withal, an air of homely comfort about the establishment which pleased me. The floors were clean, and sprinkled over with fresh twigs of the juniper. My little attic room had a very low ceiling, and was of small dimensions. As is often the case in Sweden, it contained a sofa, which was arranged for a bed at night. There was a certain indescribable and cozy look about the little chamber. The walls were ornamented with framed lithographs of Luther, Gustavus Wasa, King Oscar, and Jenny Lind, all of which are favorite embellishments of the houses of Swedish peasants. The linen spread over the table, and the little white, fringed curtain of my solitary window, were of



SVARTSJOHN CHURCH.

faultless whiteness. Within a few yards of the house, indeed, almost under my window, were the rapids of the river. The roaring of the waters seemed to invite to early repose, and to be a sure guarantee for sound slumber, and so I retired dreaming of to-morrow, of the "Salmon skipping in the falls, of seeing salmon taken by the fisherman," and perhaps of eating them, as well as of rambles in the solitary woods about the falls, and bouquets of the "Forget-Me-Not" and flowers of the *Linnaea borealis*.

A gentle knock at the door, with the announcement that breakfast was ready, at six o'clock the next morning, was by no means unwelcome. The breakfast

consisted of salmon and strawberries with milk. The day was passed delightfully in rambles about the woods and along the river, now gazing at the Dal Elv *rolling rapidly*, and watching the salmon as they occasionally darted up to the surface. At evening I accompanied the fishermen to the point where they draw their nets just below the rapids. In this mode of taking these beautiful fish, they have no chance for their lives, but are driven into the net, whereas in fly-fishing the only legitimate mode of taking salmon, there is something more republican. It is a matter quite optional with the fish whether he bites or not, and if he prefers to take the bait, and is scientifically

landed upon the shore, I must confess I have then little sympathy for him; but in seine fishing the matter is quite different.

The salmon fishery here is quite celebrated, even in this salmon-abounding country. The largest haul made here this season was ninety-four fish at one time, averaging in weight about fifteen pounds. In the morning I saw fifteen fine fish taken in a scoop-net near the falls.

The humble inn at Elf Carleby offered little but salmon for breakfast, dinner, or supper. This fish, which is such a rarity in the larger cities of America, and which, from its high cost, is usually served up in *Homeopathic* portions, is so often offered to the traveler in Norway and Sweden, that he is likely to become entirely satiated with it. Indeed, he finds no difficulty in believing the fact that apprentices, in the former salmon-abounding days of New-England, had inserted in their indentures a proviso securing them from being compelled to live upon salmon more than three days in the week. I have heartily wished, when traveling in some portions of Norway, that I might be equally protected from it.

My researches for the modest little Linnæan flower were unsuccessful. The beautiful "Forget-Me-Not" of the North, and many other wild flowers, I found, but still the delicate little object of my search seemed to shun me in my rambles. I had a great desire to succeed in discovering this tiny gem of the wild woods. It is described as a singularly delicate flower, which clings to the moss in the most secluded spots, but withers at the very touch of man, and has thus far eluded all attempts at cultivation. It is an interesting fact, that this modest little flower should have been selected by the great botanist to bear his name, and that, in its natural sensitiveness and disposition to shrink from observation, it should bear such a close resemblance to the character of the person whose name it bears.

On my return to Gefle, I stopped for the night at a very neat and comfortable little wayside inn at Harnes. This consisted of two tenements of one story each, quite detached, one of which was occupied by the family of mine host and the kitchen department and offices, while the other was wholly devoted to apartments for travelers, consisting of some eight or ten rooms handsomely fitted up, all upon the

same floor. It is quite common in the inns of the North for the building occupied by the guests to be entirely separated from that of the host and his family. This arrangement is a very desirable one, as the traveler finds his quarters quite removed from the annoyances of the culinary department and the bar-room. A handsome parlor, in addition to a bed-room, was furnished me here, where my meals were served. I was quite surprised, on demanding my bill, to find the whole charge about fifty cents per day. But when my host informed me that he paid only about twenty-eight dollars per annum rent for the whole establishment, I could better understand his extremely low charges.

JOURNEY TO FAHLUN—BORGARDET STATION, ETC.

IMMEDIATELY after my return to Gefle I set myself about making preparations for a journey to Fahln. There being no public conveyance, I counted myself fortunate in being able to find a return carriage, for which I speedily bargained. I had previously made arrangements with a young Swede to accompany me as a *compagnon du voyage*. The next important matter was to attend to the packing of our provision box, an article in general use, and almost indispensable, both in Sweden and Norway. White bread is very rarely to be found in the interior of the country, and must necessarily be taken with you, as well as fresh meat, cheese, and other delicacies.

A curious vehicle is the old posting carriage of Sweden. In Norway the traveler is necessarily confined to the *cariole*, a small two-wheeled carriage, containing only a seat for one person; but in Sweden the posting carriages are usually cumbersome. The one which I counted myself fortunate in having secured for the journey, had evidently seen far better days, and those a long time since. Its whole appearance betokened that it belonged to other days. About six o'clock in the morning our lumbering vehicle was drawn out from the courtyard of the inn by a villainous-looking pair of post-horses, and a post-boy quite in keeping with the animals. The luggage was placed on board, the provision box examined to make sure that it contained the needful, a wave of our hand to the driver, and we were *en route*.

The first day's journey took us to Borgardet station, a distance of about seven Swedish miles, (fifty miles English.) For the most part of the way the country is singularly destitute of interest; a constant succession of pine or fir wood stretches away in either direction from the road. About midway we passed a little village, which afforded some relief to the eye. The land in its vicinity was in a high state of cultivation, and rich with the golden harvest. Near the village was a picturesque lake, upon the border of which stood an extensive mansion, with several detached buildings occupied by work people, looking not unlike the establishments of some Southern planters, with the out-houses for the slaves. The greatest charm of the village was, however, its picturesque church. It is built in a style not uncommon, as I have since observed, in this portion of Sweden. The door being open, I resolved to enter, and accordingly ordered the post-boy to stop. He made a tremendous pur-r, the Swedish equivalent for whoa, [to be pronounced with a roll of the tongue,] which was instantly obeyed by the horses. The interior of the structure was ornamented with many curious carvings in wood, some of them belonging, evidently, to the Roman Catholic period. The aisles were paved with stones bearing the names and devices of many past generations. The walls were adorned with wood and gilt carvings, surmounted by the armorial bearings of numerous families.

Leaving this place, our route continued through an uninteresting country, with the view occasionally relieved by one of the little lakes which are so numerous in this portion of Sweden. The farm-houses generally presented an appearance of rustic comfort; they were all of timber, and generally painted red. Gates constantly occurred upon the road, dividing one estate from another, about which were always to be found a group of children seeking a few coppers for opening them. Sometimes the urchins would scamper on toward the next gate, a distance of perhaps a mile or so, to secure a second fee. They are good runners, and usually kept pace with the horses. They showed no disposition to beg, but were evidently desirous of earning an honest penny.

It was about eight o'clock when we ar-

rived in sight of the Lake of Svartsjon, upon the border of which the station-house of Borgardet is situated. Fronting upon this beautiful sheet of water is a venerable and picturesque church, standing quite alone. Near it is a grove of stately trees, while beyond arise picturesque hills, covered with firs, presenting that peculiar fringed outline against the sky so characteristic of the North.

The sun was just setting as, at a sudden turn in the road, we came in sight of this picturesque scene, the beauty of which was greatly enhanced by the sunset, lending as it did a rich purple hue to the whole landscape, alike shed over mountain, lake, and valley, while the calm and mirror-like surface of the water reflected with an unusual distinctness every outline of hill and wood, as well as the unique and interesting church so beautifully situated upon its border.

We soon found ourselves at a very comfortable station-house, and were very favorably impressed by our first experience of Dalecarlian inns; concluding, in the meantime, that if this was a fair specimen of the public-houses of this remote province, the people of the capital have some things to learn from the Dalecarlians.

Like most of the inns of the country here, the tenement occupied by the family was entirely distinct from what may be termed the guests' house. The buildings were low, but covered a considerable surface upon three sides of a square. The house for the guests formed one side; that for the family and *kitchen cabinet* another; while the other side was occupied by the stables. The arrival of such a formidable establishment as I have described our equipage, was not without its effect in impressing our landlady with the consequence of her guests. The importance thus attached to us was, as usual, all very well until the bill was presented. The bustling hostess stood waiting in the door-way, jingling a huge bunch of keys, evidently desirous of exhibiting her apartments; and well she might have been, as I have rarely found the same degree of neatness; the floors were scoured; the linen was like snow; the tables shone with new varnish; the window-curtains were of white muslin, tastefully arranged; and here, for the present, we took up our quarters.

In the morning I wandered over to the picturesque little church which fronts the lake. While engaged making the sketch which I present, a reverend-looking gentleman approached me, and courteously raising his hat, invited me, in English, to dine with him, pointing at the same time to the parsonage house which stood near the church. I gladly accepted his unexpected hospitality. My kind host was the vicar of the parish. His whole stock of English seemed to have been exhausted in the invitation to dinner. There is, however, one English word which the Swedes all speak, namely, *welcome*; and few people understand so well how to convince one that he is to take the meaning as strictly literal. Nothing could have been more cordial and considerate than the attentions which I received from the worthy vicar and his family; and all this, it will be remembered, without the slightest introduction.

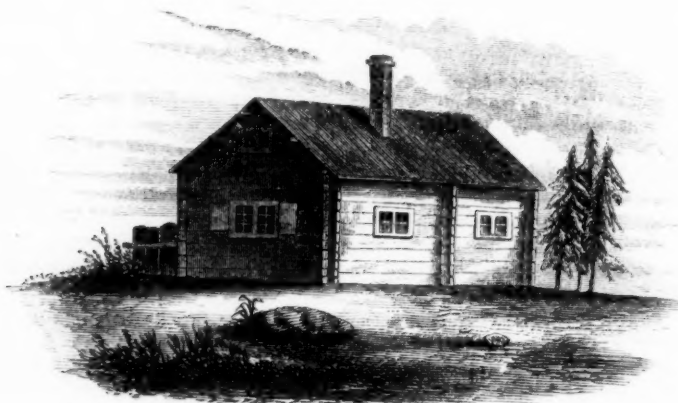
The church of *Svartsjon* dates, the central portion of it, to some period previous to the fourteenth century. In more modern times the two wings have been added, as the wants of the parish have increased, making it cruciform. The vicar informed me that the earliest preserved records of the church were of the latter portion of the fourteenth century, at which time it is spoken of as an ancient edifice. The additions were made in 1672 and 1734. The interior exhibits no pomp of heraldry; all is simple and in keeping with the character of the Dalecarlian people.

At about the distance of an English

mile from the church, on the opposite side of the lake, is the little hamlet of *Isla*, a place of peculiar interest in its connection with Gustavus Wasa, the great liberator of his country. It will be remembered that the youthful Gustavus, after the assassination of his father and the principal nobles and clergy of Sweden, by order of Christian II., sought refuge from his Danish pursuers among the mountains of Dalecarlia. Here he labored as a peasant, pursued by his bloodthirsty enemies. Sven Elfson, at that period the king's ranger, lived at *Isla*. This honest peasant for a long time afforded the refugee shelter and protection, notwithstanding the immense reward which had been offered for his apprehension.

The house of Sven Elfson is still standing, but doubtless much changed in modern times. The marked resemblance of this domicile to the log-houses of our Western States will be at once discerned.

It was during Gustavus's sojourn at *Isla* that the following story is related of him: "On one occasion, when the Danish soldiers entered the house of Sven Elfson, Gustavus happened at the moment to be seated in the chimney-corner. Good dame Elfson was stirring the fire in the oven with a long poker, making ready for baking. Discovering at the instant the danger of her *protégé*, with that tact which belongs so exclusively to her sex, she turned and struck Gustavus a severe blow across his shoulders with the poker which she was holding, exclaiming at the same time, 'You idle scapegrace, go to your



SVEN ELFSON'S HOUSE.



BARN IN THE HAMLET OF ISLA.

threshing, and don't sit here staring at the soldiers.' "

The remarkable presence of mind of this good woman, doubtless, saved the hero. The king's soldiers did not suspect that the staring peasant boy, who had been thus unceremoniously dismissed to his labor, was the noble whom they sought.

At a short distance from the house stands the barn in which Gustavus threshed, which has now become a state monument. Gustavus III. erected a handsome monument of Swedish porphyry upon a granite base, immediately in front of the barn, upon which is the following inscription, which I render literally from the Swedish :

" In this barn threshed Gustavus Erickson, pursued by the enemies of his country, but selected by Providence to be the liberator of Sweden. His descendant in the sixth generation, Gustavus III., erected this monument."

The barn is still in the possession of the family of Sven Elfson, upon whom Gustavus III. conferred a small annuity, to be expended yearly in such repairs as the barn might require. This annuity descends from father to son, with a silver medal, also the gift of Gustavus III.

After the illustrious fugitive had remained for a long time at Isla, the honest ranger became apprehensive of his discovery, as the pursuit was still kept up in the imme-

diate neighborhood. He therefore determined to remove him to the house of a friend at Marness. The trusty peasant accordingly placed Gustavus under a load of straw, and started with his precious load in the direction of Marness. The road passes along the border of the lake, and when they had arrived at a point near the church, they were overtaken by the Danish officials, who suspected the ranger of having secreted the refugee, and would not allow him to pass until they had examined his load, which they did by piercing the straw with their spears. Gustavus was wounded, and the blood began to drop upon the newly-fallen snow. Geijer, in his *History of the Swedes*, says :

" He would have been betrayed by his blood falling upon the snow, had not this faithful ranger taken the precaution, when unobserved, of cutting his horse in the foot, so that it bled. Nor must we decline to state, as an example both of the dangers and manners of the times, that Gustavus, in his fugitive condition, was obliged, for his own safety, even to shed his blood."

WHEN benefits are lost, the mind has time to recount their several worths ; which, after a considerate search, she finds to be many more than the unexamining possession told her of. . . . Blessings appear not till they have vanished.—*Felt-ham's Resolves*.



SCENES FROM COWPER'S "TASK."

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

'TIS MORNING; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires the horizon; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leadless wood. His slanting

ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinged all with his own rosy hue,
From every herb and every spire blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
I view the muscular, proportion'd limb
Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless

pair,
As they design'd to mock me, at my side
Take step for step; and, as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,
Preposterous sight! the legs without the man.
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine

Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder; not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out the accustomed
load,

Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass:
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no needless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the ax
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail crop'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a
frisk



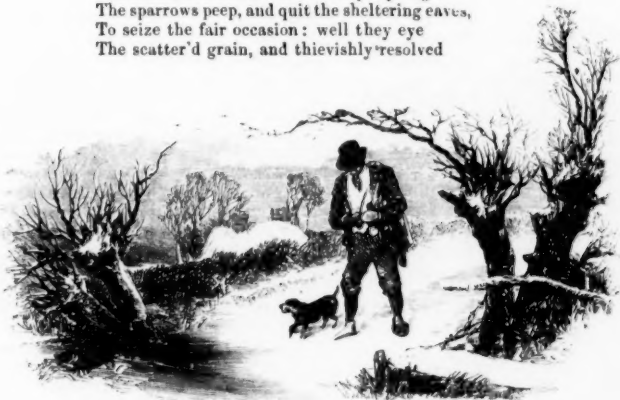
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or plows it with his snout;
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for
joy.

Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for
aught,

But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighboring
pale,

Where, diligent to catch the first fair gleam
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known
call

The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious, and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves,
To seize the fair occasion: well they eye
The scatter'd grain, and thievishly resolved



To escape the impending famine, often scared,
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut; and, wading at their head
With well-consider'd steps, seems to resent
His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd.
How find the myriads, that in summer cheer
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?
Earth yields them naught: the imprison'd worm
is safe

Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
Lie cover'd close; and berry-bearing thorns,
That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose,)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long-protracted rigor of the year
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and
holes

Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts: self-buried ere they die.

The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,
Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now
Repays their labor more; and, perch'd aloft
By the way-side, or stalking in the path,
Lean pensioners upon the traveler's track,
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to
them,

Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.
The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,
O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,
Indurated and fix'd the snowy weight
Lies undissolv'd; while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away.
Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps
The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below.
No frost can bind it there; its utmost force
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide,
And see where it has hung the embroider'd
banks

With forms so various, that no powers of art,
The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene!



Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling
trees

And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops
That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.
Here grotto within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam; there embossed and fretted
wild,

The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before.
Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,
And in defiance of her rival powers;
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats
As she with all her rules can never reach.
Less worthy of applause, though more admired,
Because a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ!
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the North. No forest fell

When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its
stores [floods,

To enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear:
In such a palace Poetry might place
The armory of Winter; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-brushing hail,
And snow that often blinds the traveler's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd: nor other cement ask'd
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side; a watery light
Gleam'd through the clear transparency that
seem'd

Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.



GOLDSMITH—HIS FORTUNE AND HIS FRIENDS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, the son of a poor clergyman, was sent at seventeen to Dublin University, (Trinity College,) and for cheapness was compelled to enter as a sizar. If poverty is the stimulus to industry, industry is equally the solace of poverty. Study furnishes the mind with occupation, and removes the necessity for costlier and less worthy entertainment; but idleness aggravates penury, and is the parent of low diversions, lassitude, and debt. Such, from the indications which remain to us, appears to have been the college existence of Goldsmith. Any chance of his being drawn into the studies of the place was destroyed by the brutality of a tutor, who ridiculed his awkwardness and his ignorance, and who once knocked him down for giving a humble dance at his rooms to celebrate the small but solitary honor of having gained an exhibition worth thirty shillings. After nearly four years passed at Dublin, without pleasure, profit, or distinction, he took his degree of bachelor of arts the 27th of February, 1749.

His father died while he was at college, and his mother lived in reduced circumstances at a cottage in Ballymahon. He was urged by his family to take orders, but wanting two years of the canonical age, he spent the interval at his new home. When he at last presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin, he was refused ordination. According to a tradition which rests upon indifferent authority, and which is contradicted by other accounts, he was rejected for appearing in scarlet breeches. The story was probably a jocose invention suggested by his love of gaudy clothes,

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and the only intelligible explanation of the transaction, as Mr. Forster remarks, is that his knowledge was found deficient. Instead of preparing for his examination he had employed his two years in country rambles, in playing whist and the flute, and in telling stories and singing songs at a club which met at the Ballymahon public house. His own predilections had never been in favor of the clerical profession, and he made no further efforts to enter the Church. Mr. Contarine, a clergyman who had married the sister of Oliver's father, now procured him the situation of tutor in the house of a Mr. Flinn. Here he remained a twelvemonth, when he taxed one of the family with cheating at cards, and lost his office. He went back to Ballymahon with thirty pounds and a horse, started afresh in a few days, and reappeared at the end of six weeks with a worse horse and no money. His mother being very angry, he wrote a letter to pacify her, in which he professed to have gone to Cork, to have paid his passage in a ship which was bound to America, and to have been left behind by an unscrupulous captain, who "never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board." A train of adventures followed, the whole of which bear evident marks of invention, and show how early he began to display the talents which produced the "Vicar of Wakefield." The Church and emigration had failed. It was resolved to try law. With fifty pounds, furnished by Mr. Contarine, he set out for London to keep his terms, gambled away his little fund with an acquaintance at Dublin, and was once more thrown back penniless upon his friends. The law was given up; but after a short interval they were hopeful enough to think that medicine might be attended with better luck. The money was again supplied by Mr. Contarine, and this time the reckless Oliver contrived to reach his destination, though it was no less distant than Edinburgh. He arrived there in the autumn of 1752, when he was twenty-four years of age.

It may be inferred from the previous and subsequent proceedings of Oliver, that he was neither very diligent nor very prudent at Edinburgh, but little is known with certainty. He remained there till the spring of 1754, when, led more by his love of roving than by his devotion to science, he resolved to visit the continental schools.

At Leyden he managed to exist by borrowing and giving lessons in English. When he took his departure in February, 1755, he was obliged to a fellow-student for the loan which was to carry him on his way. Immediately afterward he passed the shop of a florist, saw some costly tulip roots, which were things prized by Mr. Conarine, and, solely intent upon gratifying his uncle, bought them at once with the borrowed money. It is these benevolent but ill-regulated impulses which have endeared the memory of Goldsmith to the world. In him the extravagance which ministers to gratitude and relieves wretchedness was still stronger than the improvidence which grew from self-indulgence. "He left Leyden next day," says Mr. Forster, "with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand."

He took the course which he afterward described in "The Traveler," and trudged on foot through parts of Flanders, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In later days he used to tell his friends of the distresses he underwent—of his sleeping in barns, of his dependence at one time upon the charity of convents, and of his turning itinerant flute-player at another to get bed and board.

The pedestrian tour of Goldsmith lasted exactly a year, and in February, 1756, he landed at Dover. He had increased his knowledge of men, manners, and countries, but he had brought back little which could aid him in his profession, except a medical degree that was supposed to have been procured at either Padua or Louvain, where the principal qualification was the payment of the fees. He made his way to London, and his first employment is believed to have been that of an usher in a provincial school. He soon returned to the metropolis, and offered himself to apothecaries to dispense their medicines. He had no other introduction than his mien and address, and it is not surprising that his ungainly figure, plain face, awkward manners, and shabby clothes, should have failed to recommend him. Such was the poverty of his appearance, that when he called shortly afterward in his *best* suit upon Dr. Sleigh, who had been his fellow-student at Edinburgh, his former associate was unable to recognize him in his pitiful garb. His Irish birth increased the mistrust and stood much in his way. One Jacob, a chemist, who lived near the Monument, at

last ventured to try him, and it was while in his service that Oliver renewed his intercourse with Dr. Sleigh. "When he did recollect me," says Goldsmith, "I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse and friendship with me during his continuance in London."

Through the agency of Sleigh and Jacob he commenced practicing in Southwark, and, in the language of Mr. Forster, became "poor physician to the poor." Yet even in this lowly sphere he was mindful of dress, and while with one hand he felt the pulse of his patient, with the other he held his hat upon his breast to conceal a patch in his coat. Either he failed to get practice, or those who employed him were too needy to pay, and he abandoned physie to become corrector of the press to the famous Samuel Richardson. A printer whom he attended, and who worked for Richardson, is said to have suggested the notion and introduced him to the novelist. This contact with literature did not assist to make apparent the latent qualities of his genius. The author of "Clarissa" was too much taken up with his own importance to have a chance of detecting in his humble assistant the powers which were to produce the "Vicar of Wakefield."

In these several occupations the year was passed. The early part of 1757 found him usher at the Academy of Dr. Milner, of Peckham, whose son was another of the fellow-students of Goldsmith at Edinburgh. He was now secure from want; but to judge from the descriptions he has left of the calling in his writings, it was of all his shifts the most painful and degrading. But the old halo of benevolence which surrounds him everywhere shines out here, and his salary was usually spent, the very day it was paid, in charity to beggars and gifts to the smaller boys.

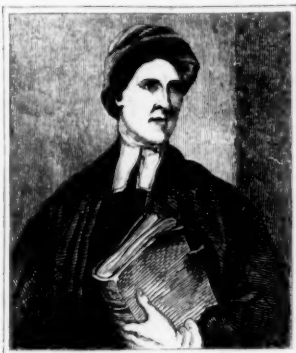
It was while he was at Peckham that the circumstance occurred which brought him into connection with his real vocation. Dr. Milner was a contributor to the "Monthly Review," and Griffiths, the proprietor, when dining at his table, was so far impressed by the conversation of Goldsmith, that he asked him to furnish a few specimens of criticism. The result was his removal from the establishment of Dr. Milner to that of Mr. Griffiths.

In the autumn of 1757 he was once more thrown upon the town, sleeping in a garret, and dating his letters from the Temple

Exchange Coffee-house, near Temple Bar. He was tracked to his lodgings by his brother Charles, who, hearing a rumor that Oliver was up in the world, had decamped secretly from Ireland to partake of this unwonted Goldsmith prosperity. The poor author made light of his situation, and said that the *Campaign* of Addison was written in a garret higher than his own; but Charles saw that he must seek for another patron, and was soon on his way to Jamaica. Even existence in a garret could not be supported upon the proceeds of authorship, and he had to return to the Peckham academy. Yet his situation was still uneasy, and the hope which brightened his prospects was the promise of Dr. Milner to procure him a medical appointment in India. He bid a final adieu to the Peckham seminary in August, 1758, and shortly afterward received the warrant which nominated him physician and surgeon to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel. The salary was only a hundred a year, but the private practice of the place, which followed the official station, was an extra thousand. To raise money for the outfit, which he calculated would require £130, he had for some time been preparing in his leisure hours "An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." He wrote to his relatives and old companions in Ireland, to ask them to obtain subscriptions for the work.

While Goldsmith was anxiously waiting for his Irish supplies, he had to disburse ten pounds for the warrant of his appointment by the East India Company. To raise the money, he wrote articles for the "Critical Review," which was superintended by the genius of Dr. Smollett. Two papers from Oliver's pen appeared in the number for January, 1759, but before they saw the light the warrant which was to make his fortune was withdrawn.

Goldsmith said of himself that he had "a knack of hoping," but the multiplied disasters which followed close upon one another had nearly reduced him to despair. He ceased to indulge in the tantalizing expectations which had balked him so often, and, without further distractions, sullenly resigned himself to the only business for which he was fitted. "No man," remarks Johnson, "was wiser when he had a pen in his hand, or more foolish when he had not." He was never



DR. PERCY.

any judge of his own qualifications. He volunteered to take a journey to copy the inscriptions on the *Written Mountains*, in Arabia, which had baffled every traveler, though he was not acquainted with a single letter of any Oriental language living or dead; and he memorialized Lord Bute to send him out to investigate the arts and sciences of the East, for the purpose of importing improvements into England, though Dr. Johnson exclaimed that he was utterly ignorant of the subject, and would have brought home "a grinding barrow that was to be seen in all the streets of London, and fancy he had furnished a wonderful improvement."

Just before his last discomfiture he had removed to a lodging in a pent-up little square, now leveled with the ground, which, embosomed in a mass of buildings between Fleet-street and the Old Bailey, seemed named in mockery "Green Arbor Court," and which was approached by a steep flight of stone stairs called "Break-neck Steps." The houses were tall and tumbling, the inhabitants poor and filthy, the children over-many and over-noisy—in Mr. Forster's phrase, "a squalid and squalling colony." In this retreat he was visited by Percy, the well-known editor of the "Reliques," and afterward Bishop of Dromore. Goldsmith had been introduced to him at the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, by Dr. Grainger, the author of the "Sugar-cane," and one of the contributors to Mr. Griffiths' "Monthly Review," and Percy had detected sufficient merit beneath the unpromising appearance of his new-made acquaintance to think him worth a call. He found him, at the



EDMUND BURKE.

beginning of March, 1759, engaged upon his "Inquiry," in a dirty room, with only a single chair, which he gave up to his visitor, while he sat himself in the window. As the conversation was proceeding, a ragged little girl appeared at the door, and, dropping a courtesy to Goldsmith, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favor of you to lend her a potful of coals." A volume of description would not convey a more vivid impression of the society of "Green Arbor Court," than this single trait; and ludicrous as is the incident, the respectful address of the messenger is yet a pleasing proof of the homage which was paid him by the ordinary inhabitants of the square. The most complete picture which, perhaps, we possess of Grub-street life has come down to us in connection with Goldsmith. The majority of distressed authors were too obscure to find a biographer. Those of greater pretensions had either started from a respectable position, or had quickly reached a higher eminence. A single unwieldy figure, in the person of Johnson, was seen moving for years among the crowd of ill-dressed, ill-fed, badly-lodged, and insulted tribe who provided the ephemeral literature and party pamphlets of the day, but maintaining in the midst of his poverty such unshaken fortitude, such lofty principles, and such rugged independence, that

the characteristics of the class were very imperfectly shadowed forth in him. Goldsmith, on the contrary, had the habits and tastes of the class. After he had acquired celebrity, and was admitted to the society of men like Burke, Fox, Reynolds, and Beauclerk, he looked back with regret upon his former haunts. "In truth," he said to Mr. Cooke, "one sacrifices something for the sake of good company, for here I'm shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably."

At the commencement of April appeared the "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," upon which Percy had found him engaged in the preceding month. It attracted little attention. None of his other productions in the first nine months of 1759 have been identified, except a few contributions to the "Critical Review;" but in October he is found exerting himself with unwonted diligence, furnishing essays to "The Busy-Body" and "The Ladies' Magazine," and writing the whole of a weekly paper called "The Bee," which alone consisted of thirty-two pages. "The Bee" expired after a brief existence of eight weeks.

On the 1st of January, 1760, appeared the opening number of the "British Magazine," a monthly publication edited by Dr. Smollett; and on the 12th the "Public Ledger," a daily newspaper, which was started by Mr. Newberry, the bookseller. Goldsmith was invited to contribute to both. He furnished about twenty essays to the magazine, and for the newspaper he wrote his "Citizen of the World."

In the gracefully told story of the "Man in Black," which derives additional interest from its being in the main an epitome



TOTHAM BEAUCLEK.

of the life of the essayist himself, he talks of his improvident generosity, and his discovery that the way to assist the needy was first to secure independence. "My immediate care, therefore," he says, "was to leave my present habitation, and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behavior." He removed, accordingly, toward the close of 1760, into better lodgings in Wine Office Court, Fleet-street, but the reformation in his conduct did not ensue. In everything which he wrote at this period he dwells upon the superiority of economy and justice over the misplaced liberality which puts the donor into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves; for he had been smarting from the effects of discharging the debts of others with the money which should have gone to defray his own. In furtherance of his

design he boasted that he had exchanged his free and open manner for a close, suspicious air, and that he was now on his guard against the needy sharpers who, instead of picking his pockets, prevailed on him to empty them of his own accord into their hands. But he rightly called himself a mere machine of pity, incapable of withstanding the slightest exhibition of real or fictitious distress, and, however knowing his looks, his power to see through the clumsiest fraud was on a par with his firmness. He seems to have smiled at his own impotent resolutions in the moment of forming them. "One of the most heroic actions I ever performed," says the Man in Black, "and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half-a-crown to an old acquaintance at the time when he wanted it and I had it to

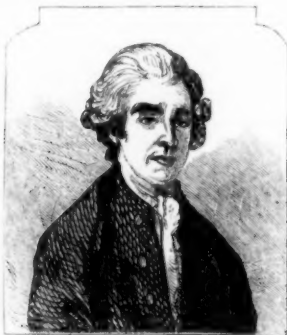


SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

spare." This does not promise much constancy in the course, and no indication ever appeared that he had left his improvidence or his simplicity in his Green Arbor Court lodging. Among other good deeds, he remembered the landlady to the day of his death, supplied her from time to time with food from his table, and frequently returned to the scene of his old one-chaired apartment to cheer and assist her.

In evidence of his progress in detecting imposition we are told that one Pilkington, who had long preyed upon the easiness of his nature, and had exasperated him by his conduct, burst into his room in ecstasies of joy. He apologized for the liberty, but his fortune was made, and he could not resist hurrying to impart the glad tidings to his best and earliest benefactor. The Duchess of Manchester

had a mania for white mice. She possessed a pair, and for years had been offering enormous sums for a second. Pilkington had commissioned a friend in India to send him two from the East; they were now in the river on board the good ship "Earl of Chatham," and in proof of his story he pulled out the letter advising him of their dispatch. Nothing stood between him and independence except the want of a suitable cage in which to present them, and he could no more raise the two guineas for the purpose than pay off the national debt. Goldsmith protested that a single half-guinea was all he had in the world. "Ay," says Pilkington, "but you have a watch: if you could let me have that I could pawn it across the way for two guineas, and be able to repay you with heartfelt gratitude in a few days." Pilk-



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

ington must have resolved to have his jest as well as his guineas when he made poor Oliver the dupe of so gross a hoax. Two years elapsed, when he suddenly reappeared in a state of semi-intoxication at Goldsmith's chambers, and greeted him in the language of familiar friendship, at the unlucky moment when Topham Beauclerk and General Oglethorpe were honoring him with their company, and he was ashamed to seem intimate with the vulgar and disreputable importer of white mice. Pilkington had come to pay, not the guineas, but the "heartfelt gratitude." "Here, my dear friend," he suddenly exclaimed, as he pulled a couple of little parcels out of his pocket, "is a quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar; for though it is not in my power at present to return you the two guineas, neither you nor any man else shall ever have it to say that I want gratitude." Oliver, roused to anger, bid him begone, and he departed, carrying his tea and sugar with him. They never met again; but when Pilkington was dying, a messenger took to the poor starving creature's deathbed a guinea from the "magnanimous Goldsmith."

Mr. Cooke, who relates the anecdote of the white mice, has coupled with it another illustration of the extreme credulity of his friend. He appeared late and hungry at a club, and, having eaten no dinner, ordered a dish of mutton chops for supper. His companions, to balk his eager appetite, drew their chairs from the table on the appearance of the dish, and gave sundry symptoms of disgust. Goldsmith asked anxiously if anything was the matter with the chops; but they evaded the question, and it was only with much

pressing that they were brought to tell him that the smell was offensive. He rang the bell, covered the waiter, who quickly caught up the jest, with abuse, and, for a punishment, insisted, at the suggestion of the company, that the man should eat the horrible viands himself. A fresh supper was prepared for Oliver, who, soon regretting the vengeance he had taken, ordered "a dram for the poor waiter, who might otherwise get sick from so nauseating a meal." What wild tales of things beyond his immediate cognizance would not a man believe who smelt the dish beneath his nose by the assertion of his friends!

He removed his lodgings to Wine Office Court, and there, on the 31st of May, 1761, received for the first time to supper, the great Samuel Johnson. Percy, who brought about the meeting, called for the sage, and found him in a trim unlike what he had ever witnessed before, his clothes new and his wig nicely powdered. Marveling why the negligent Johnson should dress himself with such courtly



BENNET LANGTON.

care to visit an indigent author in his humble apartment, Percy ventured to inquire the cause, and received for reply, "Why, sir, I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example." An addiction to foppery had been the former as it was the subsequent weakness of Oliver. In Ireland he got the reputation of attempting to dazzle his bishop by a pair of scarlet breeches; in Edinburgh, as we learn from a tailor's bill which Mr. Forster has recovered, he wore "rich sky-blue satin," "fine sky-blue shalloon,"

and "silver hat-lace." On settling in London, he was met by an old schoolfellow in a tarnished suit of green and gold; when his reputation was established, a waiting-woman at a house where he visited remembered him chiefly by the ludicrous ostentation with which he showed off his cloak and cane; and when he was with a party of celebrities, such as Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, and Murphy, "he strutted about, bragging of his bloom-colored coat," and announcing that his tailor, Mr. Filby, had begged to be recommended when admiring spectators asked who made his clothes. From the retort of Johnson, that Mr. Filby was thinking of



DR. JOHNSON.

the crowd which would be attracted by the strange hue of the cloth, and of the credit he should get for producing a reputable garment out of so absurd a color, it may be presumed that even for those gayer-dressing days it was ridiculously gaudy. It was, therefore, from no indifference to appearances that for a brief interval he resigned himself to a sordid style of dress. His pockets were empty, his credit nothing, and, making a virtue of necessity, he was glad to justify the meanness of his attire by the example of Johnson.

At the end of 1762, Goldsmith, urged, we suppose, by the necessity for fresher air and more active exercise, hired, in

addition to his London lodging, country apartments in Islington, from a friend of Newberry, Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming. To secure the landlady her dues, and to protect Goldsmith from the effects of his own prodigality, it was agreed that the bookseller should pay the board and lodging quarterly, and deduct it from the literary earnings of his author. In the meanwhile, besides writing sundry miscellanies, he was busy upon a "History of England" for the young, in a series of letters. His mode of compiling was to spend his morning in reading such a portion of Hume, Rapin, and sometimes Kennett, as would furnish matter for a single chapter. He passed the remainder of his day with his friends, and when he went up to bed wrote off his forenoon preparations with the same facility as a common letter.

Newberry's payments exceeding Goldsmith's earnings, the advances came to an end, and the landlady's bills were left undischarged. She was a woman in whom resolution was unmingled with tenderness, and, notwithstanding that the arrears were of short continuance, she arrested him at the close of 1774 for her rent. When Boswell expressed his wonder that he, who had obtained the title of the "great moralist," should be kind to a man of very bad character, Goldsmith replied, "He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson." It was to this steady friend of the miserable that he had recourse in his present dilemma, and when the messenger returned he brought with him a guinea, and the assurance that the moralist would speedily follow. Johnson found him in a violent passion, the guinea changed, and a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. As they talked of the means of extricating him from his difficulties, Goldsmith produced a novel he had composed in his snatches of leisure, and Johnson, after glancing his eye through its pages, sallied out and sold it for sixty pounds to James Newberry, the nephew of the bookseller with whom we are already familiar. Oliver paid his rent, rated the landlady, and left her lodgings. Johnson thought himself that the novel would meet with but moderate success, and Newberry's opinion of it was not sufficiently high to induce him to print it. A manuscript which was among the most



JOHNSON READING THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

precious ever penned was thrown aside for the present, and half of Goldsmith's immortality lay exposed to the accidents which grow out of negligence.

But the day was now come when he was to emerge from obscurity, and gain that station among the eminent men of his time for which he had pined so long. "The Traveler," which, he had commenced nine years before, when he was abroad, and which he had brooded over at intervals with fond solicitude, was at last ready for the press. In 1758, when he was young in authorship, he told his brother Henry that poetry was easier to produce than prose, which can only be taken as an indication that he was not then the ready writer of prose which he quickly became, for to the last he composed poetry with singular slowness. He used to say that he had been four or five years in gathering the incidents of his "Deserted Village," and two years were spent in the process of versifying what he had gleaned. Nobody would have guessed, when "The Traveler" appeared on the 19th of December, 1764, what months of toil lay hid in that little pamphlet of verse, which seemed as if it had flowed from the author's mind with the same facility that it fell from the reader's tongue. But the labor had not been greater than the reward. In a few weeks it crept into reputation, and was equally admired by the many and the discriminating few. For this delightful production, which he had

been nine years in bringing to maturity, and which passed through nine editions during his life, he received of Mr. Newberry twenty guineas.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Northumberland, hearing that the author of "The Traveler" was a native of that country, sent for him, and offered to promote his advancement, to which Goldsmith replied that he had a brother, a clergyman, who stood in need of help. "As for myself," said Oliver to Sir John Hawkins, who was waiting in the outer room, "I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others." He was feeling then the first flush of satisfaction from the increased estimation in which he was held by the trade, and the more liberal offers which came thick upon him; but the power of his name only served in the end to increase his embarrassments. He employed it to raise larger sums and contract more numerous obligations, while the money was quickly spent and the obligations remained. In the compassion which is excited by the distresses of Goldsmith, it must never be forgotten that many of them were the result of his own misconduct; and we fear, if a debtor and creditor account were struck, it would be found at the close that in money dealings he had been guilty of greater injustice to others than had ever been committed against himself.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MESMER AND MESMERISM.

MESMERISM took its name from a German physician by the name of Frederic Anthony Mesmer, born at Mersburg, in Suabia, in 1734. His first notoriety resulted from the publication of certain speculations on the influence of the planets. He maintained that the heavenly bodies diffuse a subtle fluid throughout the universe, which acts on the nervous system of all animated beings.

That certain diseases could be cured by the agency of magnetism, was his next speculation. Soon after he went to Vienna to put his new discoveries in practice. Here he met with a Jesuit, whose name was Hehl, who had performed some pretended cures by means of magnets, and who regarded Mesmer as his rival, charging him with stealing his invention. This led Mesmer to discontinue the use of mineral magnets, claiming that his cures were wrought by the energy peculiar to animal magnetism. This was the origin of this celebrated speculation, whose history, in some of its more prominent features and mutations, we propose to sketch.

The phenomena of Mesmerism have been graduated into six degrees, holding the relation to each other of an ascending series, which we will state in the briefest terms. In the first degree the subject is conscious of a strong feeling like a current from the head to the extremities, attended with increased perspiration and an agreeable sensation over the whole body. Approaching the second degree the pulse becomes stronger and the breathing more easy, with a feeling of heaviness and an inclination to shut the eyes; and when closed the patient is unable to open them. All the other senses seem to be in a state of increased activity, and the subject knows all that is done around him. In the third degree he seems to swoon, trembles, has convulsions, and fits of a sort of catalepsy, preceded by heaviness and yawnings, followed by a deep sigh, when he becomes quite unconscious. In the fourth stage in the series he awakes to a sort of inward consciousness, and becomes a *somnambulist*, being both inwardly awake and outwardly asleep. The region of the stomach becomes the central point of sensation, to some extent supplying the sense of sight,

so that the subject, it is said, can tell what time it is by a watch held close to the pit of his stomach. Of all that has occurred, and of his own thoughts while in this state, he has no recollection, or only a faint one, when he recovers. In the fifth degree he reaches the *clairvoyant* state, in which he is not only capable of self-contemplation, so as to point out both his own disease and the appropriate remedy, but those of others with whom he is brought into magnetic communication. The sympathy between him and the operator is now peculiarly strong. From this degree the patient readily slides into the next and last, when, with great clearness, he can often distinguish the secrets of the past, the distant and unknown in the present, and events which lie hid in the future. The body and mind seem closely blended, and the patient feels that nothing can disturb the serenity of his soul. Such, if we can credit the testimony of others, is a glance at the mysteries of animal magnetism.

On what principle to resolve these wonderful phenomena, is the next grand question. The first hypothesis adopted to account for them was that it was all an excitement of the imagination of the subject of this wonderful influence. In evidence that this solution was correct in the stage of progress which Mesmerism reached during the life of its author, let us glance at his proceedings at Paris, where he arrived in 1778.

After he had spent some time in vain endeavors to attract the notice of men of science, he at last succeeded in enlisting one Deslon, a man of some attainments in medical science. His superior knowledge and practice in the healing art gave him decided advantages over Mesmer, and he soon became his successful rival, when Mesmer represented Deslon as an impostor. Subsequently Mesmer resided in England for a time, under an assumed name, and then returned to the place of his birth, in Germany, where, in 1815, he died. But the speculations which derived from him their designation rose to that degree of notoriety in Paris, under the auspices of Deslon, that the French government was induced to appoint a committee to investigate the subject, consisting of four physicians and five members of the Royal Academy, of whom Dr. Franklin, American minister at Paris, was one. To

afford the magnetizer the fullest opportunity to evince his boasted magnetic power, the committee were all operated on, and sat under the operation for two hours and a half, without the least effect, except the fatigue of sitting. They submitted to this trial for three days in succession, without feeling the slightest effect. But they observed that the great majority of those who were brought under the power of the magnetizer were *females*, and, having caused the magnetizing instruments to be removed to Dr. Franklin's house, away from public view, fourteen invalids were magnetized, nine of whom felt nothing, and five were only slightly affected. In every case those affected were poor and ignorant. Subsequently eight men and two women were magnetized without the least effect. A female servant submitted to the same process at Dr. Franklin's house, who said that she felt the sensation of heat in every part when she saw the magnetized finger pointed at her, felt a pain in her head, and during the operation became faint, and swooned. When she had fully recovered they bandaged her eyes, and removed the operator; and when they made her believe she was under the operation, the same effects were produced, though no operation was performed. But, after a quarter of an hour, when a sign was given to the magnetizer to operate, she felt nothing.

Deslon pretended that if a tree was magnetized, every person approaching it would be thrown into convulsions, or fall down in a swoon, provided, standing at a distance, he should direct his eyes and point his cane toward it. As a test he came and magnetized a tree, while the patient was retained in the house out of sight. He was then brought out with a bandage over his eyes, and led successively to four trees, which were not magnetized, and told to embrace each one for two minutes, while Deslon stood at a distance pointing at the tree he had magnetized. At the first tree, twenty-seven feet from the magnetized one, the patient sweat profusely, coughed, and expectorated, saying he felt a pain in his head. At the second, thirty feet off, he was giddy and felt his head ache as before. At the third, supposing he was approaching the magnetized tree, his giddiness and headache were increased, though still twenty-eight feet from it. When brought

to the fourth tree not magnetized, the young man fell down in a state of perfect insensibility, though still twenty-four feet from the magnetized tree; his limbs became rigid; he was then carried away, when Deslon came to his assistance and recovered him. A similar experiment was also made on two women at the house of Dr. Franklin. They were separated, three of the committee remaining in a chamber with one, and two of them with the other in an adjoining room. The first had her eyes bandaged, and was made to believe that Deslon came in and commenced magnetizing her. In three minutes she began to shiver, felt a pain successively in her hands, arms, and a pricking in her hands. She then became stiff, struck her hands together, got up, and stamped, though nothing had been done to her. The woman in the adjoining room was requested to take her seat by the door, which was closed, with her sight at liberty, and was then made to believe that Deslon would magnetize the door on the opposite side. Scarcely had she been seated a minute before she began to shiver, her breathing became hurried, she stretched her arms behind her, writhing them strangely; a general tremor came over her, her teeth chattered, and she bit her hands so as to leave the print of her teeth. In consideration of these results, the committee reported that "the effects were purely imaginary, and though they have wrought some cures, they are not without danger, for the convulsions sometimes spread among the feeble of body and mind, and especially among women."

The wonderful power of the imagination over the human system, is further illustrated by the celebrated *metallic tractors*. It was pretended that by their joint operation they had great power over the electric fluid; that by moving their points gently over the surface of an inflamed part the heat was extracted, the swelling would subside, and the patient would be relieved.

This pretended discovery was made by a Mr. Perkins, of New-England, about twenty years after Mesmer fell into disregard. Thousands and tens of thousands were ready to certify to the happy influence of the *tractors*. Indeed, Yankee speculations have seldom been more successful; for Mr. Perkins went to En-

gland, and obtained the royal letters patent, securing to him the pecuniary advantages of his valuable discovery; and he is said to have returned home with ten thousand pounds sterling, which he had received for the use of his "tractors." But this soothing charm was soon after broken by Drs. Haygarth and Falkner, of Bath, England, who made sundry experiments with wooden tractors, attended with the same astonishing results as when made with metallic; and further to show the marvelous power of the imagination in such cases, the wooden tractors were so painted as to have the exact resemblance to metallic tractors. This was the end of this most empty, though most successful, delusion.

Another example of the almost omnipotent influence of the imagination, is seen in the supposed cure of the king's evil by the touch of the king's hand. The good people of England cherished the belief for nearly seven hundred years, that the simple touch of the royal hand was an infallible cure of this malady, hence called "The King's Evil." This method was first exercised by Edward III., in 1041, and continued in practice till the death of Charles II., in 1685. As late as 1807, a farmer in Devonshire, England, who was the *ninth* son of the *ninth* son, officiated for the cure of the king's evil by the touch, and in many cases with equal success; and, in this country, it is well known that peculiar medical efficacy is in the power of the *seventh* son of a *seventh* son, in the opinion of the sufficiently credulous.

That the imagination may exert as potent an agency to *kill* as to *heal*, is clear from the testimony of missionaries among the natives of islands in both the Pacific and Indian Oceans. In New-Zealand there is a class of men called "*Areekee*," a sort of priests, who profess to have intercourse with departed spirits, by which means they are able to kill any person against whom they chance to cherish antipathy. Numbers are said to fall a prey to their credulity as to the malignant power of these wicked impostors; for, imagining that they are the objects of those secret, malign agencies, some are said actually to pine away, despair, and die. Mr. Stewart, our own countryman, who went on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, some thirty-five years since, wit-

nessed several instances of languishment and death from pure credence in the fatal potency of, those necromancers. This fatal effect was wrought through the imagination alone, the victim dying simply through fear.

In a poor-house in Harlem, in Holland, a girl, under the influence of fear, fell into a convulsive disease, which returned in regular paroxysms. A by-stander, seeing her, was seized with a similar fit, which also returned at regular intervals. It spread until all the children, boys and girls, were affected in the same manner. No sooner was one taken than the whole company was seized with paroxysms. The skill of the attendant physician was exhausted in vain. Application was then made to Dr. Boerhaave. He soon discovered that the disease was communicated from one to another simply by *sight*, through the imagination alone, and that it must be reached through the minds of the sufferers rather than through their bodies. Having caused several furnaces to be placed in the chamber, containing live coals, and irons bent in a peculiar manner placed in the fire, he asserted that all remedies would be useless, and that the only cure would be to burn the arm to the bone with the red-hot iron. The result was triumphant; there were no more spasms; the disease at once disappeared; it was caused and cured through the imagination.

In Chelmsford, Massachusetts, not many years since, a man had six children, one of whom was afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance. The others amused themselves with imitating his gestures till they were affected in a similar manner. The family were greatly afflicted. But the father conceived the idea of an experiment to cure the disease. He brought in a block of wood and an ax, and solemnly threatened to take off the head of the first child which should make any more of those gestures, except the one originally affected. The spell was effectually broken, and the family relieved from this source of affliction. But examples illustrative of the power of the imagination need not be multiplied.

As there is a tendency to progress in almost everything, so has it been with Mesmerism; and, as phrenology is traceable to an original attempt to improve upon Lavater's system of Physiognomy,

so, in like manner, the efforts at research and improvement in Mesmerism have resulted in a sort of electrico-psychology. It has been found possible, with certain antecedents and circumstances, to bring the body and mind of one person under the perfect control of another for the time being. Divested of all fraud and false pretense, the various phenomena which are actually produced constitute what we understand by what may be termed Mesmeric psychology. From this point we must view Mesmerism under names and combinations so new and various that the family resemblance between the parent and the numerous offspring is not always apparent. It is enough that a vital relation subsists between them.

That there was a philosophy in Mesmerism, in its original form, we have already seen; and that there is a philosophy in it in all its subsequent phases, names, and combinations, excepting, of course, whatever is really counterfeit and fraudulent, we as fully believe. The latest and best exposition of the whole matter in its present aspect, which has come to our knowledge, is furnished by one who claims to have devoted much time to the study and practice of its principles. His theory, true or false, is based upon a foundation which he believes is sufficiently broad, deep, and strong to sustain the entire fabric of the so-called Spiritualism. And we will here say, that though we do not endorse his views in all respects, still, in a practical light, they seem to meet the case quite well. He fancies that the whole procedure, aside from practical fraud designed to impose upon the weak and credulous, may be accounted for, invisible spirits apart, on principles really philosophical. He maintains that every part of the human system, mental and physical, is in a sense double; that the brain conforms to this invariable rule. The front part, called the *cerebrum*, is the seat, and consequent organ, of the *voluntary* mental powers. The other part, called the *cerebellum*, is the seat of the *involuntary* mental powers. On this hypothesis, it is the office of the back brain to be the organ of all our passive mental susceptibilities, to receive impressions through the five senses, which are involuntary, since, when there is contact between the object and the given sense, the organ always gives notice of the presence of the

former. In a sense the mind is also double, because the involuntary mental powers or susceptibilities in the back brain receive all the sensations resulting from contact with outward objects, and is the residence of all our intuitions and instincts. But it does not reason, will, or compare, as does the voluntary department of mind in the front brain. Still, it intuitively knows, and, so to speak, involuntarily reasons. Hence, when the subject is in a Mesmeric, cataleptic, or electro-psychologic state, it grasps the scepter and wields it over the whole mental realm, compelling will and reason to bow to its imperial mandate; and though each brain may in some sense manifest its intelligence separate from and independent of the other, still there is a close sympathy and an undisturbed harmony between them. Thus, practically, all impressions received through the senses first enter the involuntary department of mind, whence they become subjects of thought, volitions, and judgments to the voluntary mental powers. To make the distinction still more clear between the voluntary and involuntary mental powers; by the voluntary are meant those by which we will and act, by which we move our limbs, tongue, and bodies. But over the motions of the heart, lungs, and organs of digestion, all those functions on which life depend, by direct volition we have no control. All these movements depend, it is maintained, on the *involuntary* powers of the mind acting through the *nerves*. In proof that these two forces belong to the *mind*, separate the soul from the body, and all motion, both voluntary and involuntary, instantly ceases.

On the hypothesis under consideration the faculty called *instinct* demands special attention. It is a spontaneous tendency in man and animals, which prompts to do whatever is needful for the preservation of life and the species. It is an intuition, and has power to move the voluntary mental powers to will and to act. Take the infant, for example, of only a few hours old. It seems to say that food exists, and that it needs it to live, shaping its mouth most philosophically to draw its natural beverage from its maternal fountain. The young bird opens its mouth for food as soon as it can raise its head, and before its eyes are open. Instinct sometimes seems almost invested with

actual prescience. For it has been remarked that if swallows make their holes in the river banks higher than usual, we may be sure of a high freshet. They have been known, it is said, to desert a barn which they previously occupied before it was struck with lightning. The duckling will start for the water almost with the shell on its back, to the great alarm of the foster-mother which had performed the task of incubation, whose instinct leads her to regard the water as her grave.

And the mind, of which instinct constitutes one faculty, it is held, is never entirely at rest. Its voluntary powers only can suspend their exercise; it can cease to think, will, and reason; it does suspend all these functions in sleep. But its involuntary powers continue in motion because they have no power to cease. And yet there is an indissoluble connection between the two departments of mental powers, and a strong tendency to sympathize with each other, and blend in one common state and mode of action, through the influence of *habit* as well as *imagination*. Sometimes they act singly and sometimes in conjunction. To exemplify this, take the boy who has the perfect command of his vocal organs, and let him imitate his stuttering playmate, toward whom he feels a strong sympathy, and he is soon confirmed in the same evil practice. The involuntary powers gain the complete ascendancy over the voluntary. But without a vivid imagination this dominion is ordinarily gained by length of time and slow degrees; in combination with such an imagination this ascendancy may be both sudden and complete. An example illustrative occurred in a nunnery in France, in which, from some strong impulse, one of the nuns began to *mew* like a cat. The contagion spread immediately throughout the institution. Nothing could arrest the infatuation till the pope issued his bull, threatening all who should persist in this feline imitation with the severest penance. This turned the imagination into another channel, and thus broke the spell.

Another example of the power of sudden impressions is furnished in the *biting mania*, which is said to have spread some years since, from convent to convent, through a large part of Germany and Holland, and even as far as Rome itself. One nun fell to biting her companions, then

another did the same, and the frenzy spread like the plague among the nuns over the countries just named.

The following, containing a singular combination of the grave and the ludicrous, illustrates how suddenly and how far persons may be carried away, when they yield themselves up to fanaticism. Taking the words of the Saviour—"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven"—in a literal sense, an individual, it is said, commenced playing marbles in the broad aisle of the church. Others involuntarily joined him. An old man undertook to expostulate, saying he thought it was carrying matters rather too far. On hearing this, an old lady who was kneeling by the marble-players, sprang to her feet, seized her umbrella, and taking a side-saddle seat on it, rode down the aisle in full childlike glee. Seeing this, the old man could not resist the impulse, but striding his cane like a boy, rode down the aisle after her, exclaiming, in a sing-song tone, "O, my dear brethren and sisters, I feel the full childlike spirit carrying me to heaven on a wooden horse."

A similar contagious fanaticism, called the *jerks*, spread about fifty years since over large portions of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. It showed itself in a spasmodic action of the muscles, under which the subject could not stand on his feet, but falling on the ground, would sometimes roll over and over, twitching and tossing in the most violent manner. Those who have witnessed examples say they have seen ladies in these strange clonic spasms twitch the hair-combs from their heads. It seized the wicked as well as pious; and often those who regarded it with the greatest abhorrence; but seldom those of a cold and phlegmatic temperament.

Let us proceed next to examine the connection between all this and those phenomena denominated Spiritualism; assuming the reality of the phenomena exhibited by "circles"—counterfeit and fraud apart—and that the cause, though latent, is philosophical. The reader must form his own opinion as to the feasibility of the view herein submitted. It may be true as a whole, and yet not veritable in all its parts.

"The entire passivity of the voluntary powers of the mind and of the voluntary nerves," it is said, "is the cause of unduly

charging the involuntary powers with too great an electro-nervous force ; and the result is, those singular manifestations which are so confidently attributed to the agency of spirits." "Being thus charged, the voluntary powers, doubtless, have some agency in producing the sounds [or raps] by a concentrated expectation ; thus aiding the involuntary powers to produce an equilibrium, there being a sympathetic connection between the two forces."

A lady is spoken of in Massachusetts who, from long habits of *passivity*, waiting for the moving of the Spirit, in the parlance of the Friends, to which communion she belongs, is able to strike every joint together so as to be heard in an adjoining room. Her manner of devotion has grown into a disease. The habit is stamped upon the involuntary powers, and they rule, so that she is constantly rapping, being still only when asleep.

And this mesmeric state, it is claimed, may be self-induced. "All that is necessary is that the person seat himself, entirely passive, in a room where he will not be disturbed, and fix his attention for an hour upon some object he may hold in his hand, not turning his eyes from it, but keep a constant and steady gaze. Let this course be persevered in daily till the state is induced. When one has acquired the facility of putting himself into the mesmeric state, allowing he has the due electro-nervous impressibility, he is adapted to become a medium." "The condition of a good medium can be attained through the entire passivity or resignation of all the voluntary powers of mind and body ; but by those persons *only* who are naturally in the electro-psychological state, or who involuntarily or by mental abstraction pass instantly into, and out of, the mesmeric state, or who readily fall into a cataleptic condition. Hence mediums are more or less perfect in proportion to the excellence of their involuntary nervous development, and its susceptibility to a psychological or mesmeric impression. Some persons are naturally in the electro-psychological state, were born in it, live in it, and will die in it. All such become mediums of the first class, and by practice become perfect ; for practice, after all, has much to do with this matter, as it tends to establish a habit of action upon the nervous system, as it does upon everything else in mortal life to which it can be applied."

On the contrary, we are told that there are persons who are susceptible of only imperfect nervous impressibility. And there may be some on whom no visible psychological impression can be made, and yet by long practice, unwearied patience, and perseverance, they may become writing mediums, and such as move tables and other furniture by contact.

The philosophy of moving tables *without* the aid of invisible spirits, is explained as follows. The first method is by the medium's *own* physical force, exercised through the involuntary nerves without his knowledge. By placing his hands lightly upon the table, and keeping the voluntary powers of the mind entirely passive, as regards the motion of the hands. Keeping the mind calmly and steadily fixed upon the expected result, the involuntary powers of the mind will send out their electro-magnetic force, gradually and imperceptibly stiffen and convulse the arms, and bear them down with a force sufficient to move it. This is done without his knowledge, because his hands and arms being in that instant cataleptic, have no more feeling than in a fit. But on being asked if he is not tipping it, the moment he turns his attention to the state of his hands, his voluntary powers, quick as thought or lightning, balance the two forces, to wit, the voluntary and involuntary powers, and the feeling instantly vanishes.

Another mode is by charging the table from a living battery of many human hands, and then attracting or repelling it without contact, or raising it as high as their heads by a concentration of their minds upon the object, and the slightest touch from the entire circle. This is by far the most mysterious, and yet the noblest and most interesting mode, and cannot but strike the mind with astonishment and delight. Though far more difficult than the rising of a balloon, because the table is more solid, it is equally simple. The millions of pores in the table are filled with electro-magnetism, which is inconceivably lighter than the gas which inflates the balloon. And possessing the power of attraction and repulsion, the table will follow the hands whence it is charged, and with the slightest united effort from the fingers of the surrounding circle, it can be raised as high as their heads, but no higher, without the aid of any spirits but their own.

There are persons who profess to be magnetized by some spirit, and then firmly believe such spirit makes use of their organs, conversing with any in the circle to whom they imagine such spirit directs his or her hand. In such case the person will often successfully imitate the voice and manner which distinguished the absent person when alive. But who does not know that persons can mesmerize themselves by a mental abstraction, or by falling into the mesmeric state under any strong impression? And who does not know that you can make a person in the mesmeric state believe that he is some other person, when he will instinctively endeavor to speak and act like that person, whether he is alive or dead? All such questions, instead of being unanswerable or even difficult, scarcely involve the alphabet of mesmeric or psychological phenomena.

It is contended that the medium does not rap, tip tables, nor move furniture, but that these are done by invisible spirits. This is not only palpably inconsistent, but a blank contradiction to what is uniformly admitted as to all other supposed spirit manifestations. For example, it is claimed that the spirit uses the medium's organs to speak, his hands to write. Why, then, does not the said spirit electro-magnetically use the medium's fingers, toes, joints, or whole body, to rap and tip tables? This must follow, to be consistent with other assumed acts of spirits. All the phenomena, or none, must be through their agency. Deny that the medium makes the raps, moves tables, &c., in what sense is he a medium? If his head does the writing, and his voice and organs the speaking, why do not his hands and feet, electro-magnetically or otherwise, as obviously do the rapping and table-moving? This admitted, and it cannot be denied, where are the spirit manifestations? Should it be said the medium does not do these, but spirits; in what sense then is he a medium in tipping, moving furniture, or rapping, more than any other person in the room? In a word, are mediums able to induce spirits to move a table without first charging it electro-magnetically by contact with their own hands? Let these professed mediums enter a room, and not touch the table, and then cause it to be tipped, raised, or moved, and the demonstration is complete. But this cannot be done. Spiritualism cannot abide

such a test. But if, on the contrary, the furniture is tipped or moved through the intervention of the medium's own hands, where is the proof that it is done by the agency of spirits? The fact is, were half the sagacity employed to ascertain the true philosophical explanation of this mesmeric, magnetic, cataleptic, electro-nervous table-tipping, alphabet-spelling, and medium-writing phenomena, which has been put in requisition to justify its claims to being the result of spiritual agency, the honest but real delusion of many, and the fraudulent pretenses of others, would long since have been relieved or detected, and this master humbug of the age completely exploded.

How do these pseudo-devout circles, sitting in ludicrous, mock-grave, silent expectation, with their hands so placidly laid on the table round which you see them most demurely seated, waiting for the token of presence, not of the Holy Spirit, but some one of the countless myriads of the disembodied called back to order—how does all this senseless, not to say profane mummery, compare with those well-authenticated instances of prophetic inspiration contained in the Sacred Record? Look at the *ends* contemplated in those veritable revelations. Was it not to declare the Divine will, or to promote in some way the best good of man? It was never done to serve individual, interested, or sordid purposes—to gratify trifling, selfish, silly curiosity. What a burlesque upon patriarchs, prophets, apostles, to conceive them engaged themselves, or employing mediums, by raps and moving furniture, to spell out their sublime messages from heaven! They are chargeable with no such folly. No such antecedents or accompaniments mar their well-attested communications, their disclosures from Omniscience, as tilting tables, tossing and breaking furniture, and shattering windows! These betoken the presence of such spirits as our modern necromancers profess to evoke. And what could be more characteristic?

It is but justice, however, to the acknowledged integrity and respectability of some who endorse the mesmeric speculation in question, and give it their fullest confidence, to concede their perfect honesty and candor. Over them credulity has gained the complete ascendancy. It is equaled only by their incredulity as to any

exposition of those marvelous phenomena exhibited by mediums, on anything like philosophical principles. Their jaundiced eye invests every object in that connection with a morbid hue. In many cases they have passed from obstinate doubt to blind credulity and persistent and passive acquiescence. Nor should this revulsion be counted strange. For human nature is so constituted that the greater the opposition, skepticism, and vigilance which a talented man shall cherish to anything which challenges his faith and his confidence, by so much the greater will be his credulity under a total reaction. Like the pendulum, he oscillates to the opposite extreme. He has changed his relative position to the contemplated object; but retains the blinding obstinacy and credulous passiveness, strangely blended as they really are, which previously marked his character. In verification, it would be easy to recount a long list of names which once stood in honorable association with the laity, clergy, scholars, judges, and senators. But space forbids, and they will readily suggest themselves to the intelligent reader without being recounted.

We will only add in conclusion, that spiritualism, as it is called, like mesmerism, of which it is a legitimate offspring, is fast becoming a matter of history. Like other delusions which multiplied their votaries and their victims, it has numbers of both, and will also have its day. It is destined, like them, to pass away as the greatest marvel of its kind of the nineteenth century; leaving coming generations to look with astonishment at the almost unparalleled gullibility of the present most enlightened age, which rendered it competent to the task of swallowing down a delusion, or of endorsing a fraud, as the case may have been, which would have been a match for the dark ages. But in the end it will prove harmless to sound Christianity, when the perfect contrast between the false and the true shall have been duly considered. There is good reason to believe it will conduce alike to a firmer faith in the solid and true, in religion and sound philosophy, and lead to a more careful and rigid scrutiny into the wonderful susceptibilities of the human mind, and that inscrutable connection which it holds with its present material tenement, and, through this, with the material universe.

LITTLE CHARLIE—A LAMENT.

O SUNSHINE, making golden spots
Upon the carpet at my feet—
The shadows of the coming flowers!
The phantoms of forget-me-nots
And roses red and sweet:
How can you seem so full of joy,
And we so sad and sore?
Angel of Death! again thy wings
Are folded at our door!

We can but yearn through length of days
For something lost, we fancied ours;
We'll miss thee, darling, when the Spring
Has touch'd the world in flowers!
For thou wast like that dainty month
Which strews the violets at its feet:
Thy life was slips of golden sun
And silver tear-drops buried sweet!
For thou wast light, and thou wast shade,
And thine were sweet, capricious ways!
Now lost in purple languors, now
No bird in ripe red summer days
Was half as wild as thou!
O little Presence! everywhere
We find some touching trace of thee—
A pencil mark upon the wall
That "naughty hands" made thoughtlessly;
And broken toys around the house—
Where he has left them they have lain,
Waiting for little busy hands
That will not come again,
Will never come again!

Within the shrouded room below
He lies a-cold—and yet we know
It is not Charlie there!
It is not Charlie cold and white,
It is the robe that in his flight
He gently cast aside!
Our darling hath not died!
O rare pale lips! O clouded eyes!
O violet eyes grown dim!
Ah well! this little lock of hair
Is all of him!
Is all of him that we can keep
For loving kisses, and the thought
Of him and Death may teach us more
Than all our life has taught.

God, walking over starry spheres,
Did clasp his tiny hand,
And led him, through a flood of tears,
Into the Mystic Land!
Angel of Death! we question not;
Who asks of Heaven, "Why does it rain?"
Angel! we bless thee, for the kiss
Hath hush'd the lips of Pain!
No "Wherefore," or "To what good end?"
Shall out of doubt and anguish creep
Into our thought. We bow our heads:
He giveth his Beloved sleep!

True devotion consists in having our hearts always devoted to God, as the sole fountain of all happiness; and who is ready to hear and help his otherwise helpless, miserable creatures. — *Bishop Wilson.*

A FAMILY ON THE WING.

THIS is the age of complainings. Nobody suffers in silence; nobody breaks his or her heart in secrecy and solitude: they all take "the public" into their confidence; the convenient public, which, like murder,

"Hath no tongue, but speaks
With most miraculous organ;"

of course it is neither the confider's fault nor yet the confidant's, if the winds sometimes whisper that King Midas has asses' ears.

Mine is no such confession. I have no gossip to retail of my neighbors: I am a very quiet gentleman of forty or so, who prefer confining my interests and observations to my own household, my own immediate family. Ay, there lies my inevitable grief, there lurks my secret wrong; I am the unhappy elder brother of a family involved in love affairs.

The fact has dimly dawned upon me, widening by degrees, ever since I took upon myself the charge of my five sisters, aged from about—but Martha might object to my particularizing. Good little Patty! what a merry creature she was when she went nutting and fishing with me. And what ugly dresses she has taken to wearing, poor dear! And why can't she speak as gently when scolding the servants, as I remember our sweet-voiced pretty mother used always to do? And why, in spite of their position, will she persist in calling Mr. Green, with a kind of frigid solemnity, "Mr. Green?" But he does not seem to mind it; probably he never was called anything else. He is a very worthy person, nevertheless, and I have a great respect for him. When my sister Martha—Miss Heathcote, as she has been from her cradle—by letter announced to me that she intended to relinquish that title for the far less euphonious one of Mrs. Green, I was, to say the least of it, surprised. I had thought, for various reasons, (of no moment now,) that my eldest sister was not likely to marry—I rather hoped she would not. We might have been so comfortable, poor Patty and I. However, I had no business to interfere with either her happiness or her destiny; so when, the first Sunday after my arrival at home, a cozy carriage drove up the avenue, and a bald, rather stout little

man got out, to be soberly introduced to me as "Mr. Green," I submitted to the force of circumstances, and to the duties of a brother-in-law.

He has dined with us every Sunday since. He and I are capital friends. Regularly, when the ladies retire, he informs me how stocks have been selling during the past week, and which is the safest railway to buy shares in for the week following. A most worthy person, I repeat; will make a kind husband, and I suppose Martha likes him; but—however, poor girl, she is old enough to judge for herself, and it is no business of mine. Some time before long, I shall give her away—quietly, without any show; I shall see her walk down the church aisle with old Mr. Green; he in his best white waistcoat, and she in her sober gray poplin, that she insists on being married in—not the clear soft muslin and long lace veil I quite well remember seeing Patty working at and blushing over, we won't say how many years ago. Well, women are better married, they say, but I think I would rather have had Martha an old maid.

My second sister, Angeline, was fifteen when I left home; and the very loveliest creature I ever beheld. Everybody knew it, everybody acknowledged it. She could not walk down the street without people turning to look after her; she could not enter a room without creating a general whisper: "Who is she?" The same thing continued as she grew up to womanhood. All the world was at her feet; everybody said she would make a splendid marriage; and I do believe Angeline herself had the fullest confidence in that probability. She refused lovers by the dozen: every letter I got told me of some new slaughter of Miss Angeline's. I would have pitied the poor fellows, only she was such a dazzling beauty, and no man falls out of love so safely as a man who falls in love with a beauty. I never heard that anybody died, either by consumption, cord, or pistol, through the cruelty of my sister Angeline.

But, like most cruel damsels, she paid the penalty of her hard-heartedness; when I came home I found Angeline Heathcote Angeline Heathcote still. Beautiful yet, beautiful exceedingly; a walking picture, a visible poem: it was a real pleasure to me to have such a beautiful creature about

the house. Though people did say, with a mysterious shake of the head, that, handsome as she was, if I had only seen my sister two or three years ago! And Angeline herself became tenacious on the subject of new gowns, and did not like it to be generally known whether she or Charlotte was the elder. Good, plain, merry Charlotte, who never thought about either her looks or her age!

Yet Charlotte was the first who brought me into trouble; that trouble which I am now called upon to bemoan. I had not been at home three months, when there came a young gentleman—a very lively and pleasant young gentleman too—who sang duets with the younger girls, and made himself quite at home in my family circle. I myself did not much meddle with him, thought him a good-natured lad, and no more; until one fine morning he astonished me by requesting five minutes' conversation with me in my study. (Alas! such misfortunes come not singly; my study has never been safe from similar applications and conversations since.)

I was very kind to the young man; when he blushed, I looked another way; when he trembled, I asked him to take a chair. I listened to his stammering explanations with the utmost patience and sympathy; I even tried to help him out with them, till he came to the last clause.

Now, I do say that a man who asks you for your purse, your horse, your friendship, after only four weeks' acquaintance, has considerable courage; but a man who, after that brief period since his introduction, comes and asks you for your *sister*—why, one's first impulse is to kick him down stairs.

Happily, I controlled myself. I called to mind that Mr. Cuthbert was a very honest young fellow, and that if he did choose to risk his whole future upon the result of a month's laughing and singing, certainly it was his affair, not mine. My business solely related to Charlotte. I was just dispatching it in the quickest and friendliest manner, by advising the young fellow to go back to college and not make a fool of himself in vain, when he informed me that my consent only was required, since he and Charlotte had been a plighted couple for the space of three whole days!

I have always held certain crotchets on the paramount rights of lovers, and the wrong of interfering with any apparently

sincere vows; so I sent for Lotty; talked with her: found she was just as foolish as he. That because he was the best laugh, the sweetest tenor singer, and had the handsomest moustache she knew, our lively Charlotte was quite contented to dance through life with Mr. Cuthbert, and decidedly proud of having his diamond ring on her third finger, and being considered "engaged"—as, indeed, they were likely to remain, if their minds changed not, for the next ten years. So, what could I do? Nothing but deal with the young simpletons, if such they were, according to their folly. If true, their love would have time to prove itself such; if false, they would best find out that fact by its not being thwarted. I kissed away Lotty's tears, silly child! and next Sunday I had the honor of carving for future brother-in-law number Two.

It never rains but it pours. Whether Angeline was roused at once to indignation and condescension by Charlotte's engagement, which she was the loudest in inveighing against; or whether, as was afterward reported to me, she was influenced by a certain statistical newspaper paragraph, maliciously read aloud by Mr. Cuthbert for general edification, that women's chances of matrimony were proved by the late census to diminish fourfold between the ages of thirty and thirty-five; but most assuredly Angeline's demeanor changed. She stooped to be agreeable as well as beautiful. To more than one suitor whom she had of old swept haughtily by, did she now graciously incline; and the result was, partly owing to the gayeties of this autumn's general election, that the beauty of the county held a general election on her own private account.

Alas for me! In one week I had no less than four hopeful candidates requesting "the honor of an interview" in my study.

Angeline's decision was rather dilatory; they were all such excellent matches; and, poor girl, with her beauty for her chief gift, and with all the tinsel adoration it brought her, she had never been used to think of marriage as anything more than a mere worldly arrangement. She was ready to choose a husband as she would a wedding-gown; dispassionately, carefully, as the best out of a large selection of articles, each rich and good in its own way,

and warranted to wear. She had plenty of common sense, and an acute judgment; as for her heart—

"You see, Nigel," she said to me, when weighing the respective claims and merits of Mr. Archer and Mr. Rowland Griffith Jones—"you see, I never was sentimentally inclined. I want to be married. I think I should be better married than single. Of course, my husband must be a good man; also, he should be a wealthy man; because—well—because I rather like show and splendor: it suits me." And she glanced into the mirror at something which, certainly, if any woman has any excuse for the vanities of life, might have pleaded Angeline's.

"But," I argued, half sorrowfully, as when you see an ignorant child throwing gold away, and choosing sham jewels for their pitiful glittering, "you surely would think it necessary to love your husband?"

"O yes; and I like Mr. Rowland extremely—perhaps even better than Mr. Archer—though *he* has been fond of me so long, poor fellow! But he will get over it—all men do."

So, though the balance hung for a whole week doubtful—Heaven forgive the girl! but true love was not in her nature, and how can people see further than their lights go? I was soon pretty certain that fate would decide the marriage question in favor of Jones. As Lotty said, Angeline would look magnificent in the family diamonds as Mrs. Griffith Jones. The Welsh cause triumphed; Mr. Archer quitted the field. He had been an old acquaintance; but—what was that to \$50,000 a year?

After Angeline's affair was settled, there came a lull in the family epidemic—possibly because the head of the family grew savage as a bear, and for a full month his spirit hugged itself into fierce misanthropy, or rather misogyny, contemning the whole female sex, especially such as contemplated, or were contemplated in, the unholy estate of matrimony.

No wonder! I could not find peace in my own house; I had not my own sisters' society; not a single family fireside evening could I get from week's end to week's end; not a room could I enter without breaking in on some tête-à-tête; not a corner could I creep into without stumbling upon a pair of lovers. For a little while these fond couples kept on their

good behavior toward me—preserved a degree of reserve toward each other, out of respect to the head of the house, the elder brother; but gradually it deteriorated—ceased.

My situation became intolerable. I fled the fireside; I took refuge in my study. Woe betide the next lover who should assail me there! Surely that fatality would not again arrive for some time. When the elder ones were once married away, surely I, and Constantia, and little Lizzie, might live a few years in fraternal peace, unmolested by the troubles of matrimony.

It occurred to me that in the interval of the weddings I would send for an old friend, a bachelor like myself; an honest, manly fellow, who worked hard from term to term, and got barely one brief a year. Yes, Will Launceston would keep me company; and we would spend our days in the woods, and our evenings in my study, safe out of the way of lovers, weddings, and womankind.

I had just written to him, when my sister Martha came in with a very serious face, and told me she wished for a little conversation with me.

Ominous beginning! But she was not a young man, and could not well attack me concerning any more of my sisters. At least so I congratulated myself—alas, too soon!

My sister settled herself by the fire with a serious countenance.

"My dear Nigel."

"My dear Martha."

"I wish to consult you on a matter which has recently come to my knowledge, and has given me much pain, and some anxiety as to the future."

"Indeed!" and I am afraid my tone was less sympathizing than eager, since from her troubled, nervous manner, I thought—I hoped, the matter in question indicated the secession of Mr. Green. "Go on. Is it about?"—I corrected myself hypocritically—"about the girls?"

She assented.

"Whew!" a disappointed whistle, faint and low. "Still, go on. I'll listen to anything except another proposal."

Martha shook her head. "Alas! I fear it will never come to that! Brother, have you noticed?—but men never do—still, I myself have observed a great change in Constantia lately."

Now, Constantia always was different

from the other girls; liked solitude and books, talked little, and had a trick of reverie. In short, was what young people call "interesting," and old people "romantic"—the sort of creature who, did she grow up a remarkable woman, would have her youthful peculiarities carefully and respectfully noted, with "I always said there was a great deal in that girl;" but who, did she turn out nothing particular, would be laughed at, and probably would laugh at herself, for having been "very sentimental when she was young." Nevertheless, having at one time of my life shared that imputation, I was tender over the little follies of Constantia.

"I think the girl reads too much, and sits with her eyes too wide open, Martha; is rather unsocial, likewise. She wanted to get out of the way of the weddings, and positively refused to be Angeline's bridemaid."

"Ah!" sighed Martha, "that's it. Poor foolish child, to think of falling in love—"

I almost jumped off my chair. "I'll not hear a word of it—I declare I will not! I'll keep the young man off my premises with man-traps and spring-guns. Don't tell me of another 'engagement.'"

"No chance of that;" and Martha shook her head more drearily than ever. "Poor child, I fear it is an unfortunate attachment!"

I brightened up—so much so, that my sister looked, nay, gently hinted, her conviction that I was a "brute." She expected I would have been as sorry as she was!

"No, Martha; I am rather glad. Glad, after my experience of these 'fortunate' love-affairs, to find that one of my sisters has had the womanly courage, unselfishness, and simplicity to conceive an 'unfortunate' attachment."

Perhaps this speech hurt Martha, and yet it need not. She and I both knew and respected one another's youth; and if we differed in opinion concerning our middle age, why—I was as likely to be wrong as she.

She did not at first reply; and then, without comment, she explained to me her uneasiness about Constantia. The girl had long played confidante to Mr. Archer in the matter of Angeline, and, as often happens, the confidante had unwittingly

taken too great interest in one of her principals, until she found herself envying the lot of the other. When Mr. Archer's dismissal finally broke off all his intercourse with our family, there was one of my sisters who missed him wearily, cruelly; and that was—not Angeline.

I was touched. Now, no doubt Constantia had been very foolish; no doubt she had nourished and encouraged this fancy, as romantic girls do, in moonlight walks and solitary dreams; bugging her pain, and deluding herself that it was bliss. Little doubt, likewise, that the feeling would wear itself out, or fade slowly away in life's stern truths; but at present it was a most sincere passion, sad and sore. Foolish and romantic as it might be, in itself and in its girlish demonstrations, I could not smile at it. It was a real thing, and as such to be respected.

Martha and I held counsel together, and acted on the result. We took Constantia under our especial charge; we gave her books to read, visits to pay, work to do; keeping her as much as possible with one or other of us, and out of the way of the childish flirtation of Cuthbert and Charlotte, or the formal philandering of Mr. Rowland and the future Mrs. Griffith Jones. And if sometimes, as Lizzie told me—my little Lizzie, who laughed at love and lovers with the lightness of sixteen—Constantia grew impatient with Lotty's careless trifling, and curled her lip scornfully when Angeline paraded the splendors of her *trousseau*, we tried to lead the girl's mind out of herself, and out of dreamland altogether, as much as possible.

"But suppose," Lizzie sagely argued; "suppose, when Angeline is married, Mr. Archer should come back: he always liked Constantia extremely. Who knows but—"

I shook my head, and desired the little castle-builder to hold her tongue.

She was our sole sharer of the secret; and I must say, though she laughed at her now and then, Lizzie was extremely loving and patient with Constantia. After a time, we left the two girls wholly to one another, more especially as my time was now taken up with my friend Launceston.

O the comfort, the relief, of the society of a man!—a real, true man—who had some sterling aim and object in life; some steady work to do; some earnest interest

in the advance of the world, the duties and pursuits of his brother men; who was neither handsome, witty, nor accomplished; who rarely shone in ladies' society; in fact, rather eschewed it than otherwise.

I was fond of Launceston: I wished my family to like him too; but they were all too busy about their own affairs. Evening after evening, I could not get a single one of my sisters to make tea for us, or give us a little music afterward, except the pale, dull-looking Constantia, or my bonny rose of June, little Lizzie. At last, we four settled into a small daily company, and went out together, read together, talked together continually. I kept these two younger ones as much as possible in our unromantic, practical society, that not only my mind, but Launceston's, in its thorough cheerfulness and healthiness of tone, might unconsciously have a good influence upon Constantia.

The girl's spirit slowly began to heal. She set aside her dreaming, and took with all the energy of her nature to active work—women's work—charity-school teaching, village-visiting, and the like. She put a little too much "romance" into all she did still; but there was life in it, truth, sincerity.

"Miss Constantia will make an admirable lady-of-all-work," said Launceston in his quaint way, watching her with his kindly and observant eyes. "The world wants such. She will find enough to do."

And so she did: enough to steal her too from my side, almost as much as the three *fiancées*. The circle in my study dwindled gradually down to Lizzie, Launceston, and me.

We were excellent company still, we three. I had rarely so much of my pet sister's society: I had never found it so pleasant. True, she was shyer than usual, probably from being with us two older and wiser men; but she listened to our wisdom so sweetly; she bore with our dry, long-worded learning so patiently, that my study never seemed itself unless I had the little girl seated at my feet, or sewing quietly in the window-corner. And then she was completely a "little girl;" had no forward ways; no love-notions, or, ten times worse, marriage-notions, crossing her innocent brain. I felt sure I could take her into my closest heart, form her mind and principles at my will, and one day make a noble woman of her, after the

pattern of——. But I never mention *that* sacred name.

I loved Lizzie—loved her to the core of my heart. Sometimes with fatherly, more than even brotherly pride, I used to talk to Launceston of the child's sweetnesses, but he always gave me short answers. It was his way. His laconism in most things was really astonishing for a man under thirty.

One day, when Angeline's grand wedding was safely over, and the house had sunk into a pathetic quietness that reminded one of the evening after a funeral, at least so I thought, Launceston and I fell into a discussion, which stirred him into more demonstrativeness than usual. The subject was men, women, and marriages.

"I am convinced," he said, "that I shall never marry."

It was not my first hearing of this laudable determination; so I let it pass, merely asking his reasons.

"Because my whole conscience, principles, and feelings go against the system of matrimony, as practiced in the world, especially the world of womankind. All the courting and proposing, the presents and the love-letters, the dinners to relatives and congratulations of friends, the marriage guests and marriage settlements, the white lace, white satin, and white favors. Heigh-ho, Heathcote, what fools men are!"

I was just about to suggest the possibility of one, say two, wise men among our sex, when in stole a white fairy—my pretty Lizzie, in her bridesmaid's dress. Her presence changed the current of the conversation; until, from some remark she made about a message Angeline had left as to the proper way of inserting her marriage in the papers to-morrow, our talk imperceptibly fell back into the old channel.

"I, like you, Launceston, though I love the institution, hate the whole nonsense by which it is attended. It begins when miss, at school, learns that it is the apex of feminine honor to be a bride—the lowest deep of feminine humiliation to die an old maid. It goes on when she, a young lady at home, counts her numerous 'offers;' taking pride in what ought to be either a regret or a humiliation. It ends when, time slipping by, she drops into the usual belief that nobody ever marries her first love; so takes the best match she can

find, and makes marriage, which is merely the visible sign and crowning of love, the pitiful dishonored substitute for it. I declare solemnly, I have seen many a wife whom I held to be little better than—no wife at all.”

I had forgotten my little sister's presence; but she did not seem to hear me; nor Launceston either, for that matter. His earnestness had softened down; he sat, very thoughtful, over against the window where Lizzie had taken her sewing—what a pretty picture she made!

“I should not like thee to go the way of the world, my little girl; and yet I should be satisfied to give thee away some day, quietly, in a white muslin gown and a straw bonnet, to some honest man that loved thee, and was loved so well, that Lizzie would never dream of marrying any other, and would have been quite content, if need be, to live an old maid for his sake to the end of her day. That's what I call love—eh, my girl?”

Lizzie drooped her head, blushing deeply, of course; girls always do.

Launceston said, in a tone so low that I really started: “Then you do believe in true love, after all?”

“God forbid I should not; perhaps the more earnestly because of its numberless follies, disguises, and counterfeits. Nay”—and now when, after this gay marriage-morning, the evening was sinking gray and dull, my mind inclined pensively, even tenderly to the sister who had gone, the other two sisters who were shortly going away from my hearth forever—“nay, as since in the falsest creeds there lurks, I believe, a modicum of absolute truth, I would fain hope that in the poorest travesty or masquerade of love, one might find a fragment of the sterling commodity. Still, my Lizzie, dear, when all our brides are gone, let us hope that for a long time we shall have no more engagements.”

“You object to engagements?” said Lizzie, speaking timidly and downfaced—as I like to see a young girl speak on this subject.

“Why, how should you like it yourself, my little maid? To be loved, wooed, and wedded, in public, for the benefit of an amused circle of friends, neighbors, and connections.

“Perhaps you are right,” said Launceston vehemently. “No man ought to place the girl he loves in such a position.

Whatever it costs him, he ought to leave her free—altogether free—and offer her nothing until he can offer her his hand.”

“Bless my soul, Launceston, what are you in such excitement about! Has anybody been offering himself to *your* sister? Because—you mistook me. Ask her, or Lizzie, or any good woman, if they would feel flattered by a gentleman's acting in the way you propose? As if his hand, with the ring in it, were everything to them, and himself and his love nothing at all!”

Launceston laughed uneasily. “Well, but what did you mean? A—a friend of mine would like to know your opinion on this matter.”

“My opinion is simply—an opinion. Every man is the best judge of his own affairs, especially love affairs. As the Eastern proverb says: ‘Let not the lions decide for the tigers.’ But I think, did I love a woman,” (and it pleased me to know I was but speaking out *her* mind who, years ago, lived and died, in her fond simplicity wiser than any of these,) “did I love a woman, I would like to tell her so, just to herself; no more. I would like to give her my love to rest on, to receive the help and consolation of hers. I would like her to feel that through all chances and changes she and I were *one*; one, neither for foolish child's play nor headlong passion, but for mutual strength and support, holding ourselves responsible both to Heaven and to each other for our life and our love; one, indissolubly—one in this world, and, we pray, one in the world everlasting.”

Was I dreaming? Did I actually see my friend Launceston take, unforbidden, my youngest sister's hand, and hold it, firmly, tenderly, fast? Did I hear, with my own natural ears, Lizzie's soft little sob, not of grief certainly, as she slipped out of the room, as swift and silent as a moonbeam? Eh! what! Good heavens! Was there ever any creature so blind as a middle-aged elder brother!

Well, as I told Launceston, it was all my own fault; and I must bear it stoically. Perhaps, on the whole, things might have been worse, for he is a noble fellow, and no wonder the child loves him. They cannot be married just yet; meanwhile Lizzie and I keep the matter between ourselves. They are very happy—God bless them!—and so am I.

THE WORLD OF INSECTS.

AND why should not insects have a world of their own, just as well as you and I? Is the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast a bit more unreal than Almack's or the Carlton? Don't grasshoppers feast? don't they and their family connections, the locusts, gormandize, and devour, and swallow up everything? Don't butterflies flutter, and flirt, and perform the polka and the varsovienne in the air, and display their fine clothes with gratified vanity? Did no young dragon-fly, with brilliant prospects, ever get married to the horseleech's daughter, and repent of the alliance after it was too late? If philosophic fiction has created a Micromegas, that is to say a Mr. Littlebig, romantic natural history may surely record the saying and doings of the Megamicroses, or the Messieurs Biglittles. Vast souls often dwell in undersized bodies. Neither Napoleon nor the Duke of Wellington could have earned sixpence a day by following the profession of giants at fairs; nor would they have been cordially received by the amateurs of calves in silks, liveries, powdered heads, and six feet two. Is not the succession in an Oriental empire, and in a bee-hive, regulated on exactly similar principles? The reigning sovereign keeps the nearest heirs to the throne imprisoned in palaces; now and then murdering the most promising rivals.

To know the world of insects perfectly, one must lead the life of an insect; one must be an insect one's self. And therein lies the great impediment to our knowledge. The feelings and thoughts of animals not far removed constitutionally from ourselves, we can guess at intuitively. A novelist of genius, who has closely observed human nature, is able to assume mentally the characteristics of the leading varieties of mankind. A Thackeray, a Balzac, a Molière, a Shakspeare, can be for a time, murderers, misers, heartless worldlings, weak hypochondriacs, ambitious prelates, heart-broken parents, delicate-minded women. Every phase of life is theirs to learn, to put on, and to wear, as were they to the manor born. In like manner, an observant naturalist watches the habits and affections of his favorites, till he can become one of themselves, whenever need be. Audubon could have acted the vul-

ture, the humming-bird, the passenger-pigeon, or the Canada goose, to the life, when once he had been fitted with the feather costume. Jules Gérard could change himself into a perfect camel, hyena, or lion, by an act of his will. Were Yarrel clad in a herring's scales, he would never commit the mistake of migrating annually from the Arctic circle to the British coasts, as prayed of by Pennant; nor would he, disguised as a goatsucker, ever dream of sucking goats. Is not the person defective in intelligence and sympathy who cannot thoroughly enter into the feelings of a dog or an elephant? The world of such creatures lies within the limits of the world of men, though our world extends considerably beyond the boundaries of theirs.

But the world of insects lies not on our terrestrial map. Perhaps it may have a closer relationship with life as it goes in the planets Venus and Mercury, which, from their nearer approach to the sun, may abound with a gigantic insect population. We are cut off from all communion with insects; we cannot look into their eyes, nor catch the expression of their faces. Their very senses are merely conjectural to us; we know not exactly whether they have ears to hear, a palate to taste, or a voice to speak. For a noise mechanically produced is not a voice. The rattling of a stork's bill is not a vocal sound, any more than the alarum of a rattle-snake's tail; neither is the chirping of the male crickets, which is produced by the rubbing together of their wing-cases, as has been proved by rubbing them together artificially. The death's-head sphynx causes consternation among the superstitious by the peculiar squeaking sound which it has the power of making; but it is not a cry emitted from the chest through the throat and mouth. If, therefore, in an existence of metempsychosis, it were possible for the transmigrated soul to remember its own successive biographies, it would be well worth while passing a few hundred years as an insect of varying species and order, before returning to the human form to write a history of past adventures. That would be the true way to learn the secret intrigues of the world of insects. To complete the natural historical education gained by such an erratic existence—to make the grand tour, in short—one ought to pass a term

of apprenticeship in the shape of a plant. A newly-arrived traveler from the vegetable kingdom, come home to the realms of flesh and blood, would explain what pleasure a leaf or flower can have in catching flies; why the sensitive plant shrinks from the most friendly caress; how the night-scented stock knows that the sun is below the horizon, while the atmosphere still remains light and warm; whether pain or pleasure be the cause which keeps the moving plant in a perpetual fidget; and whether camellia blooms like to be cut, and go to balls in pretty girls' hair. One would willingly risk all the personal tortures to be apprehended from entomologists, market gardeners, and lady's maids, to be able to solve these mysteries.

What is an insect? Their interpreter, Mr. J. W. Douglas, secretary to the Entomological Society of London, answers:

"The popular notion includes under that term spiders, crabs, and lobsters, which have some resemblance to insects; but they may be separated at once by the fact that they have more than six legs. The flea, however, is so anomalous in its structure, that its proper place in the scale of insects is disputed, some authors contending that it belongs to one order, and some to another. A true insect has six legs, four wings, an external skeleton, and undergoes certain metamorphoses. In the class Diptera, the perfect insect has two fully-developed wings; but has also two merely rudimentary ones, which are distinguished by the names of halteres, or poisers. The breeze-fly, and all two-winged flies, are examples. In Coleoptera, the perfect insect has two fully-developed wings, and two wing-cases which cover the wings. The sexton-beetle and all other beetles are examples. So that the complement of four wings is still in existence, although one pair may be leathery and of little use in flight, as with crickets and grasshoppers, or even very minute and scarcely apparent. All insects proceed from eggs laid by the female parent, except in some cases where the eggs are hatched within the body of the mother; and in a few others, as the aphides, where the ordinary method is supplied for a certain number of generations by a process which has had various interpretations, but which is quite anomalous. For the various phases of metamorphosis among insects, which is the grand law of insect life, you must make an intimate acquaintance with the creatures themselves.

One of the greatest misfortunes in this world is to lie under a wrongful imputation. Many are the victims whose success has thus been paralyzed by calumny, misunderstanding, or even by accidental mal-a-propos. Give a dog a bad name, and hang him. The same thing happens in the world of moths. The human public rea-

sons thus: Some moths eat clothes, therefore all moths are to be exterminated. The minor proposition is made to contain the major. I have seen people assassinate the gamma-moth, (so called because its wings bear the mark of a Greek letter γ .) and the great goat-moth, whose caterpillar lives in decayed willow-trees, in revenge for an imagined attack on a Sunday coat. "O! what a big moth!" shout the antilepidopterous rioters. "Down with him! Kill him! No moth! No moth! If little moths make holes in my pantaloons, this one is capable of eating them up at a meal." Whereas, he may be as innocent of devouring cloth as a codfish is of swallowing iced champagne. He may even be a dress-producer, a veritable working silkworm moth, who has already done his duty in his time, for what his furious persecutors know. Moreover, it is not in the shape of moths, but of caterpillars, that clothes-moths commit their ravages. An actual offender, (*Tinea pellionella*), a very Jew of moths, to be found throughout all the stages of his existence among "old clo'," is a brown-complexioned fellow, once a caterpillar with a moveable case, who nourished himself then in some dark closet, where he made a living out of unused garments, and a house which he carried about with him. Unlike many a Christian, he provides well for his children, by depositing his eggs in the land of plenty, and thus taking forethought for their maintenance and bringing-up. Another guilty culprit is *Tinea biselliella*, a sleek, yellow-plush gentleman, who sidles away as you look at him. He spends his time, from youth to maturity, if not under the ermine, yet in as near an approach to it as circumstances permit. He has a dear liking for furs of all sorts; and when he comes out at last in his robes of state, no one would believe how much dirty work had been necessary to procure him all this finery.

After drawing the line between innocent and malefactor moths, let us add a word of extenuation in favor of cockroaches. As people keep cats to clear their houses of mice; as hedgehogs are converted into domestic pets, that they may munch up the black beetles that swarm by night; so, sometimes it may be expedient to keep cockroaches, that they may indulge their instinct of exterminating a still greater nuisance than themselves, namely, bugs.

Webster's Voyage of the Chanticleer informs us that cockroaches are plentiful at Saint Helena. Previous to the ship's arrival there, the crew had suffered great inconvenience from bugs; but the cockroaches no sooner made their appearance, than the bugs entirely disappeared. The cockroach preys upon them, leaving no sign or vestige where they have been; and is, so far, a most valuable and praiseworthy insect.

Although we may fancy butterflies and sphinx-moths to be the gayest creatures in existence, it is nevertheless true, that the private lives of certain lepidoptera are troubled by secret sorrows which a casual looker-on would hardly suspect. One of their insidious enemies is a plant! Herbivorous animals are well known, and are supposed to fall in conveniently with the natural order of things; a less obvious idea is, that there exist, in revenge, carnivorous vegetables. The larva of a hawk-moth, *Hepialus virescens*, is preyed on by the caterpillar-fungus, *Sphaeria Robertsii*. The caterpillar buries itself in the earth to undergo transformation into the perfect insect; while it is lying dormant there, the fungus inserts a root into the nape of its neck, feeds and flourishes on the animal matter, and, without destroying the form of the victim, at last converts it into a mummy. A similar slaughter of larvæ is performed in Van Diemen's Land by a representative fungus, the *Sphaeria Gunnii*; and another, *Sphaeria Sinensis*, carries on the same work in China; while the *S. entomorrhiza* tries it even in these parts, so far removed from cannibalism. Living wasps have been taken in the West Indies with a fungus growing from their bodies. Still, animal-feeders are not common among plants, unless we include those orchidaceous flowers which exasperating cultivators assert to live entirely on hair. Talking of hair, the skin disease by which our locks are shorn, is believed to be of fungous origin. In unfavorable seasons, silkworm caterpillars are destroyed by myriads from the ravages of a minute cryptogamic plant, or mold-fungus, which takes a fancy to grow on their outer integument.

Is everything that crawls a VERMIN, deserving only to be crushed underfoot? Mr. Douglas's report of insect doings would lead us to respite many humble victims, and at least amuse ourselves for a

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while with their drolleries, before carrying the sentence of death into execution. The larvæ of the pretty little *Exapate gelatella* are internal feeders, living principally in the decayed branches of white-thorn, and, in a great many instances, under the bark of the living stem. The apple-moth, a beautiful little creature, whose wings are studded with silvery-shining specks, as though they were inlaid with precious gems, is hatched from an egg laid, in the middle of June, in the crown of an infant apple. As soon as the egg hatches, the young grub gnaws a tiny hole, and soon buries itself in the substance of the future fruit. He takes care to make himself a ventilator and dust-hole, and then progresses to the center of the apple, where he feeds at his ease. When within a few days of being full-fed, he, for the first time, enters the core through a round hole gnawed in the hard, horny substance, which always separates the pips from the pulp of the fruit, and the destroyer now finds himself in that spacious chamber which codlings in particular always have in their center. From this time he eats only the pips, never again tasting the more common pulp, which hitherto had satisfied his unsophisticated palate; now, nothing less than the highly-flavored aromatic kernels will suit his tooth, and on these, for a few days, he feasts in luxury, till it is time for him to eat his way out again. The larvæ of many moths and butterflies, when tired of their present existence, hang themselves; but the act is anything but suicidal. They step out of their coffins as neat as new pins, smartly dressed in a fresh suit of clothes. What do you think of eggs that grow, and of eggs that have eyes? It would certainly be convenient if we could introduce a race of poultry whose oval produce should possess the former qualification of increasing in size as they lay in the egg-basket, though inexperienced housekeepers might feel a little trepidation at the angry glances shot by eggs threatened with a higher temperature than that required for hatching. In the insect world, such facts do occur. The abominable though glossy and gauzy-winged fly, which is the development of the odious gooseberry-grub, lays very soft and half-transparent white eggs. After the first day, these horrid eggs begin to grow, and before the end of a week, they have grown to three times their original

size. The head of the egg always lies toward the tip of the gooseberry-leaf, for the convenience of looking out for squalls, and is remarkable for having two black eyes, placed very far apart, and quite on the sides; indeed, so far asunder are these eyes, that, like the hind-buttons on the coat of a certain illustrious coachman, it is very difficult to bring both into the same field of view.

The humming-bird sphinx does not sit down to take its meals, but feeds, as the lark sings, on the wing, which most people would fancy to be very uncomfortable as well as difficult. But insect eccentricities are endless. Aphides think fit, during the whole of summer, to increase, like tiger-lilies, by buds; just as Sir Thomas Browne wished that mankind could be increased, like willow-trees, by cuttings. A late intelligent orang-outang was fond of taking a lady's shawl, politely and with permission, from her back, and of strutting up and down with it displayed on his own hairy shoulders; in like manner, the larva of the *Coleophora gryphiceanella* moth borrows the loan of a coat from a rose-leaf. Not content with eating the parenchyma, or fleshy substance between the upper and under skins of the leaf, it makes a covering for its body from the upper skin only, using as much as it wants for its wrapper, which it folds round itself in the most becoming style, leaving one end open, through which it protrudes the head and segments bearing the legs; thus attired, it walks about, always carrying its clothing with it, which, as the tenant grows, is increased from time to time by additions of more leaf. Comical things are these moving cones; like tipsy men, they seem always to be in danger of toppling over. But this mishap rarely occurs; and if by accident the caterpillar do lose its hold, it does not fall, but swings down gently by a silken thread kept in readiness for such accidents. One of the beautiful metallic *Adele*, or long-horned moths, *Nemotois eupriacellus*, is a sort of Amazon, having sent the gentlemen of their community so completely to Coventry, that the male insect is unknown to collectors; none but females have ever been captured. Our only hope of getting at the masculine gender lies in the astuteness of Mr. Doubleday. That gentleman, a very Ulysses in his dealings with things that fly by night, discovered the attractive powers of swallow

blossoms, and about the same time found out that a mixture of sugar and beer, mixed to a consistence somewhat thinner than treacle, is a most attractive bait to all the *Nocturnæ*. The revolution wrought in our collections, and our knowledge of species since its use, is wonderful. Species that used to be so rare, that it seemed hopeless to think of possessing them, and others not then known at all, have become so plentiful by the use of sugar in different localities, that they are a drug in the hands of collectors and dealers. The mixture is taken to the woods, and put upon the trunks of the trees, in patches or strips, just at dusk. Before it is dark, some moths arrive, and a succession of comers continues all night through, until the first dawn of day warns the revelers to depart. The collector goes, soon after dark, with a bull's-eye lantern, a ring-net, and a lot of large pill-boxes. He turns his light full on the wetted place, at the same time placing his net underneath it, in order to catch any moth that may fall. Some species are very fond of this trick; others sit very unconcerned; and others, again, fly off at the very first glance of the bull's-eye. Once in the net, a moth is easily transferred to a pill-box, where it will remain quiet until the next morning. There are some sorts, however, that will not put up with solitary confinement so easily, and fret themselves, that is, their plumage. It is of no avail to use sugar in the vicinity of attractive flowers, such as those of swallow, lime, or ivy. Wasps and bats also come, but not to the collector's assistance. The former are attracted by the sweets, the latter by the moths; and you may see them go in before you, and pick off a beauty that you would not have lost for half a dozen sugar-loaves. Armed with sugar as a spell, the collector becomes a sorcerer, and summons to his presence at his will the moths which, like spirits, lie all around, invisible to mortal ken.

We hear a deal of talk about good men and women; pray what is a good insect? Because, sometimes one of the *Geometrinæ* will come to your lure, and occasionally a good beetle. Not rarely, a good insect may be seen sunning himself on the banks or fences. The Camberwell Beauty and the Purple Emperor are both, it seems, good butterflies. The Captain Bold of Halifax has a rival in the bolder butterfly, *Thecla quercus*. In July you may see

the females walking about on the leaves of the oak-trees, sunning themselves, while the males are fluttering in attendance, or are pertinaciously holding a tournament in honor of their high-born dames. In these pugnacious encounters they maul each other severely, and you can hardly capture a male whose wings are free from scratches and tears. It is a pity that some sort of entomological police cannot compel such quarrelsome butterflies to keep the peace. The *Tineine*, not so named because they are tiny, have also their characteristic peculiarities. When basking on palings, *Argyresthia* sits with her head downward, as in a posture of reverence; *Gracilaria* and *Ornix*, on the contrary, hold up their heads, bold and pert; *Elachista* looks as if it tried to squeeze itself into the wood, and *Nepticula* hugs a corner or crevice, and then, as if not satisfied with its station, hurries off to seek another, with a self-important swagger truly ridiculous in such a little creature. Owing to the variety of economy among the larvæ of these tiny moths, there can be no general rules laid down for finding them; some are on the leaves, some roll up the leaves, others mine in their substance; some are in the flowers, others in the seeds; some are in the stems, others are in the roots; some wander about naked as when they were born; others make garments neat and tidy, or rough and grotesque. There is only one rule to be observed—Search a plant all over, and at different times of the year. You may not find the species of which you were in quest; but, then, you may discover another whose economy is unknown; or, as already more than once has happened, one not hitherto even seen in the perfect state. Thus, if you collect the dry flower-heads of wild marjoram in spring, and put them in a box in-doors, you will soon see what appear to be some of the dry calyces of the flowers, separated from the mass and walking about. Each of these contains a living larva of *Gelechia subocella*, which has made itself in the previous autumn a portable dwelling out of two or three of the flowers, in which it will remain until the following July, when the perfect moth will emerge. In their habitat among the dry florets these cases can scarcely be distinguished from them.

In addition to the obvious and unavoid-

able difficulties which entomologists have to encounter, they have to bear up against the martyrdom of contempt which the vulgar-minded public inflicts upon them. They are ignominiously nicknamed bug-hunters, and are regarded as a species of lunatic at large. But astronomers and chemists have been equally despised. Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Priestley, and even Davy, have been pitied in their time, especially in the early part of their career, as foolish enthusiasts, whose proper place would be the mad-house, if they were not harmless. To this day, Newton, though looked up to as a philosopher by all, is looked down upon as a madman by many. What was the good, the crowd inquired, of star-gazing and pulling the elements to pieces? But great good, and profit, and safety, and lofty wisdom have been derived from studying the structure of the heavens, that is, of the universe; and from investigating the essential nature of the crude materials which compose our globe. It is not during its infancy that a science displays its wealth and lavishes its benefits. Entomology may have results in store that we wot not of.

But how are you to fathom the mysteries of insect economy, if you do not pursue and familiarize yourself with insects? Notwithstanding which, it is quite true, that society throws a wet blanket over entomology in all its branches. Take your water-net, and go to a pond or stream in quest of water-beetles, and the passers-by, if they notice you at all, will invariably think you are fishing; or, if they see what you are taking, will ask you if your captures are for baits. If you say Yes, they will think yours a profitable employment; if you say No, you may add as much more in exculpation as you like, you will only pass for a fool. So much for the popular appreciation of natural history; and for your encouragement.

Few men do more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do the least; and there cannot be a greater error than to believe a man whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be, therefore, incapable of doing hurt. There is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the meekest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in wickedness.—*Clarendon*.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

HAGAR was, by birth, an Egyptian. By some of the ancient Rabbis, she was supposed to be of royal blood; and that supposition they incorporate into history, and make her a daughter of one of the Pharaohs.

Many interpreters of the Mosaic Record, more especially among the Jews, to the confusion of all chronology, confound her with *Keturah*, of whom, although in our Bibles it be out of its proper place, a distinct account is given by the sacred writer.

From the manner in which she is introduced and spoken of, the opinion of Chrysostom is most probable. It is, that she was one of those maid-servants given to Abraham by Pharaoh, on a memorable occasion in his history, to which reference is made in a previous chapter. She is spoken of as Sarah's maid-servant, as a bond-woman; and though, probably, not what we should deem a slave, divested of all personal rights, yet a domestic in the tent of the father of the faithful.

Her name, which means literally a stranger, or the timid one, was doubtless given her, as was customary, on her removal from her own country; and indicated, as was customary in that early age, a peculiar trait in her character. They called her Hagar—the timid one.

In the family of Abraham, it could not be otherwise than that his servants were instructed in the true religion. The idolatrous Egyptian is made acquainted with the true God; and her subsequent conduct shows that she not only knew, but served Him. This fact is strikingly evinced when she fled from the face of her mistress, Sarah, who dealt hardly with her—treated her with unkindness and cruelty, and for whose conduct on the occasion, and through the whole affair, it is hard to find an excuse. The angel of the Lord, it is said, accosted the flying maid-servant; arrested her in her career; directed her to return; and promised her a son, whose name, also, it is worthy of remark, the angel said should be Ishmael: being the first man born into the world, so far as we know, whose name was given him before his birth. "Thou shalt call his name Ishmael," said the angel; that is, literally, God shall hear; "because," he continues, "the Lord hath heard thy affliction:" an

intimation, I think, that in this affair, whatever degree of blame rests upon Abraham for his want of patience, and upon Sarah for her rashness and petulance, Hagar was the least blameworthy of the three.

After hearing the angel's prediction relative to her son, it is said, she called, or rather called upon, or invoked the name of the Lord; recognizing fully his superintending care and ever-watchful providence, in the striking language, equally applicable to all persons and to all times, "Thou, God, seest me!" The fountain, or well of water, by the side of which the angel met her, she called Beer-lahai-roi; that is, the well of Him that liveth and seeth me, or the everlasting and omnipresent God; indicating thereby, at once her acquaintance with him, and her trust in his providence and protection.

In obedience to this celestial messenger's direction, Hagar returned; and in the year from the creation 2094, her son Ishmael was born, his father Abraham being in his eighty-sixth year.

Thirteen years after this, the rite of circumcision was instituted; and God renewed his promise to Abraham of another son; "and thou shalt call his name," said he, "Isaac: and I will establish my covenant with him for an everlasting covenant, and with his seed after him." And Abraham said unto God, "O that Ishmael might live before thee!" a prayer indicating submissiveness to the will of Heaven, and paternal anxiety for the welfare of his first-born. God heard his prayer; and, although he re-affirmed his declaration relative to Isaac, through whom the families of the earth were to be blessed, yet gave he many promises relative to Ishmael; to which, and their remarkable fulfillment, we shall turn our attention presently.

Pursuing the history, we are told, that, on a certain occasion, Sarah saw the son of Hagar mocking; which St. Paul, in his epistle to the Galatians, evidently referring to this event, calls persecuting. Isaac was now about three years old, and Ishmael had reached his seventeenth year. The mocking, or persecuting, was probably acts of petty annoyance and tyranny in which the elder indulged toward his younger brother. And Sarah said, "Cast out this bond-woman and her son, for the son of this bond-woman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac."

Harsh language and unfeeling! exceedingly natural, however; and, the circumstances of the case considered, nothing more than might have been expected, and such as has had its counterpart in many a family since, where are children of different mothers by the same father. Like many other little incidents in the Bible, its insertion serves to show the truthfulness of the sacred writer. To Sarah, the Jews have ever looked up with feelings of reverence and respect. For the insertion of anything placing her character in an unfavorable light, and especially for doing so in the sacred chronicles, no other reason can be given than a sacred regard for truth. It had been an easy matter to have omitted the account entirely; and that blind partiality which too frequently guides the pen of the uninspired biographer, would have so varnished the whole story, as to have presented her character unimpeached and spotless.

Cast out this bond-woman and her son; that is, disinherit them, send them off; and the request was very grievous to Abraham, as the sacred writer says, because of his son. His paternal heart seems always to have yearned toward Ishmael; and, but for the interposition of Heaven, Sarah's unfeeling request would doubtless have been disregarded. But God said unto Abraham, "Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad, and because of thy bond-woman; in all that Sarah has said, hearken unto her voice." This direction from heaven, while it does not in the least palliate the conduct of Sarah, is a perfect justification of Abraham. Indeed, he could not have acted otherwise, without flat disobedience. Accordingly, supplied with food and with a sufficiency of water to last until their arrival at the next well, as was the custom in those days, the mother and the son started off on their melancholy pilgrimage. After journeying, probably, a day or two, they appear to have lost their way; and I know not where is to be found a more affecting picture of distress than is here presented.

Forlorn, desolate, and broken-hearted; banished, driven away; with her son, fatherless—herself, not a widow; in the dreary wilderness of Beersheba, their provisions exhausted, their water all gone, the Egyptian mother, just like a mother, thinking more of the sufferings of her boy

than of her own, abandons herself to despair. Her beautiful Ishmael—O, how beautiful in her eyes, never half so lovely as now—faint and dying, she places carefully on the green sward, beneath the shade of a friendly shrub. With maternal anxiety, for a while she watches over him; he dozes fitfully; and anon, his lips moving in his slumber, give utterance to that endearing word—Mother! 'Tis music in her ear. But list, he speaks again. Mother, I faint—I thirst—I die. Mother, water! This is indeed agony. It rends the soul to stand by the bedside of a dear child, when death is rifling the roses from his cheek and planting his own cold lilies there; when every drug has lost its efficacy, and the man of scientific skill hath softly said, He cannot live. But there is consolation, if not comfort, in the thought, that everything has been done that could be done; that the little sufferer's every want has been anticipated by the ready hand, the ever-watchful eye. The artificial breeze has fanned his fevered face. Soft and grateful to his aching head, that pillow, smoothed by a hand still softer, and more grateful. His skillfully compounded medicines have been ever ready at the appointed hour; and always, close at hand, the cooling draught—the pleasant beverage. But in thy cup of bitterness, Hagar, thou desolate one, and broken-hearted, there is not one of these alleviating drops of comfort. In the lone wilderness, under the burning sky, without a friend near her, without, so far as we know, a solitary friend on earth, she hears her boy cry for that most common of all earth's blessings—water! and she has none to give him. I doubt not, so strong is a mother's affection for her first-born, I doubt not, had it been in her power, she had given him her own life's blood. But now his eye is dim. His cry becomes faint. It subsides into a moan. The mother can bear to look upon his agony no longer; and she went—I quote the simple and touching language of Moses—she went, and sat her down over against him, a good way off, as it were a bow-shot; for she said, "Let me not see the death—meaning the death-struggle, the dying agony—of the child;" and she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice and wept.

But God's all-seeing eye was on her; and whispering in the wretched mother's ear an angel's voice: "Hagar, fear not, for

God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is." The angel then repeated the promise made to Abraham: I will make him—the faint and dying Ishmael—I will make him a great nation. And God opened her eyes; and she saw a well of water, and she went and filled the bottle and gave the lad drink.

Thus, by the direct interposition of Heaven, was Ishmael restored to life; and journeying onward with his mother, they reached the wilderness of Paran, in Arabia. The lad grew, and became an archer, procuring, with his bow, a sufficiency of food for himself and his parent. How long they lived thus together, and when, or where, the mother died, we know not. She lived to see him arrive at man's estate, and to witness his marriage with an Egyptian, a woman of her own country. He himself survived his father Abraham; was present at the patriarch's funeral; and died in the year before Christ 1773, aged one hundred and thirty-seven years.

Let us look now at some of the predictions relative to this son of the bond-woman. And first, before his birth, and repeatedly afterward, in the days of his childhood, God had designated him as the father of a numerous people; so numerous, that, in his own language, it shall not be numbered for multitude. I will make him a great nation. I will multiply him exceedingly.

Has the prophecy been fulfilled? Ay, to the very letter. In the latter part of this same Book of Genesis, which narrates the history of his birth and banishment, we read of Ishmaelites, rejoicing to bear the name of the expatriated wanderer, and even then so numerous as to carry on an extensive traffic with Egypt. They were Ishmaelites who, some two hundred years after, on a trading excursion, rescued the young Joseph from death, bought him of his own brothers for twenty pieces of silver, and sold him again to Potiphar, the Egyptian. They were Ishmaelites from whom Gideon, when he had slain Zeba and Zalmunna, received as a prey, golden ear-rings, to the weight of a thousand and seven hundred shekels of gold. Another extensive branch of the same family, of whom we read frequently in the Bible, were called, from Hagar, Hagarenes.

From Ishmael's son, Nebajoth, de-

scended the Nabatheans; and the Itureans from his son Jetur. Down to the present day, God's word, uttered in the twilight of earth's history, is receiving its fulfillment. The Scenites, the Saracens, the Arabs, amid the darkness of idolatry and superstition, still revert to God Almighty's promise, and look back upon the exiled Ishmael as their great progenitor.

It was foretold, moreover, that he should be the father of twelve princes; or rather, as we should say, of twelve sons, each of whom was to be, as in the case of Israel's descendants, the head of a separate tribe. And it was so. Moses has placed the name of each upon imperishable record. Strangely, if not uncouthly, to many readers of the Bible, from want of familiarity, sound the names of these twelve princes, of whom the unerring voice of prophecy had spoken. There was *Nebajoth*, his first born; and *Kedar*, of whose villages Isaiah speaks; *Dumah*, of whose oracle the same prophet spoke relative to the coming of the morning, after a long night; and *Adbeel*, and *Mibsam*, *Mishma*; *Tema*, of whose troops or caravans, Job speaks in the day of his calamity; *Massa*, *Hadar*, *Naphish*, *Kedemah*, and *Jetur*, to whom I have already referred as the father of the Itureans.

Profane historians advert to the same fact; and thus, unconsciously, attest the fulfillment of God's predictions. Strabo refers to the rulers of the twelve Arab tribes, calling them *phylarchs*; and Melo, quoted by Bishop Newton, speaks of the "twelve descendants of Ishmael, who divided the region of Arabia between them; whence," he continues, "even to our day, the Arabians have twelve kings of the same name as the first." The country properly belonging to Ishmael's descendants, according to Adam Clarke, stretches from Aleppo to the Arabian Sea, and from Egypt to the Persian Gulf, a tract of land not less than eighteen hundred miles in length, by nine hundred in breadth. It has been divided by geographers into three grand divisions, called, from the peculiarities of soil and climate, the rocky, the desert, and the happy. The first consists, for the most part, of naked rocks and flinty plains, with a few fertile spots in the neighborhood of Mount Sinai; the second is little else than a vast wilderness, an almost boundless level of burning sand; while the third, *Arabia Felix*, is mountain-

ous, well watered, and abundantly productive.

Still stranger were the predictions relative to Ishmael the outcast. In the twelfth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Genesis, it is written: "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him, and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren." Confining this language to Ishmael himself, gives us a very inadequate idea of its meaning, or of the unerring prescience of the God by whom it was uttered. It refers, beyond a doubt, to the entire race of his descendants, in their collective capacity. It is true, the son of the bond-woman was a wild man; he dwelt in the wilderness; he became an archer; and depended upon his bow for a livelihood. But what is the voice of all history, the concurrent testimony of travelers and geographers, relative to his descendants, down to the present hour? Is it not that they are *wild men*? We scarcely talk of the Arab without the prefix—wandering. The mind reverts, instantaneously, to their untamed habits, to the burning sands of their deserts, to the sons of Ishmael, and their living ships, as their camels have been happily called; and language admits no more accurate description than was given by the Almighty before their first ancestor began to be—they are wild men.

So, too, their hands are against every man, and every man's hand is against them. They seek no alliance, offensive or defensive, with neighboring nations. They spurn the proffered friendship of every other race, and live in a state of continual war with the world around them. They justify, says Sale, in his preliminary discourse to the Koran, they justify their robberies and cruelties by alleging the hard usage of their father Ishmael, who, being turned out of doors by Abraham, had the plains and the desert given him by God for his patrimony, with permission to take whatever he could find there.

Of course, they being the common enemies of all men, the hand of every man has been against them; but they dwell, as they have continued to dwell for nearly four thousand years, in the midst of their brethren. Kingdoms have risen and fallen. Empires have waxed and waned. One people has been amalgamated with another; but Ishmael, with every man's

hand against him, still retains his integrity as a distinct race. The pages of history are full of the records of unsuccessful efforts to nullify the predictions whispered in the ear of the banished mother.

The proud Sesostris, with his Egyptian hosts, like a swarm of locusts, swept down upon them, with eager hopes of an easy victory. In the western provinces, success, to some extent, crowned his efforts; but the Ishmaelites were unconquered. In succession, the Assyrians and the Persians attempted their subjection, with the same result. Under the victorious arms of the great Alexander, the Persian empire fell; and Asia bowed her neck to the tyrant. The neighboring princes sent humble embassies to sue for favor; but the Arabs disdained to acknowledge him. The blood-snuffing eagles of the Romans followed. Lucullus gained some victories; but Arabia never bore the name of a Roman province. Rome claimed to be the mistress of the world; but Pompey, ever victorious elsewhere, found his match in the wild men of the desert.

At a later day, the troops of Augustus penetrated far into the country; but a strange distemper made terrible havoc with his army, and but a small remnant survived to carry home the news of their disasters. Trajan followed. For a little while he was successful; but when he besieged the city of the Hagarenes, says the historian, his soldiers were repelled by lightnings, thunderings, hail, whirlwinds, and other prodigies. About eighty years after, the Emperor Severus undertook their subjection; but was baffled and defeated, and returned home, vexed and dispirited. And so onward in their history to the present day. At one time they were masters of the most considerable parts of the earth; and though their empire be now, as of old, reduced to the limits of their native country, they still dwell in the midst of their brethren; and the Turks, though masters of the adjacent countries, are content to pay them tribute.

They dwell in the midst of their brethren! How different in this respect the children of Ishmael from the descendants of his brother, the favorite Isaac: a nation scattered and peeled, outcasts and wanderers, in Egypt, in Asia Minor, in almost every part of Europe, in the United States, in South America, in the West Indies, nay, almost everywhere, retaining

their own peculiarities, glorying in the same ancestor—the father of the faithful, but despised, reckoned as intruders, their very name a proverb of reproach—Jews, where are they not? But the Ishmaelite dwells in his own country. He cultivates the fertile plains of Yemen. He glories in his sterile rocks, and thinks of his banished ancestor, when he reaches, in his wanderings, some lovely oasis in his own limitless desert.

Now all this may be accounted for, if any one so pleases, by referring to the habits of the people, their singular mode of life, and the peculiarity of the country in which they dwell. You may leave out of the account any remarkable interposition in favor of this people, on the part of the great Supreme, and explain, to your own satisfaction, the ill success of each succeeding invader. The heathen historian, Dion, does not scruple to attribute the defeat of the Roman army to supernatural causes; but I am quite willing to listen to an explanation that shall be what the world calls perfectly natural; and, when it is given, I recur to the prophecy which foretold these things, to the voice of the angel—to the voice of God, when as yet Ishmael was unborn, and again repeated, when panting, and, as his mother thought, dying in the wilderness: "I will make him a great nation. His hand shall be against every man. Every man's hand shall be against him. He shall dwell in the midst of his brethren." Whose prediction is this? To whom do we listen when we hear this language away back in the darkness of antiquity? The skeptic and the unbeliever may account, as they please, for the wonderful history of the descendants of the Egyptian bond-woman's exiled boy; it yet remains for them to tell us who could have foretold that history, save *HE* only who sees the end from the beginning? The conclusion is irresistible. Moses wrote this narrative under the inspiration of the Most High; and it is a fair inference, that if God directed his pen in one part of the Pentateuch, he directed it in the whole; seeing that it is palpably absurd to suppose the Holy One would permit falsehood, or fiction, to be mingled with his own truth.

Thus much for those who philosophize and speculate; who find difficulties in the sacred Record, and are ready to throw it all away, because, forsooth, it will not al-

ways succumb to their philosophy, or quadrate with their theories. Truly, it would be strange if it did; seeing that every generation finds something to laugh at in the philosophical teachings of its predecessors; and our children's children, in all probability, will find flaws and absurdities in what now passes current for the teachings of man's most wonderful wisdom. The word of our God abideth forever; and he is a fool, and no philosopher, who prefers the taper light of man's wisdom to the broad sunshine of His truth; dark at times, it may be, but it is dark with excessive brightness.

And mark how beautifully here, as elsewhere, in all the works of God, in nature, in providence, and in grace, things the most sublime are blended with things the most simple. The towering pillar of prophetic prediction, destined to endure forever, is erected in the midst of lovely wild flowers, which the child may gaze upon, and gather, and fold upon his bosom; while the philosophic eye is looking to its summit, and spying fancied roughness and inequalities upon its surface. There are tears shed by successive generations, perennial tears, for the hapless lad, sent forth from the tent of his father; and the soul is made better as it sympathizes with the mother in her deep distress. A true-hearted mother! She loved her boy, though all the world might hate him. She loved him all the more because his father frowned upon him. She loved him none the less because an angel's voice had said, "Every man's hand shall be against him." Her hand was *for* him; her hand with her heart in it. She never dreamed—what mother ever did?—that her affection could be misplaced. How could it be? Beautifully sings the poet:

Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted.

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning

Back to their springs, like the rains, shall fill them full of refreshment.

That which the fountain sends forth, returns again to the fountain.

And what son is he, though in after life he may have to grapple with a rough world, who does not, in Hagar's touching story, recall the days of his own boyhood; his hours of suffering, soothed by a mother's gentle voice, and the magic of her sympathetic tear? Though her form be far away; though her eye be quenched in

death; he feels it still fixed upon him, kindling anew every virtuous purpose, every good resolution; as, binding to his heart this leaf from the tree of life, this little wild flower, he exclaims, with a full soul, I bless thee, O my God, I bless thee for a mother's love.

THE FUR-HUNTERS OF THE FAR WEST.

THE history of the various companies that have been formed at different times for promoting the fur-trade in the west and northwestern regions of America, is a history of adventure and peril, and introduces us to scenes of wild and savage life which are eminently interesting, from the contrast they present to our prevailing civilization. Sitting at home in our comfortable arm-chairs, by cozy firesides, or in leafy summer-arbors, surrounded by all the conveniences of an advanced condition of society, it is pleasant to read of the hardships and successes of those enterprising persons who have pushed their way into the wilderness for purposes of traffic or discovery. Everything, in fact, that has been done by man in the face of difficulties, recommends itself to human consideration, and is calculated to attract both the curiosity and the sympathy of other men. We presume, therefore, that this slight notice of a recently published work on the undertakings and achievements of the fur-hunters in the Oregon Territory, and some of the parts adjacent, will be generally acceptable to our readers.* The author, Mr. Alexander Ross, having spent the last forty-four years of his life in the Indian territories of North America, has had the amplest opportunities for observing whatever is noteworthy and peculiar in the state and circumstances of those countries; and the mass of information he has collected, and here presents to our attention, is such as has been hitherto almost wholly unattainable.

With the commercial relations of the several companies we shall not here concern ourselves; extractable incidents and adventures, illustrative of Indian life and of the fur-hunter's pursuits, being more likely to be welcome to our readers, as

they are also more than sufficiently abundant to occupy our limited space. Though to some it might appear that the life of the fur-hunter, entailing a residence of years among savages in remote and dreary wilds, must of necessity be one of great unpleasantness, we are yet assured, that of the persons who have been engaged in it, few or none are known who did not afterward look back with fond remembrance and regret on the scenes through which they passed—"preferring the difficulties and dangers of their former precarious but independent habits to all the boasted luxuries of polished society." If full of peril, it is also full of action, and constantly diversified by incidents that are calculated to stir the blood and entertain the imagination. A man in such circumstances is familiarized with events and things which are continually sharpening his wits, and adding something to his previous experience. He becomes ready at any day to go out into the woods on long journeys of discovery, depending for subsistence by the way on what he may chance to shoot; and thinks "no more of crossing the desert from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the most wild and unfrequented parts, than any other man in ordinary life would of crossing a country parish." Being always liable to danger, he is always as well as possible prepared for it, and escapes out of the most intricate of perplexities by means which often seem miraculous.

The preparations made beforehand for these expeditions are, as our readers are aware, usually inconsiderable; "because," says Mr. Ross, "the ordinary routine of every day's duty is as full of adventure and hardship as it could be on a voyage of discovery, even were it to the north pole." The party is accustomed to set off with such means as are available at the time; and though these may differ somewhat, according to circumstances, the rank of the leader, or the extent of the undertaking, they are always simple. The country to be traversed on this occasion was a wild tract, lying between one of the company's stations in the Oregon and the Rocky Mountains; the date of departure, the 14th of August; and the journey was intended to be performed on foot. Mr. Ross was accompanied by two of his best and most experienced hands, together with two Indians, himself making the fifth person. Each man was provided with half

* "The Fur-hunters of the Far West; a Narrative of Adventures in the Oregon and Rocky Mountains. By Alexander Ross."

a dozen pair of Indian shoes, a blanket to sleep in, ammunition, a small axe, a knife, a fire-steel, and an awl, together with some needles, thread, and tobacco to smoke; all of which he had to carry on his back, and his gun on his shoulder. This constituted the whole of the traveling baggage, with the exception of a pint pot and a cooking-kettle. The equipment is the same in all such cases, be the journey for a week, a month, or a year. The party depended all the time on their guns for subsistence; and on the skins of the animals they might kill, for a further supply of clothes and shoes.

The country through which they passed in the early part of the journey was covered with heavy timber, with here and there small open plains; but having clear bottom, it afforded tolerably good traveling. After some days, the timber became less abundant, and they proceeded for some distance over clear open ground. On the sixth day after starting, they came upon a small lake, on the margin of which they encamped for the night. Here they found two Indian families, subsisting on fish, roots, and berries, and seeming "in their wretched condition to live very comfortably and happily." One of the men belonging to these families, professing to have a perfect knowledge of the country through which the travelers had to pass, volunteered to accompany them as guide; for which service Mr. Ross promised to reward him with a blanket and some ammunition when they returned.

They had hitherto traveled by the aid of the compass, but, having confidence in the knowledge of their guide, they now abandoned the instrument, and followed him without hesitation. Instead of leading them, as they expected, in an easterly direction, the Indian bent his course northward for about sixty miles; when they reached a small stream, called Grisly Bear River, which they ascended for six days, "until it became so narrow they could jump over it." While following this stream, they passed several beaver lodges. In many places great trees had been cut down, and the course of the water stopped and formed into small lakes and ponds. In one place they "counted forty-two trees cut down at the height of about eighteen inches from the root, within the compass of half an acre." It did not, however, prove a very prolific beaver

country. A little further on, the face of the country materially changed, being in general too rocky, hard, and flinty for the operations of those animals. Elks and deer were seen in great numbers, all extremely tame—a sure indication that they had seldom been disquieted.

In one of the thickets, as they passed along, the guide took them a little out of their way to show them what is called a bear's haunt or wintering-den, where that animal, according to Indian tradition, remains in a dark and secluded retreat, for months together, without food or nourishment. Mr. Ross says:

"There was nothing remarkable in the place. The entrance to the lair or den was through a long and winding thicket of dense brushwood; and the bear's hiding-place was not in a hole under ground, but on the surface, deeply imbedded among the fallen leaves. Over the den, the snow is often many feet thick, and the bear's hiding-place is discovered only by an air-hole resembling a small funnel, sometimes not two inches in diameter, through which the breath issues; but so concealed from view, that none but the keen eye of the savage can find it out."

The bear is said to lie so concealed in a torpid state from December to March. They never lie in families, but always singly; and when they move out in the spring, they are very sleek and fat. But no sooner do they quit their winter-quarters, and begin to roam about, than they get poor and haggard. They are reported never to winter twice in the same place. In their snug retreats, they are often discovered and killed by the Indians without making any resistance.

Since they were joined by their guide, our explorers had traveled about one hundred and fifty-five miles. Their road now lay a good deal among rugged cliffs, in descending which, one of the men cut his foot very badly, thereby detaining the party for nearly a whole day. The unfortunate man was so disabled, that they had almost made up their minds to leave him behind until their return; "but," says Mr. Ross, "as this step would have deprived us of another man to take care of him, we decided to keep together; so we dragged him on along with us, and he soon recovered." After many days of rough journeying, they reached at length what the guide called the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and, remarks the author:

"The ascent all along had been apparently so gradual, and the country so very rugged, with a broken and uneven surface, that we could

observe no very perceptible difference in the height of the land until we came close under the brow of the dividing ridge; but there the difference was certainly striking. The guide had led us to a considerable eminence some distance out of our way, from which, in looking back, we beheld the country we had passed over; and certainly a more wild and rugged land the mind of man could not imagine. In looking before us—that is, toward the mountains—the view was completely barred: an almost perpendicular front met the eye like a wall, and we stood and gazed at what might be called one of the wonders of the world. One circumstance struck us very forcibly, and that was the increased size of the timber. Along the base of the mountains, the timber, which had been stunted and puny, now became gigantic in size, the pines and cedars in particular; one of the latter measured forty-five feet four inches in girth, four feet from the ground. Descending, we encamped at the edge of a little stream called Canoe River, celebrated among Northwesters for the quality of its birch-bark. Everything here wore the appearance and stillness of the midnight hour: the scene was gloomy, and scarcely the chirping of a solitary bird was to be heard; our own voices alone disturbed the universal silence. In all this extent of desert through which we had passed, not a human being was to be seen, nor the traces of any."

They now began to retrace their steps, finding the country nowise available for fur-hunting purposes. The distance traversed by the route they followed did not exceed four hundred and twenty miles; and could they have traveled in a direct line, it would scarcely have been more than half as much. We need not concern ourselves about their homeward journey, as nothing of interest occurred on the way.

The foregoing description represents what may be styled one side of the hunter's life—perhaps the quietest and most favorable. We will glance next at a different picture, and see how the white men are sometimes apt to fare when their calling leads them among hostile tribes of Indians. Several years ago, the official dignitaries of the Northwest Company decided on establishing a new fort or station near the confluence of the two great branches of the Columbia, as a more central situation for their operations than any they previously possessed in Oregon. The name of this new position was Fort Nez Percés, and Mr. Ross was appointed to take charge of it. With ninety-five effective men, and a very able associate named M'Kenzie, he encamped one July day on the site pitched upon for the new establishment, and soon found himself engaged in a most difficult undertaking.

The Nez Percés Indians had had no previous communication with our fur-hunters, and could not, apparently, comprehend what object they could have in coming among them. Instead of advancing to meet the strangers on their arrival, they withdrew from their neighborhood, as if with one accord, to their camp; and Mr. Ross tells us that

"Not a friendly hand was stretched out; not the least joy, usual among Indians on such occasions, was testified, to invite or welcome our arrival. These ceremonies, though trifling in themselves, are a very good indication of the reception likely to be met with; and, in the present case, their total absence could only be considered very unfavorable."

They kept apart, sitting sulkily on mounds at a distance, wrapped in their robes of dignity, observing a studied indifference. Even the children maintained an attitude of reserve; and little copper-colored bantlings were heard to say: "What do the white people want here? Are they going to kill more of our relations?" alluding to some former tragical occurrences there, in which, however, the fur-hunters were not concerned. Others, again, would remark: "We must not go near them, because they will kill us." While all this was going on, the hunters kept a sharp look-out. The principal chief of the camp, instead of going to them, walked round and round the crowd, urging the Indians to the observance of a non-intercourse, until, at least, the whites had made them presents. Hints were gradually given that "property" would purchase a footing.

The spot was totally barren for materials for building. These had to be collected elsewhere, and conducted by water from the distance of one hundred miles. To ordinary minds, nothing seemed more wild or impracticable than the scheme of raising a fort in such a situation. The authorities, however, had formed their plans: it was decided that the country must be secured, the natives awed and reconciled, buildings raised, furs collected, and new territories added to the company's possessions. Objections were not to be entertained; no obstacles were to be seen. The position was to be occupied. "So," says Mr. Ross, "on the dreaded spot we took up our stand, to run every hazard, and brave every danger."

The country was not without attractions, having a pleasant, temperate atmosphere,

and outlooks of a picturesque variety. As quickly as timber could be got together, the party set to work in a quiet, determined fashion, having selected for the site of the fort a level spot "upon the east bank of the Columbia, forming something like an island in the flood, and by means of a tributary stream, a peninsula at low-water." The work proceeded slowly; for the natives flocked about in very suspicious numbers, often coming through curiosity to see what was going on, yet not at all times showing themselves too well disposed. The situation of the adventurers was the more irksome, as they depended for food on the success of trade, and on their standing well with the Indians. It was necessary to devise means to divert the attention and amuse the curiosity of these people. As they were composed of different tribes, the seeds of dissension were artfully sown among them, to hold the balance equal, and to prevent anything like a general uniting against the settlers. Each tribe was led to imagine that it possessed preëminence of consideration among the whites; "and though," adds Mr. Ross, "they were as independent of us as we were the reverse of them, still they were taught to fancy that they could not do without us."

Nevertheless, the Indians remained decidedly unfriendly, and their movements became alarming. They insisted on the strangers paying for the timber they were collecting; they prohibited them from hunting and from fishing; they affixed an exorbitant price of their own to every article of trade, and insulted any of the hands they met alone. At length, as it seemed doubtful how affairs might terminate, all work was suspended. The whites stood on their guard; and an entire system of non-intercourse took place of necessity "for five long summer days." All the time they were on very short allowance: one night all hands went supperless to bed. The natives, meanwhile, were mustering fast, plotting and planning. It seemed time to prepare for the chances of a contest. The hunters, therefore, having collected their numbers, consisting of twenty-five Canadians, thirty-two Owwhyees, and thirty-eight Iroquois, hastily constructed a temporary inclosure, and assumed a position of independence and defense.

The natives were offered such terms as were given in other parts of the country.

They might have the choice of cultivating a peaceable understanding with the whites, and thus profit by a friendly intercourse; or, neglecting this, they might expect vengeance for their obstinacy, and be ever after deprived of the benefits resulting from a trade established among them. Meantime, while the Indians were deliberating among themselves, the hunters were making every preparation for action.

Arguments likely to be enforced at the gun's muzzle were not to be withstood; and the chiefs were induced to advance, to bring matters to an accommodation. They insisted, as a preliminary step, that the strangers should bestow a liberal present on the whole multitude of their followers, to reconcile them to the measure. All the property the whites had with them would have scarcely been a mite to each: the demand, therefore, was peremptorily refused. As the whites showed themselves firm and determined, the demands of the natives grew less and less; and at last they agreed to every condition proposed to them, and the whites were left to their discretion. A trade with the Indians was now opened, and went on briskly. The hunters went to their work as formerly, and for a time they enjoyed the comforts of tranquillity.

The principal reason for the establishment of this post was the extension of the trade; consequently it was intended to be used as the base and outlook of new discoveries. It was accordingly indispensable to have an understanding with the chief tribes who at all seasons infested the most practicable passes in those parts of the country it was desired to penetrate, which was at present disturbed by the horrors of war. With a view to effect this object, the chiefs and wise men of the different tribes were called together. On meeting, an endless round of ceremony took place among them, and a good deal of discussion; yet nothing could be finally settled, on account of the absence of one of the principal chiefs at the war, in the very quarter the whites had their eye upon. It was not till after ten days' waiting that this notable chief arrived. The name he bore was Tum-a-tap-um. But this august personage, instead of joining the assembled conclave to forward the business under deliberation, was too much taken up with his own concerns to trouble himself about anything else. Moreover, all the great

men sitting in council immediately deserted their diplomatic functions to join the returned champion with his trophies of war, leaving the whites mere spectators awaiting their convenience.

For three days they had to wait until the Indians had exhausted their songs of triumph, without obtaining one single interview with the chief on whom they had placed so much confidence. This war-party was reported to consist of four hundred and eighty men. They had a very imposing appearance on their arrival. Their hideous yells, mangled prisoners, and bloody scalps, together with their barbarous gestures, presented a sight truly savage. On the third day, the war celebrations being over, Tum-a-tap-um, mounted on horseback, rode backward and forward round the little camp of white men several times, without expressing either approbation or disapproval of their measures. Then dismounting, and drawing near with his men around him, he and they smoked some hundreds of pipes of tobacco. The ceremony of smoking being over, Mr. Ross and his friends had a long conversation with him on the subject of a general peace with all the tribes with whom he had been recently at war; but he was so elated with his own exploits, and the success of his late expedition, that he seemed not so warmly interested in the cause of the whites as he was understood to have formerly professed himself. He was very plausible, and full of professions of friendship; but it was soon observed that he was of an uncommonly selfish disposition. He was always insisting on the white men lavishing their goods on his numerous train of followers; and the more he received, the more his assurance increased, till his demands grew absolutely boundless.

The principal natives, however, began to assemble together in groups; counseling and discussion went on day and night; but as all savages delight in war, it was no easy matter to get them seriously to consider the question of peace. Nevertheless, it was so managed that they were all induced to meet again on the subject. Then spoke Tum-a-tap-um to the point. "If," said he, "we make peace, how shall I employ my young men? They delight in nothing but war; and, besides, our enemies, the Snakes, never observe a peace." Then turning round, "Look," said he

again, pointing to his slaves, scalps, and arms, "am I to throw all these trophies away? Shall Tum-a-tap-um forget the glory of his forefathers, and become a woman?" Then another great war-chief got up, and inquired: "Will the whites, in opening a trade with our enemies, promise not to give them guns or balls?" Others spoke to the same effect. The white men tried to wave these remarks by expatiating on the blessings of peace and the comforts of trade; but several more meetings took place before the desired object could be effected, and how it was at length completed, we give in the words of Mr. Ross:

"At length a messenger came with notice that the chiefs were all of one mind, and would present themselves in a short time. All our people were placed under arms—nominally to honor their reception, but really to guard ourselves. By and by, the solemn train of chiefs, warriors, and other great personages was seen to move from the camp in procession, painted, dressed in their state and war garments, and armed. They entered our inclosure to the number of fifty-six, where a place had been appropriately fitted up for the occasion. The most profound silence pervaded the whole, until the pipe of peace had six times performed the circle of the assembly. The scene was in the highest degree interesting. The matter was canvassed anew: nothing appeared to be overlooked or neglected. The opinion of each was delivered briefly, with judgment, and with candor, and to the same end. Satisfied with the answers and statements we had given at sunset, peace between themselves and the Snakes was decreed on the spot, and a unanimous consent given for us to pass and repass unmolested. Then they threw down their war-garments into the midst of the circle, as if to say: 'We have no further need of these garments.' This maneuver had a double meaning; it was a broad hint for a new suit, as well as a peace-offering! The pipe of peace finally ratified the treaty. Then all shaking hands, according to the manner of the whites, parted friends, both parties apparently pleased with the result."

It was a condition of the treaty that the whites should use their influence to bring the Snake Indians to agree to the peace; without that, indeed, it would have been useless to themselves. Mr. Ross says:

"The only real object we had in view, or the only result that could in reality be expected by the peace, was, that we might be enabled to go in and come out of the Snake country in safety, sheltered under the influence of its name. Nothing beyond this was ever contemplated on our part. All our maneuvers were governed by the policy of gain. Peace, in reality, was beyond our power."

He considers a solid and permanent peace between two warlike savage nations as a thing totally impracticable. "They must either be civilized," he says, "or one of them extirpated; then there may be peace, but not till then."

However, the sort of peace which was thus concluded served the present purposes of the fur-hunters, as it gave them the opportunity of undertaking an expedition into the Snake territories, and of opening a trade in furs and other articles with those people. A tolerably good understanding having been brought about among the Snakes, the trade with them, particularly in its earlier stages, was very profitable. We may quote from Mr. Ross a little on this subject:

"The peace was no sooner concluded than a brisk trade in furs commenced. In their traffic, the most indifferent spectator could not but stare to see the Indians, chiefly War-are-ree-kas and Ban-at-tees, (varieties of Snakes,) bringing large garments of four or five beaver-skins each, such as they use during winter for warmth, and selling them for a knife or an awl, and other articles of a fur-kind in proportion. It was so with the Columbian Indians in our first years; but they soon learned the mystery of trade and their own interest; so will the Snakes, for they are not deficient in acuteness. Horses were purchased for an ax each; and country provisions, such as dried buffalo, were cheap. Our people might have loaded a seventy-four gun-ship with provisions, bought with buttons and rings. It was truly characteristic of Indian trading to see these people dispose of articles of real value so cheaply, while other articles of comparatively no value at all, at least in the estimation of the whites, were esteemed highly by them. When any of our people, through mere curiosity, wished to purchase an Indian head-dress, composed of feathers, or a necklace of bears' claws, or a little red earth or other out of any of their mystical medicine-bags, the price was enormous; but a beaver-skin, worth six or seven dollars, might have been purchased for a brass finger-ring, scarcely worth a farthing. Beaver, or any kind of fur, was of little or no value among these Indians, they never having any traders for such articles among them. Nor could they conceive what our people wanted with their old garments. 'Have not the whites,' asked a chief one day, smiling, 'much better garments than ours?' Such garments, however, were not numerous, and were only used by the poorer sort. The Sherry-dikas were all clothed in buffalo-ropes and dressed deer-skin; but no sooner had one and all of them seen European articles, than they promised to turn beaver-hunters: this disposition was of course encouraged by our people. Axes, knives, ammunition, beads, buttons, and rings, were the articles most in demand. Clothing was of no value: a knife sold for as much as a blanket, and an ounce of vermilion was of more value than a yard of fine cloth. With

the exception of guns, which they might have got from other Indians, they had scarcely an article among them to show that they had ever mixed with civilized man; although it is well known they had of late years occasionally seen the whites."

Mr. Ross adds, in another place, that from these simple people a fine salmon could be bought for a needle, ten salmon for a shoemaker's awl, and for a knife, as many as fifty. He observes that, at this rate, had his party been able to encourage the trade, they could speedily have enriched themselves.

Mr. Ross's description of life at a trading-station, where the Indians are numerous, and untamed by previous intercourse with the whites, such as goes on near a large settlement, does not give us a very favorable notion of the delights of command in such a situation. Of the Nez Percés tribes he says:

"I never experienced more anxiety and vexation than among these people. Not an hour of the day passed, but some insolent fellow, and frequently fifty at a time, interrupted us, and made us feel our unavoidable dependence on their caprice. 'Give me a gun,' said one; 'I want ammunition,' said another; a third wanted a knife, a flint, or something else. Give to one, you must give to all. Refuse them, they immediately got angry, told us to leave their lands, and threatened to prevent our people from going about their duties. . . . A fellow raps at the gate, calling out, 'I want to trade;' when you attend his call, he laughs in your face, and has nothing to sell. In short, they talk of nothing but war, think of nothing but scalp-dancing, horse-racing, and gambling; and when tired of these, idleness is their delight. On every little hill they are to be seen all day in groups, with a paper looking-glass in one hand and a paint-brush in the other. Half their time is spent at the toilet, or in sauntering about our establishment."

The restrictions of space here compel us to conclude our notice of Mr. Ross's entertaining narrative. The range of incident and adventure it contains is far too large to be fully exhibited in one paper; but we may refer to the subject again. Much that belongs to the fur-hunter's pursuits has been necessarily passed over. A mode of life, with totally original conditions, is here depicted and presented to us, which is extremely well worth glancing at; not only on account of the curiosity it may excite, but also for the novelty of fact and variety of anecdote it supplies for consideration, and for the pleasant genuineness of manner which pervades and brightens the narration.

MY DREAM.

I HAVE a story to tell which my readers may believe if they like, or bring a battery of scientific explanation to bear upon, if they choose. I can offer no impartial opinion on the subject, being the party interested. I only undertake to tell the story as it happened to me.

I was born in a large, old-fashioned house of black and white, the upper story of which overhung the lower, and the door of which stood back in a deep porch. The joists and floors were of fine oak, and all the tables, benches, presses; indeed, all the furniture was of oak: some of it rude and clumsy, but the greater part beautifully carved.

My first notions of Bible history were taken from my mother's bedstead, which was entirely of oak, and carved all over with figures of angels, Adam and Eve, the serpent, and the Virgin and Child.

The house stood at some distance from the road; a gate on the road-side led up a paved way with a row of sheds filled with carts, plows, and farming implements, on one hand, and a large cattle pond on the other, into a spacious farm-yard built round with stables, barns, and outbuildings. A gate on the side of the yard opened into a large garden which fronted the house. This garden had several broad gravel walks, and two alleys covered with turf, and hedged with yew-trees cut into all manner of quaint devices. Beyond the garden was an orchard containing, among other trees, some old mulberry-trees, which my sister and myself were taught to regard with great reverence.

Beyond this orchard lay plowed fields and meadows, all belonging to my father. No other dwelling was in sight, except a few cottages belonging to the farm servants.

My father and mother were cousins, and I was the only son. I had one sister, two years younger than myself—a gentle, pretty child, with long golden locks. She was called Edith. At the grammar-school where I was educated, there were about a dozen besides myself; and unless the master had been endowed with the common sense to teach us writing and arithmetic, and a few common branches of education, I don't think we should have had more learning than Tom Thumb carried in

money from King Arthur's treasury; which, as everybody knows, was a silver threepence. My companions were the sons of small farmers, and came at intervals when they were not wanted at home.

My sister Edith never went to school at all; she stayed at home with my mother, and was taught to be notable. So we grew up, and did not find our lives dull, although my sister seldom left the house, except to go to church. When I myself was sixteen, I had never been twelve miles from our market town. In those days people did not go traveling and rambling about, as they do now.

I might have been about fifteen, when one day my father brought home from market a book of voyages and travels, as a present for me. I had done some farm work in a way that pleased him. It was the first new book out of a shop I had ever witnessed; and I read it aloud at night, while my father smoked in the chimney corner and my mother and sister were busy knitting and spinning.

That book made a great impression upon me, and set my mind thinking of foreign parts, and might have something to do with what I am about to relate; mind, I do not assert that it had! I am cautious how I assert anything but what I know for a fact.

The night on which I finished reading that book, was the thirty-first of January; the date is remembered by others as well as myself.

That night I went to bed as usual, and dreamed a long consecutive dream, such as I never dreamed before or since. I dreamed that my uncle sent for me to go a long voyage, on some business of his; and then I found myself standing on a quay, where there seemed hundreds of ships, and all their thin upright masts standing like a forest of poplar-trees in winter. I knew they were ships, though I had never seen one. I heard somebody say "this is Liverpool." I do not recollect anything about my uncle, nor the business I was going about. I had to go across several vessels, into one that lay outside the dock; sailors were going about in all directions, and there was a great deal of confusion. A large gilded figure-head of a woman was at one end of the vessel, and "Phæbe Sutcliffe" was written under it; I thought it was the likeness of Phæbe Sutcliffe. I had never seen the sea

nor a ship before, but I did not feel at all surprised at anything. I looked out on the green waves that were rippling against the side of the vessel; and as far out as I could see, there was nothing but water. I thought it all looked quite right and natural, and the sun was shining quite bright upon some little boats with white sails. As the ship began to move, a voice called, loud and clear, for us to stop, and a young man with a portmanteau of a curious shape came scrambling up the side of our vessel out of a little boat; he came up close to where I was standing. He was a very handsome young man with a mustache, and he wore a foreign cap.

We began to talk, but I could never in the least recollect what we said. Suddenly, a great storm arose, and everything was dark as pitch. I heard the wind howl fearfully; but did not feel any tossing of the waves, as might have been expected. At last, there came a dreadful crash; another vessel had struck against us, and we were borne down under the keel of it. I found myself in the water. The young man was close beside me; he pushed a hen-coop to me, and we floated, quite pleasantly and easily, toward some rocks, which lay around a beautiful green island, where the sun was shining. The rocks, when we came among them, were like the ruins of a hundred old castles.

"These are the Rocks of Scarlet in the Isle of Man," said my companion; "I live here, and yonder is my father's house."

When we had clambered up the rocks, and had reached the greensward, I thought I was unable to move a step further. A white house, with green outside shutters, and surrounded by a low wall, stood close at hand; but I could not stir, and lay down on the ground fainting, though I knew all that was going on. My companion shouted, and some men came up; he sent them to the white house. In another minute, I saw a young woman clothed in white, with long black curls, standing beside us. With her was an old man. "How did you come here?" said the old man. "We were struck by another vessel, and swam to shore; but this youth is dying. Give him a cordial." The young lady stooped over me, raised my head, and was extending her hand for a drinking horn, when the cliff we were upon began to quake, and fell with a dreadful crash into the sea beneath.

The crash awoke me. I sprang up in bed, without in the least knowing where I was. The noise I had heard in my dream still continued. My father burst into my room, saying, "Come away, boy! Save yourself! The house is falling!" I was completely bewildered. I did not know where I was, nor whether it was a continuation of my dream; but my father dragged me out of bed, and we all took refuge in the kitchen.

A terrible storm was raging; every blast seemed as if it would blow the house down. A stack of chimneys fell with a terrible crash, and the kitchen window was at the same moment blown in. My mother and the maid servants knelt down to prayers in a corner, while my father and myself strove to fasten up a strong oak shutter. At length, toward morning, the violence of the gale abated, and we were able to go out to see what damage had been done. "God help all the poor souls who have been at sea this night!" said my mother, pitifully.

I started. I was one of those for whom my mother was praying. Had I not been to sea? And had I not been wrecked? And was it not all as real as the scene now before me? I was frightened, for I did not know but that I might be under witchcraft, of which I had been told much, and which in that part of the country we all believed in. However I said nothing, but followed my father out of doors.

A scene of great damage and desolation there presented itself; the roof had been blown from the barn; the ground was covered with bricks, and tiles and branches of trees; all the lead-work from the roof had been torn off, and hung down, twisted like icicles. The garden was laid waste; and, in the orchard, two of our beloved mulberry-trees were uprooted, as well as a fine old elm and several fruit-trees.

The wind was still too high to make it safe for us to be abroad; tiles and stones, and branches of trees, were still, from time to time, falling about. The damage done by that storm was fearful, and was recollected through the county for many a year afterward.

For weeks we were all too busy, repairing the effects of the storm, for any one to bestow much attention upon me; but at last my father began to complain that I was good for nothing, and that I went about my work as if I were dazed. My mother

agreed that I had never been the same lad since that awful night, and questioned me whether anything had hurt my head.

The fact was, that the whole tenor of my life was broken, and I could not take it up again; I could not forget my strange dream. But I never dreamed again, and at last I began to lose my rest.

Every day it haunted me more vividly, till at length the change in me grew so alarming, that a doctor was called in. He shook his head when he saw me, and said that I must be sent away from home, have plenty of change, and be kept amused, or I should go mad.

While my father and mother were shocked and perplexed by what the doctor had said, and wondering whether going to market with my father, and a visit for a day to the neighboring town, would not be the sort of thing he had recommended, a letter came. Now a letter was a very great event in our house; I do not think my father had ever received more than three in his life. He would not have received this letter in question, for the next fortnight, if one of the farm servants had not been sent to the town for some horse medicine, and the post-office chanced to be next door.

The letter, written in a clear, stiff hand, proved to be from my uncle at Liverpool; it stated that he was getting old, and, having no children, wished to see me; that he and my father had seen less of each other than relations ought. He wanted some one to go and look after his estate in Antigua, and if my father would spare me to him for a short time, he would make it worth my while. A bank note was inclosed to pay the expenses of my journey, and to buy some present for my mother and sister.

There were difficulties raised, and objections made; but I heard the magic word "Liverpool," which was the first stage in my dream, and I insisted, resolutely and impassionately, on going. Of course I prevailed. I had never been from home before, but I felt sure I should find my way. I was impatient till I set off; my father saw me to the mail, and I reached Liverpool without accident, and with the vague idea that I had seen all I now saw of it before.

My uncle was a little, dry, spare old man, dressed in a snuff-colored suit, with gray silk stockings and silver buckles.

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He received me kindly, and took me about to see the lions, as he called them. But the docks were the only sights I cared for.

My uncle had a notion—rather a curious one—that having been brought up on my father's land all my life, I must of necessity understand how an estate ought to be managed, and this is why he informed me, one day, that he intended to send me on the voyage to Antigua.

I obtained my father's consent, and my uncle gave me instructions as to what I was to do when I got there. I had been accustomed to look after our men at home, and I knew how my father managed them, so that what my uncle wanted did not come very strange to me.

One morning at breakfast, my uncle read a letter which seemed to please him; he rubbed his hands and said,

"Well, lad, after breakfast we must go down and take your berth. I did think of sending you in the *Lively Anne*, but it seems the *Phoebe Sutcliffe* will sail first."

I put my hand to my forehead; I did not know which was the dream or which was the reality.

That day week saw me on board the *Phoebe Sutcliffe*, and clearing out of the harbor. On just such a day, and amid just such a scene, as I had beheld in my dream.

But one thing befell me which I had not taken into account, and which I had not dreamed—I became dreadfully seasick; a startling novelty which for the time effectually banished everything but a sense of present misery.

When I recovered a little, I went on deck. My attention was, that instant, drawn to a portmanteau which I well remembered. A handsome young man in a foraging cap was leaning against the side of the vessel, watching a flock of sea-gulls; I knew him again directly. We were standing near each other, and he addressed me, as I expected he would. I was curious to know what our conversation would be, as I did not, and never could, recollect what we had said when we met in our former state of existence—I mean in my dream. It was ordinary young men's conversation; we began with shooting sea-gulls, and went off upon shooting and field sports in general. He told me he was in the army, and had been a great deal abroad—in Ceylon, Canada, Gibraltar—and was now on his way to join his regiment in

Antigua. I was delighted to hear it, and waited with placid curiosity to see how much more of my dream would come true.

Toward afternoon, a thick fog came on: increasing in density until we could not see across the ship. He proposed that we should go below. "No," said I, "don't go below! You forget how soon the vessel will come upon us that is to bear us down." A pang of mortal fear came into my heart as I realized the terrible moment that lay before us.

"What are you talking of?" said he, in a tone of great surprise. "Perhaps the vessel may not come," said I, "but we had better remain on deck."

The words were scarcely spoken, when our vessel struck. I recollect hearing a horrible grating, grinding sound, as if all the planks were being crushed in, like pasteboard; it lasted for a second only. I did not regain my senses until a sharp sense of pain aroused me. I had been dashed upon a low, sharp-pointed ledge of rocks; beyond those rocks I saw meadows and houses, lying in a bright clear moonlight. It was a momentary consciousness only that I had. I remember no more until I found myself in a bed hung round with white curtains. I tried to raise my arm, and fainted with pain. I lay, I know not how long after this, in a troubled stupor, vaguely sensible of people moving about, but unable to move or even to open my eyes.

At last, I once more recovered my consciousness, and did not again lose it. I was told by an old woman who was sitting by my bedside, that I had been flung by the sea upon the rocks of Scarlet, in the Isle of Man. That I had been taken up for dead, and brought into her cottage, and that the doctor had said I was not to be allowed to speak on any account. She gave me a few spoonfuls of something, whether of food or medicine I could not tell, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, my eyes rested on my companion on board ship. Beside him stood the lady I had seen in my dream!

"Am I alive, or am I dreaming again, as I did once before?" I asked.

"You are alive, and will live, I hope, for a long time; you are not dreaming; this is my sister, Agatha, who has had her hands full with nursing both of us, though I escaped better than you did. When you are able to stir, we will remove you to my

father's house, but in the meanwhile you must keep quiet."

"But tell me, I implore you! was not the white house where your father lives, swallowed up in the sea when the cliff fell?"

"Not at all! It stands where it always did; and now, not another word."

I was shortly afterward removed to my friend's house, which was on a hill about a quarter of a mile from the rocks, and was the same house I had seen in my dream.

My friend's father was Colonel Pantton; he was on half-pay, and lived there with his daughter. His son and myself were the only survivors from the terrible catastrophe of the Phæbe Sutcliffe.

I, of course, lost no time in communicating with my friends; but I remained at the White House until my health was established.

I went to Antigua, remained there two years, at the expiration of which time I returned home, when Agatha became my wife.

Although my life has been of such unlooked-for prosperity, I would counsel no one to desire to have their future shadowed to them in a dream. Dreams without end have no meaning in them, and never come to anything; yet still, this dream of mine fell out exactly as I have told it.

SUNDAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EICHENDORF.

The night had scarcely flown,
And but a lark on high
Sang through the silent sky;
Whom greeteth he so soon?

Trees o'er the housetop bend,
And peer far o'er the plain,
And seem as if they fain
Would greet a coming friend.

Like little children gay,
The flowers stood around,
With dewy pearl-drops crown'd,
In garb of festal day.

"Why are ye deck'd so gay,
Ye little brides? thought I.
One raised to me its eye,
"Hush, 'tis the sabbath day.

"Bells greet the waking sphere,
God's voice anon will hail
The silent wood and dale."
I knelt 'twixt joy and fear.

HENRY ROGERS, THE ESSAYIST.

THE *Edinburgh Review* has been the door through which not a few great men have entered to take their places in the temple of fame. It was the center around which gathered that bright galaxy of literary and philosophical authors, for which the early part of the present century was famous; and as the century ran on, it kept attracting to itself, with a magnetic influence, the talent of the time. There were Mackintosh and Hamilton in the department of metaphysics and ethical philosophy; Allan and Macaulay, and Stephen, in the domain of history; Jeffrey himself, in the congenial province of æsthetic criticism; and the wit of Sydney Smith, enlivening and qualifying all. These and other writers lent a charm of no ordinary power to this far-famed periodical, and wielded through it an influence, which it is difficult now to estimate, over the politics and literature of the day. Unjust often was the criticism, but it was always powerful. Interesting as it would be to trace the influence of the *Edinburgh* upon the age, it is no less so to mark the influence of the age upon it. In its early volumes it was decidedly hostile to Christianity. Its originators and first conductors scarcely ever mentioned it but with a sneer, or in a spirit of flippant levity. There was, indeed, one minister of the Gospel, so called, among them; but had it not been for the Rev. before his name, we will venture to say, that no one who listened to the conversation, or perused the writings of Sydney Smith, would ever have conjectured that he was a clergyman. Nor were the other members of that literary junta, in a religious point of view, any improvement upon Smith. The one blank in the life of Jeffrey was religion; this is made to appear even in his biography by Cockburn, for the subject is as carefully avoided by his biographer, as we suppose it was by himself. With such an editor, and such contributors, therefore, it is not wonderful that religion was attacked, for attacked it was in Smith's article on Methodism, which was a thrust at all religion under cover of a party name.* Soon, however, it became

evident that they had gone too far, and then a class of writers appear whose Christianity is entirely negative, and whose principle it was, not to say anything that would advance it, while they carefully refrained from saying anything against it. But soon again the spirit of the age forced Jeffrey to look for one who would give no uncertain sound in favor of Christianity; and then we see the sturdy pen of Chalmers wielded—with a power which only he possessed—in behalf of Christian truth. We know, too, that Jeffrey solicited the good offices of Chalmers, with John Foster, in order to secure him as one of his staff; but, for some cause or other, Foster never redeemed the promise which, we believe, he made to become a contributor. Others, however, were obtained, who turned the tide completely; so that now, so far from being in antagonism to Christianity, the *Edinburgh* numbers among its chief contributors, at least one of the ablest defenders of the faith which this age has seen, and that is Henry Rogers. It is a significant sign of the times that such a change should have manifested itself in such a quarter. It proves incontrovertibly that it is only in union with Christianity that any literary work can secure for itself permanent existence and success.

How Rogers became connected with the *Edinburgh Review* we know not, nor are we very intimately acquainted with the particulars of his life, but from his writings we can tell the man. We see him there to be a man of extensive acquirements, of vigorous mind, and of an earnest heart; we see him there equally at home in the departments of abstract and positive science, history, philosophy, political economy, and theology; but it is to the last of these he has given, as was most meet, his most ardent attention; on it he has bestowed his strongest affection, and to it he has rendered his most willing homage. And his theological erudition is not a cold and lifeless thing. It consists not merely in a knowledge of creeds

satire had struck so indiscriminately both piety and folly. We hope it is true. We should wish to believe that in the two articles on "Methodism" and "Missions" there were many things which, dying, he wished to blot. O, how much better had they never been written! His memoirs by his daughter, recently published, however, contain no evidence of this assertion of Rogers.

* We observe that Rogers, in a note to his article on "Smith's Lectures on Moral Philosophy," affirms that, if he is rightly informed, Smith, in his closing years, regretted that his

and confessions, of controversies and councils, of Church doctrines and Church laws.

He is not merely a theologian, but a Christian, and his theological system is, by cordial belief, so inwrought into the framework of his soul, that it gives a color to all his writings. He has entered the temple of theology not as a spectator merely, nor as an architect, to view and criticise the proportions of the stately building; but he is there as a worshiper. His Christianity is not what logicians would call a "separable accident;" it is a part of himself, and wherever he appears it accompanies him. As Carlyle says of Cromwell, we may say of him, "He believes in God, not on Sundays alone, but on all days—in all places, and in all cases." Hence, everything he does is done in a Christian manner, with an evident desire to bring about the Gospel optimism of which the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will toward men."

In perusing his writings, the conviction is ever and anon forced upon his readers that they have to do with one who is not writing merely for display, or for pecuniary profit, but whose all-absorbing motive is to advance the cause of truth, morality, and religion in the land. It is this peculiarity, this intensely Christian earnestness which distinguishes him from the great majority of essayists who are his cotemporaries.

How different, in this respect, are his essays from those of Macaulay, for example! Beautiful, and bright, and fascinating as the articles of the latter are, yet his greatest flatterers cannot call them earnest, nor can they allege that his splendid talents have been directed to a much higher aim than that which the mere novelist sets before him, viz., the entertainment of his readers and the display of his own abilities. Nay, we question if, from a perusal of his essays, we could even guess whether Macaulay is a Christian or not. In his criticism of Milton, indeed, we have a splendid panegyric on the Puritans, but, as a late critic has well remarked, he has in subsequent works so qualified it, as almost to force us to believe that the paragraph which contains it is one of those, of which, in his preface, he says, that his matured judgment does not approve.

Again: in reading his pages, how often do we find ourselves exclaiming, "What a beautiful style!" but how seldom are we struck with the force of the reasoning or the justness of the criticism, and how much more seldom are we impressed with the idea that he has in view the improvement of any class of the community. Read as we may, we cannot forget the writer in the subject. We see him ever moving before us in the stately step of his studied style, nay, even his very negligences, like the slovenly tie of a consummate dandy, are as labored as the rest. Nor does he ever, even by accident, kindle into earnestness; you never behold him striving might and main for the removal of some abuse. He is never, except on very rare occasions, found in the forefront of the hottest battle, contending for some great and important principle; but he uses his sword, as the fencer does, to show his own dexterity, and catch the applause of the spectators.

It is different with Rogers. In perusing him, we scarcely think of the author, so much are we engrossed in his subject. We are never allowed to forget the great aim he sets before him, and so impressed are we with his arguments that we think not at the time of the language in which they are expressed. And this does not arise from any want of excellence in the style itself; nay, rather this very feature of it is its greatest excellence. His style is a perfect medium for the transmission of his thought, and hence we may peruse it without at the time perceiving its beauty; just as from the very transparence of the glass we cease to think of its existence, for the light is transmitted as it comes from the sun; it is only when some artist comes to paint it that we are reminded of its presence, and then only because the rays are colored by the medium through which they pass.

Beauty of style, no doubt, Mr. Rogers has, and that in an eminent degree. Indeed, there are some passages in his writings, especially in the "Defense of the Eclipse," which will not suffer by a comparison with any English author; but then the very beauties are so much in keeping with his subject, and so apparently suggested by it, that they never obtrude upon your notice. They are such as you expect to find in an earnest man when treating of the subject on which he is writing,

and in their very naturalness you are apt to overlook them. He does not bring out his historical lore for ostentatious display; he does not heap up figures to show us the play of a peculiarly fine fancy, nor does he permit his keen wit to flash out merely to let itself be seen. They have all something to do; they all, apparently, rise out of the subject of which he treats, and they all converge toward the object which he has in view.

Nor must the earnestness of Rogers be confounded with that of Carlyle. Carlyle's is the earnestness of an angry man; Rogers's is that of one who loves his fellow-men, and loves his God. Carlyle is like the old prophet muttering in solitude, "I do well to be angry, even unto death." Rogers is like the old philosopher who deemed nothing that affected humanity foreign to himself. Or, if we may be allowed to take a comparison from the lower animals, Carlyle is like a dog that has lost its master, running hither and thither, snarling and showing his teeth at every one he meets; while in the works of Rogers we have the "deep-mouthed honest bark" of the watch-dog baying out a hearty welcome to his master's friends, but scaring away all those who would break through to steal the valued treasures of his master's house. Carlyle is as earnest as any man can be whose creed is a mere negation; the earnestness of Rogers has been kindled at the altar of Christianity; "he believes, and therefore speaks." Carlyle sets himself to the overthrow of every *sham*, but he gives us nothing in its place; Rogers is not content merely with the exposure of an abuse; he is ever ready with the remedy. This peculiarity of these two authors is observed not merely in their respective treatment of strictly theological matters; it comes out as prominently in their political writings. Let any one compare, or rather we should say, contrast the "Latter-day Pamphlets," with Rogers's articles on "Revolution and Reform," on the "Treatment of Criminals," and on the "Prevention of Crime," in the admirable volumes of his selected essays, and he cannot fail to be struck with the difference we have mentioned. In these (shall we call them?) effusions of undigested spleen, Carlyle sets himself to the destruction of existing institutions with a relish as evident as that with which, in his "French Revolution," he

describes the overthrow of the Bastille; but when he suggests anything in their stead, it is so utterly Utopian as to commend itself to no one but himself.

In Rogers, on the other hand, while evils are acknowledged and deplored, the people are told the wholesome truth, that "the chief remedies must come from God, and from themselves," and that "much as a wise government may do, and it ought to do the very uttermost that it can, there is no government, whether conservative, reforming, or radical, which can do the hundredth part of what the people can and must do for themselves;" and, again, "our chief hopes of the redemption of our country, of the restoration of a permanent prosperity, are founded on the increase of intelligence, education, morality, religion, and in our judgment nothing else will extricate us." These are wholesome truths, but they are such as we shall search in vain for in the pages of the pamphlets, called, somewhat unaccountably, the "Latter Day." Rogers has no sympathy with those who are constantly dwelling on the evils of the country mainly to excite sedition and discontent with existing institutions; he rather admits the evils, and teaches the people how they may themselves alleviate them. He wishes to stir up to individual reformation as the true source of social and national reform. And this reformation of his readers, at least in his theological and political articles, is never altogether absent from his thoughts. If he is entertaining, it is that he may instruct the more effectually; if, as in the "Eclipse," he assume the garb of fiction, it is not that he may interest his readers merely, but that he may thereby entice them to follow him through many passages of masterly and continuous discussion, and at length emerge with him from the apparent labyrinth, out into the broad and level table-land of truth.

Another feature in the Essays of Mr. Rogers is the honesty with which they are characterized. He never shrinks from expressing his convictions; he exposes error wherever he finds it, but he does so always in a candid spirit. His maxim is to speak of things as they are; he will not bate one jot or tittle of what he conceives to be the truth; nor, on the other hand, will he make an unjust representation of the opinions of those whom he is opposing. He will "nothing extenuate, nor set down

aught in malice." His articles on the "Oxford School," and his "Eclipse of Faith," especially, are models of controversial discussion. He takes no unfair advantage of an opponent, nay, he is anxious to do him full and honest justice; and repeatedly, both in the "Essays" and in the "Defense," are notes to be found appended, clearing up some misrepresentation, or retracting some expression which might be supposed unfair. But when he dees find error, he makes an unscrupulous exposure of it. He is severe, cuttingly severe, in many cases, but he is so only after he has succeeded in showing that his severity is justifiable. Here, as everywhere else, the influence of his religious principle is found operating, and he enters upon the exciting arena of the "Eclipse" with these words as his motto: "I am sure I shall do more harm than good if I suffer impatience and irascibility to prevail." But this same honesty is apparent in his critical and philosophical essays as well as in the theological. He is everywhere anxious to deal even-handed justice, and to show his author as he is. We have no nice hair-splitting casuistry, no blind impartiality. Success does not operate with him to hide most serious faults, nor does the want of it prevent him from discovering great merit. Throughout his works we have an utter absence of personality; not even in the "Defense" does he suffer himself to follow the example which Mr. Newman set, and he never mistakes a bad name for a good argument. This has given additional weight to his reasoning, and proves to his readers that he is an honest searcher after truth, unbiased either by personal antipathy or partiality. Nay, so jealous is he of the influence of either of these feelings, that he himself says in his "Defense," in reference to Mr. Newman:

"I had nothing in the world but his *opinions* in view, and I should not have commented upon them at all, had he not been a perfect stranger to me. Had he been either a friend, or an enemy, nay, had he been at all known to me, then, as in all cases in which I have been impelled by conscience or induced by importunity to enter into controversy, (which, whatever Mr. Newman may think, I thoroughly hate,) I should have refrained from noticing his writings at all; since I should have distrusted my own impartiality."

It were well that every controversialist, and especially every religious one, had acted on such principles as these. Too

frequently, alas! their professed aim has been forgotten in the eagerness with which they have heaped abuse upon each other, and controversy has been either the consequence or the cause of personal animosity. Mr. Rogers, however, deals with the *writings* of his opponents; he goes no further than they will warrant him, but up to this point he offers no quarter. He sets himself to discover what his adversaries precisely mean, (no easy task, indeed, in reference to many of them,) and, that once determined, then comes the tug of war; and the spectators of the contest cannot but exclaim to the unfortunate victim,

"Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own,
No maiden's arm is round thee thrown."

Let him but discover inconsistency, or fallacy, or error, and no false delicacy keeps him from deriding and condemning it. In all this, however, he carries his readers with him, none the less because he confines himself to the published statements of the authors whom he controverts.

But another feature of Mr. Rogers, as a writer, is the wit which everywhere enlivens his pages. He has evidently a keen sense of the ludicrous, and is a lover of a hearty laugh. One can almost fancy he sees a twinkle in his eye and a smile upon his lips, while he retails a few of the quaint witticisms of old Fuller, or the quiet "asides" of Andrew Marvel. He has sharpened his own wit by intercourse with their works, and from his intimate acquaintance with the letters of Pascal, especially with the eleventh of that immortal series, he has learned to use ridicule to good purpose in the cause of truth. He seems to know almost by intuition, that part of an opponent's argument which lies open to ridicule, and by the same apparent instinct he knows how to bring his humor to bear upon it. Occasionally, indeed, especially in the "Defense," his wit is not of the finest texture, but its force in some measure compensates for its coarseness, and surely a little license may well be pardoned there, when we consider the provocation received, the opportunity afforded, and, above all, the necessarily hasty character of the work itself. The keenness of his satire in some places is not inferior to that of Sydney Smith, while it is used with far more discrimination, and therefore with far more effect. Unlike many who have been famous for their wit, Rogers keeps his under wholesome restraint, for here,

as everywhere else, the influence of his religion is apparent. It is said, indeed, by many, that "a man will rather lose his friend than his joke;" but our author has fully proved that his love of wit is entirely subservient to his love of truth. No man can read his admirably essay on "Pulpit Eloquence" without observing the tact which he has displayed in ridiculing the faults of a class of modern preachers, without involving in it that truth of which, with all its faults, the pulpit is still the ornament and guard. Of his best-known work, the "Eclipse of Faith," we are among those who reckon it to be by far the ablest contribution to the department of Christian "Apologetics" which the present century has seen. It would be somewhat too late if we should now attempt an elaborate criticism upon it; but any attempt to give a proper view of the mental character of Rogers, without taking this work into consideration, would be a perfect mockery. We shall, therefore, offer no apology for making a few remarks upon it. The only work which it at all suggests by similarity, is the "Provincial Letters." What Rogers says of Plato, we may say of himself. "Like Pascal, he can be by turns profound, sublime, pathetic, sarcastic, playful." We have in the "Eclipse" specimens of all these, much in the style of the great Frenchman. Indeed, with the exception of the "Provincial Letters," there is no work which, composed mainly of subtle, close, and masterly discussion, so charms the greedy reader on, and makes him feel almost sorry when he comes to the conclusion. Beyond all question, had Johnson lived in this age, he would have added the "Eclipse" to that small list of works, which, when he had perused, he wished had been longer. And this all-absorbing interest is owing not to the garb of fiction in which it has been arrayed, so much as to the fine, bracing, conversational style in which the discussions are conducted, to the sparkling wit which is playing on every page, and lighting it up as fireworks do the night, and, above all, to the intrinsic importance of the subjects themselves. Not a little of its power, too, is owing to the dramatic manner in which the materials are dispersed, to the working of a strong imagination, and to the frequent introduction of the Socratic dialogue. But, apart from all other considerations, the *argument* of

the book is its great merit. It is wrought in fire, and scorches those who will not be convinced. There is not in the whole range of modern apologies for Christianity, a better answer to Hume's famous essay than that which is given in this book. Even the clear, calm, and acute Wardlaw must yield to Rogers in his treatment of this skeptic. Nor is there to be found anywhere so complete a demolition of the Spiritualism of Newman, or the mythic theory of Strauss. The "Papal Aggression Proved a Myth" is worthy of a place beside the "Historic Doubts" of Whately; but the "Blank Bible" stands alone, unapproached by any author. How grand the conception of this chapter! What a vein of sarcasm runs through it, and yet how beautiful and rapid the transition from the lively to the severe, so that the echo of your laugh has scarcely died away, when you find your eyes suffused with tears of irrepressible emotion.

The "Defense of the Eclipse" is worthy of its author, and although less elaborate than his greater work, its liveliness and wit are greater than in any of his former writings, while in some few passages he rises into a style of eloquence and grandeur unsurpassed, if we should not rather say unequalled, by any author of the present day.

But we must conclude. The name of Henry Rogers will go down to posterity associated with those who, from Justyn Martyr downward, have been the defenders of the Christian religion; and the time is coming, we doubt not, when, as in the case of the first opponents of Christianity, the opinions of his adversaries will be read only in the pages that refute them. Nobly has he stood in the breach in the present age, and taught the opponents of our faith that Christianity is still the creed of others than the foolish or the simple. Long may he be spared to labor as he has done in the cause of humanity and of God.

THESE latter ages of the world have declined into a softness above the effeminacy of Asian princes, and have contracted customs which those innocent and healthful days of our ancestors knew not, whose piety was natural, whose charity was operative, whose policy was just and valiant, and whose economy was sincere and proportionable to the disposition and requisites of nature.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE LAST NEW HYMN BOOK.

A COLLECTION of hymns prepared for any Christian denomination, and used by them, is not a fair subject for rigid criticism. Every sect has, and has a right to have, its own peculiarities in doctrine, in usages, and in its favorite psalmody. But this is not a sectarian Hymn Book. It is professedly catholic, in the largest sense of the word. It has been heralded to the world as such. It is designed "for the use of Christian congregations." Copies for examination have been sent gratuitously, and orders solicited, with a large discount where copies are purchased to supply congregations. It invites scrutiny, and challenges criticism.

It was ushered into public notice by more than the usual amount of clap-trap advertisement and puffs. It has been lauded in periodicals, weekly and quarterly. Who has not heard of it? It is called "Plymouth Collection;" but the special propriety of the title is occult. There is a Plymouth in Old England, a town of some little consequence, and there are two or three places bearing that name in New-England; with neither of them has the last new Hymn Book any connection. However, the name is of little consequence. Let us look at the hymns. And the first thing that strikes us is the extent of the collection, and the great variety of sources from which the poetry has been selected. There are thirteen hundred and seventy-four separate hymns, besides half a hundred or more doxologies.

Not only has the compiler carefully searched all the collections of Psalms and Hymns within his reach, but he has gleaned fugitive pieces which have appeared in religious journals, and added some which have never before appeared in print.

Being a book "for the use of Christian congregations," some of the hymns, as might be expected, are very severe on the subject of Christian union. Hymn 1015, for instance, with its clarion peal, calls for the immediate destruction of all fences by which Churches are kept apart:

"Churches and sects! strike down
Each mean partition wall!
Let love each harsher feeling down;
Christians are brothers all."

This sounds bold. But no sect will make any objections to the battering down of mean partition walls. Their walls are not

of that character. Nor can anybody seriously question the propriety of *drowning* each harsher feeling in love, if that be the meaning of the poet. But it is at least questionable whether he did not intend to represent love as the drowner, who is expected to immerse *harsher feelings* in—what? In love, of course; and very ardent love seems to permeate a great part of the Plymouth poetry. It is full of those fond epithets which good taste has, in many Hymn Books, banished, especially from direct addresses to the world's Redeemer. Here we have, on almost every page, "Dear Saviour," "Dear Jesus," "Come, dearest Lord," "Lord most dear," "My dearest Lord," "O dearest Lamb," and a great many more of similar character. But far worse than these fond expressions are the irreverent, we had almost said impious familiarities, occasionally taken with Him in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. Hymn 423 begins, "Son of the Carpenter!"

But let us turn our attention to that special vocation of the Hymn Book maker, the alteration of a poet's language to suit his own purposes. On this point there is in theory a diversity of sentiment. Some contend that any alteration of what may be called public property, for the use of the Church, is perfectly justifiable; while others insist upon it that hymns ought to be given precisely, *totidem verbis*, as written by the poet. We say there is this difference in theory. In practice, so far as we are aware, all Hymn Book makers follow the first-named course. Nor is Mr. Beecher an exception, although he tells us that he has, "as far as possible, avoided all changes, except those necessary to restore mutilated hymns to their original state." We believe he has adhered to this canon, so far as several of the hymns of Watts are concerned, and in some cases to their manifest injury; but other writers, and Wesley more especially, of whom he says, "Some of his effusions have never been surpassed," he mangles unmercifully. Hymn 53 is that favorite lyric, beginning,

* "Light of life, seraphic fire."

In the second stanza, Wesley cries with almost startling boldness:

"Son of God! appear! appear!"

Mr. Beecher tames it down to

"Father! in thy grace appear;"

which does not, so far as we can see, mean anything.

By what authority, or for what purpose, poetic or otherwise, was this beautiful line of Addison's,

"Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,"

altered to

"The wearied sun from day to day?"

Hymn 259 is a well-known lyric of Charles Wesley's. Mr. Beecher razees it, and puts it through an emasculating process. Here is the last stanza, as found in the Methodist Hymn Book :

"O for a trumpet voice
On all the world to call ;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all :
For all, my Lord was crucified ;
For all, for all, my Saviour died."

The brethren who sing from the "Plymouth Collection" are not allowed to use this strong language. Mr. Beecher tames down the last two lines, spoiling the poetry and the grammar, but saving the Calvinism. Instead of,

"For all, my Lord was crucified ;
For all, FOR ALL, my Saviour died,"

Beecher has it,

"Inspire with praise each human tongue,
And wake a universal song."

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !

Charles Wesley's magnificent hymn, beginning,

"Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,"

is copied by Mr. Beecher with variations that are no improvements. For instance, in stanza fourth the poet has,

"Be this my one great business here—
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to ensure,"

which is the very counterpart of the apostle's exhortation, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling;" but the Plymouth brethren seem disposed rather to ignore that portion of apostolic teaching, and so they sing :

"Be this my one great business here,
With holy diligence and fear,
To make my calling sure!"

So, again, Wesley's hymn,

"Lamb of God, whose dying love,"

is, by the omission of syllables and the alteration of a few words, metamorphosed from one meter to another.

That beautiful and well-known hymn, from the same author, beginning,

"How happy every child of grace!"

is thus mended in the last stanza :

"O would he all of heaven bestow,
Then like our Lord we'll rise ;
Our bodies fully ransom'd, go
To take the glorious prize.

On him with rapture then I'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity."

The reader who is curious to trace the variations, may compare these lines with Hymn 926 of the standard Methodist Collection.

So, again, in that grand lyric,

"Jesus, the name high over all,"

the poet gives us this glorious stanza :

"O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace ;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace,"

which, in the volume before us, is thus Beecherized :

"O that a dying world might know
The glory of His name ;
My voice shall His salvation show,
And cry—Behold the Lamb!"

We are not at a loss to guess at the object of many of the preceding alterations. There are others, for which we can give no other reason than the mere whim of the compiler. Take, for instance, this verse of Wesley's, found in Hymn 360 of the Methodist Collection :

"My Saviour bids me come ;
Ah ! why do I delay ?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay."

Mr. Beecher has it, in his Hymn 931 :

"My Father bids me come,
O, why do I delay ?
He calls the wandering spirit home,
And yet from him I stay."

In the same hymn Wesley says :

"Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display ;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the vail away.

• • • • •

"In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove :
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love."

Here are Mr. Beecher's "restorations :"

"Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying powers display ;
Into its darkest corners shine,
Take every vail away.

* * * * *

"In me the hindrance lies ;
The fatal bar remove,
And let me see, in sweet surprise,
Thy full redeeming love."

Eastburn's Hymn, 194, is most vilely marred in one of its best stanzas. The poet has it :

"O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day!"

Mr. Beecher, to the utter ruin of the rhythm, and, as it seems to us, in mere wantonness, alters the last word of the third line, and reads,

"Thine be the hymn that rolls its *lay*."

Unwarrantable liberty is taken with Montgomery's Hymn, 783. He writes, in verse first :

"Thousands, O Lord of Hosts, this day
Around thine altar meet ;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet."

Mr. Beecher, not apprehending the meaning of *meeting around God's altar*, mars it thus :

"Thousands, O Lord of Hosts, to-day
Within thy temple meet."

The stanza in the same hymn,

"I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art ;
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrender'd heart,"

was too poetical for our compiler. The idea of a house of prayer in the heart he could not tolerate. So he botches, thus :

"I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art ;
*O give me here a house of prayer ;
Here Sabbath joys impart.*"

We are not about to discuss the right of him who prepares a Hymn Book to make what alterations he pleases. We merely advert to these specimens, and we might give a great many more, to show the dif-

ference between theory and practice, and to illustrate the truth of Mr. Beecher's introductory statement : "We have as far as possible avoided all changes except those necessary to restore mutilated hymns to their original state."

Of the poetic strains of that great master of the lyre, Dr. Watts, we are told that his "psalms and hymns have been carefully compared with the original, and *for the most part restored.*" We were sorry to see this statement, knowing, as we did, that a great many of the doctor's verses have been wonderfully improved since they came from his pen. So Mr. Beecher found out, and he has, in many instances, given us Watts, not as the poet left his verses, but as they have been mended by succeeding hymnologists. We can only account for our author's statement by supposing that his preface was written before he commenced making his poetic collection. For instance, in our author's Hymn, 100, Watts has

"*Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir,
That fill the realms above,*" &c.

Mr. Beecher very properly gives the hymn as altered,

"*Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir,*" &c.

Our compiler's Hymn, 235, is vastly different from what it is in the *Horæ Lyricæ*, as published by Dr. Watts. Let the reader compare the original stanzas with Wesley's alterations as found in the Methodist collection, Hymn 148, and he will not wonder why Mr. Beecher broke his own canon :

"He dies, the heavenly lover dies !
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings ; deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

"Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God," &c.

Mr. Beecher could not stand this, and so, like a wise man, he follows Wesley's version.

In the last line of the first verse of Hymn 272, instead of

"His bowels melt with love,"

as Watts wrote it, Mr. Beecher has

"His bosom glows with love,"

which may be an improvement, but certainly is the very reverse of a "restoration."

In Hymn 962, Dr. Watts has the nervous Saxon line,

"He shall be damned that won't believe."

Why did not Mr. Beecher thus print it, instead of giving the alteration as found in the Methodist Hymn Book,

"And he condemned who won't believe?"

At the close of Hymn 1040, Dr. Watts says:

"The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:"

and so the verse reads in all the collections we have examined. Mr. Beecher, who *carefully restores original readings*, alters it, perhaps, because he doubted the truth of the sentiment as given by Watts, and turns it into a prayer, thus:

"O God! make bare thine arm
Through all the earth abroad."

So, too, we can see no plausible pretext for altering the last line of this stanza in Hymn 45:

"One day amid the place
Where *my dear God*, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of *pleasurable sin*."

Thus Watts. Beecher says:

"One day amid the place
Where *God, my God* hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin."

Mr. Beecher's Hymn, 480,

"Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,"

has undergone a terrible mangling, and we incline to the opinion that it has been improved by the process.

In Hymn 132, Watts wrote:

"Nations, attend before his throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

John Wesley altered it to read:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy,"

and Mr. Beecher, like a sensible man, perpetuates Wesley's alteration.

Then, again, out of mere waywardness, our compiler rejects emendations which commend themselves to the judgment of every sensible man. Thus he gives us,

"I'll praise my Maker *with my breath*,"

instead of,

"I'll praise my Maker *while I've breath*."

And in the same hymn we have,

"The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,"

which is a very common-place statement of a fact that no reasonable man will question, preferred by Mr. Beecher to the truly poetic line,

"The Lord *pours eyesight* on the blind."

So in Watts's beautiful resurrection hymn the substitution of *ever* for *often* is a most manifest improvement:

"God, my Redeemer lives,
And *often (ever)* from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise."

But Mr. Beecher prefers *often*, implying that there may be occasions when the eye of the Lord is not in every place. Often it is, but not always.

Watts is so great a favorite with our compiler that he gives us one of his hymns in two places. Hymn 69 begins:

"The Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high,
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight."

Hymn 179 is the same thing done into long meter, thus:

"Jehovah reigns, His throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight."

Watts having been thus duplicated, it was no more than fair that Wesley should be honored in the same way, especially as the Plymouth collection sails under no sectarian flag, and in this way the number of hymns in the book would be increased. Accordingly, after giving us a part of that well-known hymn,

"Come on, my partners in distress,"

as No. 870, we pass on to No. 1182, and here we have the same hymn again. No. 870 ends with the stanza beginning,

"Who suffer with our Master here,"

and No. 1182 begins

"We suffer with our Master here,"

the rest of the stanza being precisely the same in both places. It is a little curious, and not creditable to the acuteness of the compiler, that the former is left without the name of the author. It stands there

as anonymous, one of those whose authorship could not be ascertained; but when it appears the second time it is credited properly to C. Wesley.

Mr. Beecher gives us from Watts, poetry that all other hymn compilers were willing to let pass into oblivion. A stanza like this, in Hymn 139, is unworthy of the most wretched verse-monger who was ever permitted to disfigure a Hymn Book.

"He speaks, and lo! all nature shakes;
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through."

What a figure! Shooting arrows through hideous cracks!

Here is a stanza, too, which might as well have been left in the mass of the Doctor's forgotten twaddle:

"Had I a glance at thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon."

"At the time of the deluge," said an eloquent divine, "it thundered and lightened, and it lightened and it thundered, like—like—like—anything." There was some sense in that simile. It left room for the hearers' imagination. But the vanishing like—like—a dim candle! Of course everybody knows how that vanishes at noon. Well, just like that, under certain circumstances, kingdoms and men, women, too, perhaps, would vanish soon!

Here is another little gem from Watts that our compiler has dragged to light. It must be exceedingly full of comfort to some exceedingly mean sheep that we wot of. Speaking of Jesus, he says:

"His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

To hymn 103, beginning,

"Almighty Maker, God,"

a verse, omitted by former hymn compilers, is added in this collection. It was certainly unnecessary for the completion of the hymn, and adds nothing to the Doctor's reputation as a Christian poet:

"And yet the songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honors of thy name
To build their own applause."

That is, the songs steal honors, with which to build, not the poet's, but their own applause.

We do not know that there is in the volume anything decidedly heterodox, with proper explanations, but there are certainly a few stanzas hard to be understood. Take this from Hymn 66:

"Man drew from man his birth;
But God his noble frame
Built of the ruddy earth,
Fill'd with celestial flame."

In the first line, is the poet speaking of man in the abstract—of Adam? And if not, of whom is he speaking in the lines following? But we have a far more imposing "man" in Hymn 83:

"Mankind shall be one brotherhood,
One human soul shall fill the earth."

A large soul that, surely.

It requires some little hermeneutical skill to make the following stanza exactly quadrate with Scripture and common sense. It is from Hymn 145:

"That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love."

Hymn 254 is an address to the Virgin Mary. Mr. Beecher commences by asking her several questions, thus:

"Why is thy face so lit with smiles,
Mother of Jesus! why?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky?"

Mary does not respond, but the poet goes on, and we give the entire hymn as we find it:

"2. His rising form on Olivet
A summer's shadow cast!
The branches of the hoary trees
Droop'd as the shadow pass'd.

"3. And as he rose with all his train
Of righteous souls around,
His blessing fell into thine heart
Like dew into the ground.

"4. Down stoop'd a silver cloud from
heaven,
The Eternal spirit's car,
And on the lessening vision went
Like some receding star.

5. The silver cloud hath sailed away,
The skies are blue and free;
The road that vision took is now
Sunshine and vacancy."

Was ever such trash put into the lips of a Protestant congregation?

There is another hymn (285) of very

similar pretensions. It is not, however, an address to the Virgin Mary, but, if we understand it, a request of a husband to his wife, or *vice versa*. We copy the first stanza :

"O sing unto my soul, my love,
That all-entrancing lay,
Such as the seraphim above
Are singing far away."

O dear! Agnes, my love, give us a tune on the piano; an *all-entrancing* tune, my sweet!

Hymn 735 commences in, to say the least, a very strange style for the lips of a public congregation in the house of God on his holy day. Listen, and fancy Mr. Beecher inviting his people to sing:

"The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers."

By "the turf" he does not mean, as our English brethren would understand him, the race course. Of course not. If he must have a censer, but we can see no indispensable necessity for it, if he *must* have it, we know no good reason why his wish should not be gratified, and mountain airs be supplied from the Catskill or the Alleghanies as *breath* for the censer aforesaid. "Silent thoughts" his *only* prayer? Nothing else at any time? We are more doubtful on this point than we are about the censer. Let the divines settle it.

Nor are we quite confident that the orthodoxy of Hymn 595 will stand the test. The poetry, at any rate, is below par:

"Dear Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word *benign*
Could once at Cana's wedding feast
Change water into wine,
Come visit us! and when *dull work*
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine."

What, all of it? Perhaps, however, the poet is to be understood only in a Pickwickian sense; otherwise, at least during the dog days, we beg to be excused from uniting in the prayer.

There are in this collection not a few specimens of very flat rhyme, as, for example, Hymn 19:

"While now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'Tis sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done."

"'Tis sweet," is it? But if the setting sun is not sinking, or has already sunk, or if we cannot then think on all our duties *done*, how then? Hymn 26 proposes a poser:

"What vain disturbing thoughts infest
My bosom, as *their* den;
O, that they knew the day of rest!
Would they disturb me *then*?"

We think not. But it is hardly a supposable case. In Hymn 41 we are told:

"And now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day He rose who bore our sins!"—

Can the reader guess what the last line of this stanza will be? Try. It must be something to rhyme with Lord's. Do you give it up? Here it is then:

"For so his word records."

In Hymn 56 the writer himself was a little bothered to make out the necessary number of rhymes. Each stanza ends with "the Sabbath draweth on." In verse 4 he is compelled, for the rhyme's sake, to perpetrate this ludicrous line:

"See the brightening signal yon,
'Tis that Sabbath drawing on."

We have seen, in our day, a great deal of ridiculous rhyme. In the box of rejected poems from moon-struck boys and little girls at boarding-schools, we never met with anything so utterly trashy as this stanza found in Hymn 155:

"And like a den most dark he made
His hid and secret place;
With waters black and airy clouds
Encompassed he was."

Mr. A. C. Cox, one of our own countrymen, writes costively, but is always successful in making his lines rhyme, whether there is any reason in them or not. This is one of his stanzas from Hymn 230:

"How beauteous were the *marks* divine,
That in thy meekness *used* to shine;
That *lit* thy lovely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God."

That participle *trod* is a great favorite with rhymesters. It comes in so pat to help them when in trouble. Mr. Cox continues his address to the Saviour:

"O who like thee—so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?"

O who like thee so humbly bore,
The scorn, the scoff of men, before?

Before? Truly, no one; nor behind either, for that matter. The epithets in the first line appear to have been plagiarized from Hymn 30, where they are applied to Sunday:

"Blest day of God! most calm, most bright."

But these epithets are great favorites. We have them again in Hymn 317 with the addition of another, which might not be sung with any approximation to the truth yesterday when the thermometer in the pulpit stood at ninety-eight and three quarters:

"Sweet day! So cool, so calm, so bright."

Take another specimen of Mr. Coxe's ability in building rhyme:

"Hark! the onset! Will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock."

Hymn 438 is quite ingeniously constructed. Take the closing stanza:

"Yet a few days to me, *perhaps,*
And time shall no more be—
But boundless love can know no *lapse.*"

Lapse? What does lapse mean? Do not ask foolish questions. Lapse rhymes with perhaps, doesn't it?

Sometimes Mr. Beecher's poets tumble into a bog, and their attempts to get out are really excruciating. Thus the writer of Hymn 294 in the third line of this stanza:

"Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought."

There he is in the bog. Where shall he find a rhyme for ought? Bought, fought, caught, either of those will do; or, with a little violence, snort, quart, report. Yes, but they won't gee. Now see with what desperation the poor fellow jerks himself out of the mud:

"Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought;
But when we see his face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then we shall sing his grace—

(Now for it,)

Sing without fault."

Hymn 466 is in the style military:

"But now I am a soldier,
My captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er."

Interesting orders these, if we only knew what they were; or, are they all included in the command,

"Don't give o'er?"

which would have been don't give over, but the rhyme was more imperative than the captain.

There are occasional specimens of what our Dagger correspondent calls the style highfalutin, as in Hymn 36:

"How sweet, how calm, this summer's morn!
How pure the air that *breathes,*
And soft the sound upon it borne,
And light its vapor wreaths."

If the rhyme would have allowed, we should have had, perhaps,

"How pure the air we breathe!"

Its light vapor wreaths are soft, pure, and sweet. Mawkish, too, are they not?

But the author of Hymn 83 is still more sentimental, lackadaisical, in fact:

"The stormy winds are hushed to rest,
And hang *self-poised* upon their wings;
And nursed on mother nature's breast,
Sweet flowers lie like *sleeping things.*"

Self-poised, hey? And sleeping things; "Creeping things" we read of in the Bible; but sleeping things, what are they? Sweet flowers *lie*, like them.

Hymn 1136 appears to be intended for singing at the death of a little child. The rhymes are well enough, but what strange fatuity gave it a place in a collection of hymns to be sung in Christian congregations? We copy the whole of it:

"1. What though the *stream* be dead,
Its banks *all still* and dry!
It murmureth o'er a lovelier bed
In *air-groves* of the sky.

"2. What though our *bird of light*
Lie mute with *plumage dim*;
In heaven I see her glancing bright,
I hear her angel hymn.

"3. True that our *beauteous doe*
Hath left her still retreat,
But purer now, in *heavenly snow*,
She lies at Jesus' feet."

Lying in snow, is she? Poor thing, cold. But we may not stop to moralize. Here is the last stanza:

"4. O star, untimely set!
Why should we weep for thee?
Thy bright and dewy coronet
Is rising o'er the sea."

A dewy coronet rising over the sea! But why over the sea? Perhaps she was a sailor's daughter, and the image is nautical.

But now you shall have a touch of the exquisite. Listen; we read from Hymn 801:

"Bright were the mornings first impearl'd
On earth, and sea, and air;
The birth-days of a rising world,
For Power divine was there!"

Where? The mornings which were first impearled were bright. Those which have been *impearled* since, of course are not so bright. Why not? Why, because *those* mornings were the first days of the world. They, that is, the world's birth-days, came all at once; and not as yours does, annually.

But we must not stop to point out specific beauties. Most of our readers have sufficient acuteness of intellectual vision to find them for themselves, at least where they are so thickly scattered as in the verses last quoted.

Pass we then to Hymn 98, which, if we mistake not, will require some patient study from those who wish to understand it. Thus it begins:

"I sing of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all things depend;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes
All period, power, and enterprise
Commence, and reign, and end."

Isn't that grand? We might give you more of it, but it is unnecessary, nor would it be kind in us to leave you in the stanza where the poet invites us to

"The multitudinous abyss,
Where nature joys in secret bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill."

Multitudinous is a great word; so is *abyss*. The union of the two conveys a very multitudinarian idea. But that multitudinous abyss is a *secret* place where "nature joys." It reminds one of Tillietudleum, where young men and lasses "joy" themselves, not in secret, indeed, but in couples.

But here we have something still more magnificent. It is the closing stanza of Hymn 86, and is an address to the Supreme Being:

"I find thee in the noon of night,
And read thy name in every star
That drinks in splendor from the light
That flows from mercy's beaming car;
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem
Composes—not Thy diadem."

You must read that again if you desire to extract all its sweetness. "The noon of night," of course, means midnight, and the "wee short hours ayont the twal," as Burns has it. But only think of every star with the same letters on it, and each at the same time *drinking* from a beaming car. The last two lines are equally inimitable and unintelligible. So is the commencement of Hymn 488, at least to us. Can any body find meaning in the lines:

"God named Love, whose fount thou art,
Thy crownless Church before thee stands,
With too much hating in her heart,
And too much striving in her hands."

It may be our own fault, certainly it is our misfortune, that we are unable, and we have tried faithfully, to fathom the meaning of this, the introductory stanza of Hymn 910:

"Alas! the utter emptiness!
What life has it to give?
O shall it God's own fire affect?
Soul, wilt thou slightly live?"

To what does *it* in the second and third lines refer? Perhaps the reader thinks if he had the next stanza it might help him to understand the first. Here it is:

"Thyself amid the silence clear,
The world far off and dim,
Thy vision free, the Bright one near,
Thyself alone with him."

Now please to read these verses again. Do it carefully. Does any semblance of sense begin to appear? The rest of the hymn is in the same foggy strain.

Parodies on well-known hymns are always offensive to good taste, almost sacrilegious is one on Heber's Missionary hymn, commencing,

On Thibet's snow-capped mountains,
On Afric's burning sand,
Where roll the fiery fountains
Along Hawai's strand.

But our space is exhausted, and we must take our leave of the Plymouth collection. If we have not gained from its pages much information, we must admit that it has afforded us what is scarcely less desirable in this warm weather—a good deal of amusement.

THE CITY OF SALADIN.

GRAND CAIRO is the great depot of Oriental merchandise. Hither, by the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean, by the Nile, and over vast seas of floating sand, are brought the productions of Oriental Asia, of India, of Europe, and of Africa. It is the rendezvous of merchants who deal in gold-dust, perfumes, ostrich-feathers, vestments of many-tinted radiance, and the tissues of "woven air" made to envelop Eastern beauty. In Grand Cairo meet the caravans of Damascus and of Suez, laden with the rich fabrics of Bombay and Calcutta, and those of Sennar and Darfour, importing camel loads of ivory and troops of pouting Nubians, or jetty Abyssinians of statuette features, to be sold for slaves. In the bazaars of Grand Cairo you may see opals, diamonds of Viapour and Golconda, pearls of Ophir, talmas, and tarbouches heavy with golden ornaments, and all the rich tissues embroidered by the henna-tipped fingers of the East. Here you can purchase gold and ivory wrought slippers, worth ten thousand dollars, or an humble article adapted to the most plebeian foot. Here you can buy a pipe, that greatest luxury of the East, worth, with the amber mouth-piece and the rings of precious stones, fifteen thousand dollars.

In the place where curious weapons are exposed for sale the traveler has before him the whole picturesque arsenal of ancient Islam; saddles and trappings worthy of the swift coursers of the Hoftar; pieces of armor with jeweled incrustations that may have served Saladin, or Haroun Al Raschid, with blades of Khorassan, Albanian pistols, and fierce yataghans in endless profusion, and of almost incalculable value.

Never before did I feel like calling silver trash, and look with contempt upon the purchasing power of gold ducats.

The treasures of the bazaars belong to wealthy Mussulmans, who sit all day like tailors, looking gravely upon their merchandise, and careless, apparently, of the chances of trade. Wishing to purchase a couple of chibouques, I reined my donkey up at one of the stalls where pipes were sold, and directed Ibrahim to

inquire the price. The well-turbaned Mussulman twitched the muscles of his eyes, expelled the smoke from his nostrils, and answered,

"Two hundred piasters, O Howadji."

"I will give you fifty."

The man of ample trowsers throws back his head, and raises his eyes as if calling Heaven to witness the injustice done him by naming so low a figure.

"I will give you fifty piasters."

Three minutes of silence; my donkey, seized by a sudden caprice, thrusts his nose near the head of the Arab, and brays in a most spasmodic and excruciating manner. Everybody laughs.

"God is great!" exclaims the merchant. "Take the pipes, O Howadji, for one hundred and seventy-five piasters."

"Impossible, O Effendi! Ibrahim, let us go."

We ride but a few steps when the Arab calls us back. He invites us to dismount, and be seated *à la Turk*. The servant brings lighted chibouques and cups of coffee from the adjacent shop. Discursive conversation in monosyllables occupies a few minutes. This has its use in a country where there are no newspapers.

"How much will the Howadji give?"

"Seventy-five piasters, and count the money in gold."

The merchant nods, which means, "No, Effendi."

"They cost me that sum," and the grave pipe-dealer, who, a short time before, consumed his smoke in Pythagorean silence, now expatiates eloquently upon the value and perfection of the two chibouques.

"Here are eighty piasters for them."

"In the name of Mohammed, take them for one hundred and twenty"—after three minutes of silence.

"I cannot."

"The American *Howadji* has much gold; by my two eyes, they are cheap at one hundred!"

"Here are ninety."

The Mussulman lays hold of his jetty beard. "*Kismet!* (God hath willed it;) the pipes are thine, O Effendi!" and a bargain, involving the outlay of \$4 50, and half an hour of parleying, is closed with the dignity of potentates trafficking in provinces and kingdoms.

As we wound our way through the narrow and crowded streets, I saw every-

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EGYPTIAN MUSICIANS.

where the most extravagant manifestations of joy. The people ran with gladness, shouted, and embraced each other. Bands of music enlivened the scene. I knew not what to make of all this until Ibrahim learned that a regiment of soldiers had just been disbanded by order of the viceroy. So happy are the Egyptians to escape military service! It brought to my mind a scene of another kind I had witnessed in Cairo a few evenings before. Several families were following, with the most pitiable exhibitions of grief, three young Arabs who had been seized upon as conscripts. Mutilation and even death are preferable to soldier-life in the service of Said Pacha.

The Old Tooloon is the most ancient mosque in Grand Cairo. A Cuffic inscription over the Saracenic gateway tells us that it was built A. D. 879. Its pointed arches, the colonnades surrounding its court with one hundred marble pillars, and the quaint architecture of this old moslem temple, render it as interesting to the traveler as, from pious associations, it is sacred to the faithful. Before the French expedition to Egypt neither Christians nor Jews were permitted to ride by the Tooloon, or, in fact, any other

mosque in Cairo, on horseback. "If it be from respect for your places of worship," protested Napoleon to the Ulemas, "that you forbid Christians and Jews to ride before your mosques, why do you not observe the same rule yourselves? Is it reasonable to demand testimonies of veneration from strangers that you yourselves do not give?" The argument was unanswerable.

A few years older than the Tooloon are the ruins of El Amer, in Old Cairo. Two hundred and fifty marble columns disposed around a large court sustain the long galleries of pointed arches. The fountain has been broken by ruthless hands, and the mosaic pavement removed. No Mussulman temple in Egypt is so venerated as the El Amer. In times of disaster, when the plague ravages the city, or the Nile does not rise high enough to fertilize the land, the viceroy and all the high dignitaries of Egypt repair with the faithful to this hallowed spot to invoke the compassion of God. Christians and Jews follow to the same place; and it is a memorable sight to behold men so different in origin and faith, prostrating themselves with the same devout purpose under those arches crumbling with the weight

of a dozen centuries, and invoking together Christ and the saints, Jehovah and Mohammed.

Leaving the old Tooloon, we visited El Azar, remarkable for its antiquity, and especially for the schools connected with it. El Azar is the University of the Orient. Syrians, Nubians, Persians, Indians, and wisdom-seekers from the uttermost parts of the East assemble here to study and live at the expense of the mosque. With other branches the Ulemas of El

Azar teach the philosophy of Aristotle, Persian poetry, Arabic literature, and the interpretation of the history of the caliphs. In Mussulman lands the lawyers, or those whose business it is to interpret the Koran, have obtained a complete ascendancy over the priestly orders, who are devoted solely to religion.

The principal persons connected with each mosque are the *Nazir*, director and warden of the revenues; *Imaum*, who recites the *Namaz*, or five daily prayers, six

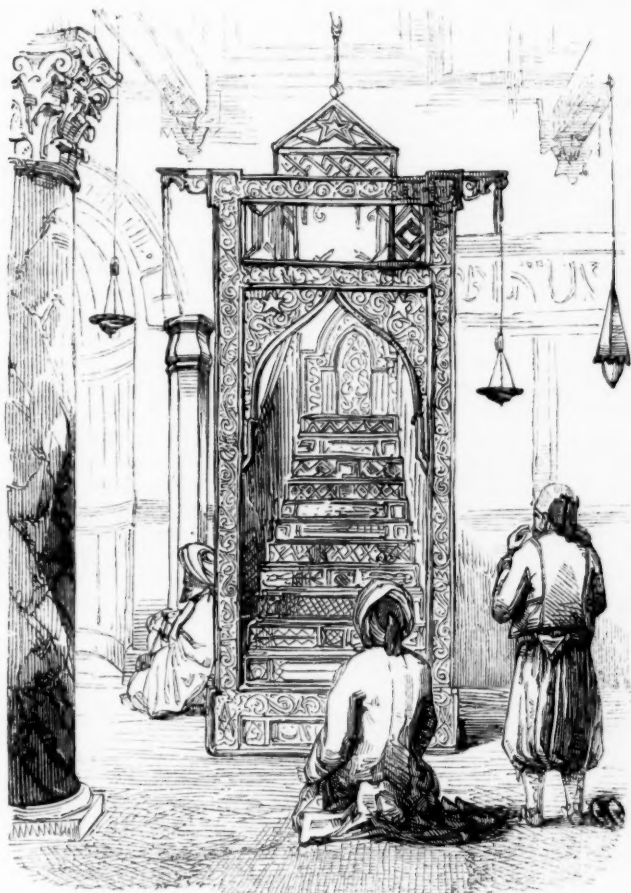


AN EGYPTIAN PREACHER.

days in the week, for about one cent per day; *Sheik*, who preaches on Friday, the Mussulman Sabbath; *Kiatib*, leader in the public prayers on Friday; *Muezzins*, to call the people to devotion; *Coyzys*, servants of the mosque.

The mosque El Hassan, built in the place Roumeyleh, is esteemed the finest monument of Saracenic architecture in Egypt. The caliph, they say, in whose reign it was erected, ordered the hands of the artist to be cut off in order that El Hassan might forever remain unrivaled.

Leaving this mosque, we began the ascent to the citadel of Cairo by one of the two passage-ways cut in the rock. This old Moorsque fortification, built by Saladin upon one of the heights of the Mokattam, overlooks the whole city. It was partially destroyed by the explosion of a powder magazine in 1824, but has since been repaired. Near by is the palace of Mohammed Ali, also occupied by Ibrahim Pacha, and Abas, the late viceroy. We were conducted through the audience chamber, the divan, and the royal baths. The



PULPIT IN THE MOSQUE OF EL AZAR.

supply of water for the citadel is obtained from Saladin's well, one of the most remarkable constructions of the kind in the world, being no less than three hundred and eighty feet in depth.

A spiral passage-way cut in the rock winds around the well half way to the bottom, and an ox is every day driven down to that point to turn the water-wheel, while another at the top raises the water through the remaining distance.

But most worthy of being visited, on the height of the citadel, is the mosque of Mohammed Ali. Though begun more than thirty years ago, it is not yet entirely completed. Its architecture is a combination of the Saracenic, Greek, and Roman. The walls of Egyptian marble are

lined with Oriental alabaster, and the columns and fountains are of the same rich material.

Never before did I so well appreciate the real nature and essence of beauty as when standing beneath that aerial pavilion of stone, reposing gracefully on its four massive pillars. Its builders were masters of living marble; for the treasures of the quarry become beautiful only when they lose somewhat of their material nature, and assume lighter and more spiritual forms. I cannot describe the gigantic proportions of everything upon which the eye rests, nor trace the infinitude of galleries, columns, and architectural wonders of this great Moslem cathedral. Calvin and Luther would have retrenched

nothing from a Mussulman temple, destitute as it is of painting, and statuary, and the geometrical ornamentation of lines, broken, crossed, and commingled. Here dwell none of the mystic shadows and reveries peculiar to the old cathedrals of Europe. A tranquil river of pure and serene light pours down through the five domes into the body of the temple, and then floats away, like an unobstructed sea, among the columns of porphyry and marble that support the naves. Here are neither pews, nor altars, nor statues, nor tableaux, nor simulacra, nor saintly relics. The iconoclastic genius of Islam forbids all those embodiments of the theatrical, the idolatrous, and the sensual, which, in Greek and Catholic Churches, materialize the idea of God. A few mats upon the marble pavement, a few rude candelabras and ostrich eggs suspended from the ceiling, a few precepts of Mohammed inscribed upon the walls and columns, and a low tribune for the viceroy—these are the decorations of the mosque. All ecstacy and the enthusiasm of excitement are proscribed. The thoughts of the worshiper are distracted and menaced by no theatrical exhibition of the mysteries of the faith; they are restrained by no formal liturgy. The majestic dome above us alone suggests the still more majestic arch of heaven beyond which dwells the invisible God.

Islamism, teaching the unity and omnipresence of Allah, basing its dogma alone upon moral culture and the goodness of God, and confining its worship to simple prayer, has torn away from between the Creator and the creature the veil suspended there by the old mythologies and the cunning priests of the Greek and Roman religions, in order to conceal behind it "their jealous, terrible, and incomprehensible divinities."

But far above all emblems, and material forms, and mysteries, reigns Allah in his sublime unity. "Christianity," remarks an eloquent French writer, meaning the Christianity of the Catholics and Greeks, "more charitable to our weakness, has storied the way from earth to heaven with legions of saints and angels, reaching down their hands to those who would mount, in order to bear them to the radiant Virgin, daughter of man, and mother of God, indefatigable in her intercessions and blessings. Perhaps this image of hope and consolation placed between justice that ought to chas-

tise and the guilty one who repents, or can repent, is, besides poesy, the vitality of the Roman legend. Behold how devotion to Mary dethrones insensibly in Catholic souls the sincere Jehovah of the Bible, and even the good, but just martyr of Golgotha! It is not we who shall blame this quasi-deification of the misericordia, but through all these derivations of the human imagination what becomes of the idea of the true God?"

The Moslem has a genuine affection for his mosque. It is to him what the temple was to the Greek, what the basilica was to the Roman. He loves to make his ablutions at the cool fountains in its court, loves to repose for hours under its shady colonnades, and beneath its ample dome yield himself up to the quietude of devotion inspired by Islam. To many of them are attached hospitals, schools, baths, and kitchens for the poor. The wayfaring and the indigent sleep under their arcades without fear of molestation—the guests of Allah. The children of the poor, and often of the rich, repair to them for their entire education. With the surroundings of time and moresque splendor the great mosques of Cairo, and especially the imperial mosques of Stamboul, possess enormous revenues. To the latter belongs more than a third of the real estate in Turkey, and to them fall the possessions of persons dying without succession. The estates of orphaned children are consigned to their keeping until the heirs attain their majority. At the birth of a sultana, in the seraglio, it is customary to set aside gold, and jewels, and costly bridal robes of finest texture, to be presented to the imperial princess on the day of her marriage. But should death claim her as a bride, and cut off her rosy dreams of youth, the imperial presents thus prepared are regarded as fit only for sacred use, and are given to the mosques. In this manner enormous amounts of wealth are withdrawn from general circulation and converted into sterile treasure. During the reign of Abdul Medjid alone, the Solymanyeh is said to have absorbed thirty million francs. In one of the lower rooms of each mosque may usually be seen a great number of chests and packages. When a Mussulman is about to start on a pilgrimage, or does not deem his valuables safe in his own house, he places them under the protection of Heaven; for he who would steal from a mosque would add sacrilege

to theft, a crime unknown among the faithful. The spider weaves her web undisturbed over gold and jewels half concealed from sight, and guarded only by the sacred character of the place. Thus the idea of religion is the prominent idea of the Musulman mind. Thus, also, Moslem life, once centering around the sandjack and the saber, now centers around the konak and the mosque.

El Azar, the Mohammedyeh, and the old Tooloon, differ widely from the humble house of worship in Medina, upon which the Prophet labored with his own hands. Its walls were of earth and brick, and the roof was framed of the branches, and thatched with the leaves of the palm-trees, by whose trunks it was supported. The mosque of Mohammed became his monument and his tomb. In like manner the great mosques of Cairo perpetuate the name of their founders and serve as their mausolea.

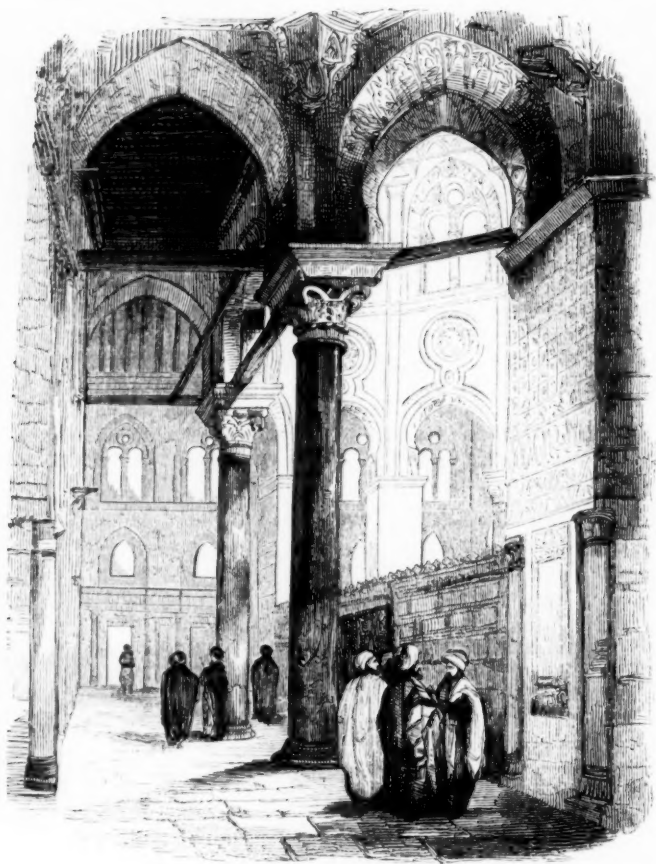
Mohammedanism has accomplished much good in the Orient. Among the one hundred and ten million Moslems who receive the Koran, it has abolished idolatry. It has taught that man can worship God without an infallible Church and sin-forgiving priest: it has done away with caste and established a certain degree of equality. But the despotic systems of the East are as unchangeable in character as the bases of the Himalaya, and to the despotism of the Koran must be attributed the present condition of the Ottoman Empire. The idea of religion is so strongly impressed on the Ottoman mind that, without a change of faith, there can be no essential change in the modes of thought and things pertaining to the outward life. The original purpose of Mohammed was to convert a few of the neighboring tribes from idolatry to the belief in one God. The idea of universal or even of extensive dominion was purely an afterthought with the camel-driver of Mecca, or rather with his successors. This is evident from the precepts of the Koran, and the "acts and sayings" of the Prophet.

During the lunar month of Ramazan, the Turkish Lent, a rigid fast is enjoined upon the faithful. No one is allowed to eat, drink, smoke, enjoy the fragrance of a rose, or gratify any appetite whatever from sunrise to the time when, as Mussulmans say, "a white thread can no longer be distinguished from one that is black."

Trying as this abstinence is, under the burning sun of Southern Asia, it would be still more unendurable in regions where the days are from a week to six months in length. The ablutions, also, which are so intimately connected with the worship of Islam, can be practiced only in a warm climate like that of Arabia. The absolute necessity of pilgrimage, as expressed in the declaration of the Prophet, "He that does not visit Mecca once in his life is an infidel," could have had reference only to persons living at least within a few hundred miles of the holy city. Another proof is the occurrence of the month of pilgrimage in winter as well as in summer—the Moslems computing time by lunar months.

Yet the Mohammedanism of to-day is far from being what it was even a quarter of a century ago. Infidelity has succeeded to fanaticism. The faithful admit that converts may be made by conviction as well as by the sword. An elastic interpretation of the Koran, inspired by the unyielding force of events, declares that the apostate to Christianity may live, although his presence is not to be endured. Already a venerable American missionary has taken up his residence in Stamboul. Already *giaoureffendis*, no longer called "Christian dogs," are admitted within the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem; and, reader, ere ten years shall have passed away, the Christian traveler shall visit Mecca and Medina without disguise. Already the Protestant Bible is sold in more than a hundred places in the Turkish Empire. The call of the muezzin to prayer is often unheeded. Instead of the ablutions, a little water is sprinkled upon the hands and the shoes. A few words are hastily mumbled over for prayers. The Moslem drinks wine, eats the flesh of animals slain without the *Bismilla*, ("In the name of God,") and piously ignores the difference between mutton and pork.

The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. The latter, the remnant of another, and a hated race, though geographically near, were in reality as remote from the proud denizens of the Holy City as the swarthy tribes of Nubia. But when a certain man went down to Jericho and fell among the thieves, in the all-pervading spirit of Christian love, the Good Samaritan became his brother. It is this spirit which a little band of American missionaries is inculcating in the Orient. Though



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI.

these teachings seem hushed by political convulsions and the thunders of angry nations, they are slowly breaking down the antipathy of races.

We leave the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, and go out upon the lofty terrace to enjoy one of the finest views in all Egypt. Except the Acropolis, raised high above the plain of Attica, as if better to exhibit the crowning glory of the Parthenon, there is not a nobler pedestal for a noble monument than that upon which we now stand. The declining sun has touched the sandy ocean, stretching away beyond the distant pyramids—the pillars of the West, which seem to sustain upon their Atlantean shoulders the vault of heaven. Slowly the mists of evening invade the eastern horizon, and as the eye sweeps the heavens

it traverses confluent seas of turquoise, opal, amber, purple, and gold. At our feet lies *El Kair*, the queen of Oriental cities. Behold its domes, its gardens, its canals, its flat-roofed palaces, just gilded with bars of sunshine! Are they not worthy of Saladin and the "Arabian Nights?" There is the silvery Nile with its moving panorama of boats, and broad margins of green, skirted on either side by the sad, interminable landscapes of the desert. To the right are Heliopolis, the camp of the Mecca pilgrims, and, on the skirt of the desert, outside the old Saracenic wall, the vast cemetery, among whose moresque tombs and monuments the giddy Cairens terminate the pilgrimage of life. To the left, and traversed by the Nile, is the plain upon which once stood the cities

of Babylon, Troia, Acanthus, and Memphis, existing only in mounds of rubbish and on the imperishable pages of history. Mark the contrasts! Here into one narrow landscape are crowded the past and the present, death and life, barbarism and civilization, deserts and gardens—a double empire of good and of evil.

On the spot where we are standing occurred the most memorable event in the history of modern Egypt. The Mameluke beys had left no means untried to curb the rising ambition of Mohammed Ali. For a long time the rulers and tyrants of Egypt, many of their families still possessed immense wealth and influence. The op-

posing factions watched each other, as tigers lie in wait to spring upon their prey. They hoped to destroy the wary pacha during the absence of his best troops; but were met at every point. At Suez it was whispered in secret that he was to be waylaid on his return to Cairo. That evening Mohammed Ali mounted a fleet dromedary, and long before sunrise was in the citadel of Cairo. It was a question of life and death; and that party was destined to succeed which should best dissimulate its cunning and its cruelty. The 1st of March, 1811, was set aside for the day of extermination. It was proclaimed that Mohammed Ali was to invest his son with the command of the



HOUSE OF AN EGYPTIAN PACHA.

expedition against the Wahabites. The Mamelukes were invited to be present. They came, mounted and armed as usual, hoping even to avail themselves of the occasion to overwhelm their enemy. The chiefs were ushered into the audience chamber to pay their respects to the pacha. Coffee was served, which throughout the East is the sign of hospitality. They mutually strove to surpass each other in politeness and the expression of friendly wishes. The command was given to remount, but before the head of the column had wound far down the narrow passage the gate of El Azar suddenly closed. At a given signal the rocks and buildings swarmed with Albanians. Volley after volley was poured down upon the defenseless Mamelukes, who, until the moment of attack, seem to have had no thought of treachery. In haste they rushed to the gate of the Janizaries, but that was also closed. In confusion they dismounted, and with drawn swords attempted to reach their enemies; but all in vain. The vengeance of Mohammed Ali was complete. When the order was given to fire he was unable to control his emotions. He trembled with excitement, well knowing that a failure would result in instant destruction to himself and family. Nor did he regain his composure until the bleeding heads of the chief Mamelukes were brought into the palace. Those who had not been shot down were stripped naked, led before the pacha, and thence to execution. One man, and but one, escaped the fury of the Albanians. Enim Bey and his companion reined their chargers over the precipice. It was more than fifty feet in height, and, most remarkable to relate, neither the horsemen nor their hardy animals were injured! They fled with the speed of the wind through the city gate, hotly pursued by the Albanians. Enim Bey distanced them all, and buried himself in the gorges of the Mokattam. He afterward traversed El Arich, gained the desert, and ultimately became governor of Jerusalem. Less fortunate was his companion. His horse fell upon one of the stony ridges, and could not rise again. The Mameluke would not desert the faithful creature, although by so doing he might easily have gained the recess of the mountains. Seating himself by the side of his wounded horse, he was slain by the Albanians when they came up, without the least resistance. For two days the dwellings

of the Mamelukes in Cairo were given up to pillage. On the third day Mohammed Ali went forth to restore order. Cairo resembled a conquered city. Four hundred and seventy Mamelukes perished in the *coup de main* of Mohammed Ali, and it was estimated that in all nearly one thousand fell in Grand Cairo. The movement found an echo throughout Egypt. The people everywhere rose against their old rulers and oppressors. As a caste the Mamelukes were exterminated, but not a few of those who escaped afterward found favor with the indomitable Mohammed Ali.

And now, as evening advances, the muezzin ascends one of the tapering minarets of Mohammed Ali. Putting his hands to his mouth he chants three times, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Come, ye faithful, to prayer: come to prayer." Reader, five times from sunrise to sunrise, during nine hundred years, without the omission of a single day, that chant, so soft and musical, has floated over the City of Victory. Omar, Saladin, and Al Raschid have slept the long sleep of centuries, the empire of the Saracens has disappeared, Islamism, with its ancient glories trailing in the dust, has fallen upon evil times, but the faith of Mohammed still exists. How perishable is humanity compared with systems and creeds! The old temples of the Caliphs have fallen to ruins, the worshipers therein, and they whose thin lips called them to prayer, have moldered into dust, and caravans of weary pilgrims, thirsting for the heavenly waters of Paradise,

"Have folded their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently pass'd away."

Even now, in the manner, but without the fervor of earlier times, a few devout Mussulmans bow upon the marble pavements of the mosques, and in pious orisons stretch their hands toward the stars. Sweeter than the chime of vesper bells floats away the chant of the muezzin on the still evening air. The turbaned sentinel of El Azar takes up the sound; Too-loon and El Hassan roll it forward; the distant Kooloon and far-off El Ghoree echo back the melody, and a soft chorus of air-voices from the four hundred mosques of Grand Cairo swells and sinks away, "Come, ye faithful: come to prayer."

From the Citadel Ibrahim conducted me to one of the Turkish baths in the

vicinity of El Azar. There are said to be more than one hundred of these establishments in Grand Cairo, some of which are built of marble, but in general their external appearance is far from imposing. The door is curiously ornamented with arabesques, and we enter upon a mosaic pavement. The principal rooms are circular, and dimly lighted by means of small convex pieces of glass inserted in the domes above. The *tellaks*, or servants of the bath, were muscular Arabs, dressed like athletes. From long confinement in a heated atmosphere their tawny skins had grown yellow and dry like parchment. One of them assisted me to undress in the small antechamber, twisted an enormous turban round my head, and thrust my feet into wooden clogs, four inches high, in order to protect the tender soles of my feet from the blistering heat of the marble pavement. These preparations completed, I hobbled after him into a room arched over head and heated from below. Its atmosphere was surcharged with a fiery and penetrating vapor, which blinded my eyes, and took away my breath. I wished to escape from the heated furnace, but in vain. In a moment, however, a copious flow of perspiration burst from the pores of my cutaneous integument, and I soon felt comparatively cool, though breathing steam.

They informed me that there was another room still warmer, usually preferred by Mussulmans, and especially by females, who, the reader may be aware, can both give and endure more calorific rays than males. Through the vapory atmosphere I could see the dim outlines of several human beings nearly naked, and apparently engaged in extracting the life from as many prostrate victims. Could it be that I was in the strange and silent kingdom of the gnomes? Alas for the sea of pleasures which I had anticipated! Mustapha, into whose leathery hands I resigned myself with the meekness of an infant, extended my body upon a marble slab, and began a succession of deluges, alternately torrid and frigid. Then, with rose-perfumed soap, and the soft fibers of the palm, he manipulated upon me with such dexterity that in a few moments I found myself enveloped in a white and fragrant cloud of tepid, saponified vapor, which, however, disappeared like magic on his immersing me in cold water.

Under these cloudy metamorphoses, del-

ugings, soapings, and plungings, my soul and body were greatly in danger of being separated from each other. I merely remember looking up into the india-rubber face of my torturing demon, and imploring for mercy. That calendar of inflictions was at last exhausted. Wound round with curious pieces of cloth, I was conducted from the infernal region to a large airy room, and told to extend myself upon a divan. A lighted chibouque, and a glass of delicious sherbet, in a very short time brought back a realizing sense of my identity. Then began a course of frictions, kneadings, and other heroic operations, which must be felt in order to be appreciated. I was sprinkled with rose-water, and handled like a loaf of dough preparatory to baking. Again were soul and body in danger of parting company. My palms and soles, made so sensitive by the bath, were rasped with pumice stones, and the parchment-skinned demon of a *tellak*, as if to disable me for life, insisted upon cracking every joint in my body, beginning with the fingers and ending with the toes. My sufferings terminated.

I lay extended I know not how long upon the divan, sipping cups of fragrant Mocha between puffs of the jeweled chibouque, and experiencing all the delicious sensations to which a Turkish bath can alone give rise.

The cutaneous blissfulness produced by the Oriental barber, the dreamy elysium of *kahve*, the placid intoxication of the *kief*, and even the seventh heaven of Hasheesh, can hardly be compared with that ethereal sensation of limpidity, that marvelous flexibility and oiliness of being, which I experienced before dressing, and for some time after. Cost for bath, coffee, and latakieh, with backsheesh to the *Tellaks* and *Chiboukjis*, three piasters, or fifteen cents.

On certain afternoons of the week the baths are open only to females. Large parties of Caireen ladies usually repair to the same bath with their servants to spend several hours in its enervating pleasures; and, as one passes by these somber buildings, he often hears the ringing laugh of merry girls, or the song of female improvisatores hired for the occasion, and can imagine what hoydenish romping, dalliance with water, and playfulness there must be within.

The National Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MONUMENT TO JOHN WESLEY.—A proposition has been started to erect a monument to this devoted minister of Christ at his birthplace, Epworth, in Lincolnshire, England. It is to be paid for by a national penny subscription; and collectors are now engaged and at work in every part of Great Britain. In the circular issued by the committee to whom this subject is intrusted they express their confidence that they will be zealously seconded by all those who value learning, piety, and zeal, more especially by that very numerous class who have so largely profited by the labors of that great and good man who did so much for the eternal happiness of mankind, and whose memory will be cherished by all future ages. A copy of the design agreed upon for this monument embellishes the August number of the *Good News*, a periodical issued by our Tract Society. Arrangements will be made to receive subscriptions toward the monument from persons in the United States who may be disposed to contribute.

LAMARTINE.—Perhaps no man of the present century has concentrated in himself more claims to distinction than Alphonse De Lamartine. He is a poet, an orator, a historian, and a statesman, a man of exemplary industry, of enlarged benevolence, and of unsullied integrity. He held, for a season, the highest place of authority in France. His power was that of an absolute dictator. His aim was to make France a republic. Failing in that, he retired from office, a poor man, but rich in the possession of a reputation for integrity, an untarnished good name. We shall give a sketch of his eventful career, accompanied by an admirable portrait, in the next number of *THE NATIONAL*. Our object now is to call attention to the fact that, in the evil days on which this great man has fallen, he is under the necessity of devoting his talents to literary labor. He sends his appeal across the Atlantic. "Great reverses of fortune," he says, "have come upon me since 1848, and above all in these latest times. * I make head against them by labor. In behalf of this literary labor I have recourse to your countrymen. Give me aid and introduce me among them. Success is for me an affair of life or death." The literary labor to which he refers is a work entitled *The Familiar Course of Literature*, to embrace all ages and countries. It is to be published in monthly numbers in the French and in the English language, simultaneously at Paris and at New-York. It will make two volumes a year of five hundred pages each, the annual subscription for which will be six dollars. Subscriptions may be forwarded to 346 Broadway, to Mr. J. B. Desplace, who, in Lamartine's own language, "visits America out of pure affection for me, and solely for the purpose of forwarding my interests." We hope a large list of subscribers in this country will attest the sincerity of American sympathy with virtue and genius in misfortune.

WHAT IS MAN?—Every one is acquainted with the story of the vegetarian Brahmin, whose religious faith forbade him to destroy animal life in food, but who, on being shown by means of the microscope that in every drop of water and in every grain of rice he necessarily consumed hundreds of living creatures, could only reply to the complacent entomologist by dashing to pieces the wonderful instrument, and exclaiming in triumph, "Where is your theory now?" Despite, however, of this victory of superstition over science, the microscope has established the fact that *life* is emphatically the law of nature, life in exhaustless profusion, life in immense variety. That almost miraculous instrument discovers a world in each forest leaf; it shows us that in every step we take, in every cup of water we drink, nay, in every breath we draw, we unavoidably destroy countless thousands of lives; it proves that the globe is a great warehouse packed to overflowing with living organisms, and with scarce an inch of spare room. Indeed, the microscope seems to say that wherever there is matter there is life, life in endless, exhaustless, we had almost said reckless, profusion. And hardly has our reason recovered from the effects of these astounding disclosures, when it is again overwhelmed by the endless variety of genera and species with which organic nature abounds. When Natural History completes her catalogue of living organisms, and confesses in despair that her rude skill cannot classify the finer distinctions of being, that her grasp cannot compass the great circle of life, then Geology comes forward to add to our bewilderment, and opening the thickly-packed laminae of the stony volume, discloses to our view numberless fossil forms of being which have long become extinct, and of which the very types exist no more. It was once asked with reference to the voluminous works of Origen, "Which of us has read what he has written?" With far more truth may we ask respecting the prodigious variety in the productions of the great Father of life, Which of us can count what He has created? And when, to crown this profusion, and at the head of all this variety of life, we behold a sentient, moral, and immortal species, for whose sake, directly or indirectly, all were created; when we see this vast chain of organic gradation completed by a being who has been made but "a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor," and to which all the rest have been subjected, that he in his turn may employ all for the glory of God; then we feel that through all this law of life there runs a splendid meaning; that this dense population and these countless orders of being have not been created in vain; and we can join with intelligent admiration in the doxology of the inspired Psalmist, "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

"HOMEWARD BOUND."—The assistant editor of the *Christian Mirror*, Portland, alluding in an article to the return of Dr. Cummings, the editor, used the above significant expression. He little understood how full of meaning were the words "Homeward Bound!" Dr. Cummings was journeying home, and that home was in-

deed near, but it was the home of the blessed. A brief, affecting telegram came from the children after reaching on the shore of their native land, "Father is not with us, for God hath taken him." He died at sea, and his spirit went up to its God. None can find his grave, for no memorial marks his sepulcher.

"God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well."

NAPOLÉON'S OPINION OF JESUS CHRIST.—There has been recently published in Paris a tract entitled *Napoleon*, from which are taken the following meditations upon the character of Jesus Christ, which it is said fell from the lips of the great captain during the weary hours of his exile at St. Helena:

"The founders of other religions never conceived of this love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. Hence it is that they have struck upon a rock. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, to make himself beloved, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is the reign of charity. All who sincerely believe in him taste this wonderful, supernatural, exalted love. The more I think of this, I admire it the more. And it convinces me absolutely of the divinity of Christ.

"I have inspired multitudes with such affection for me that they would die for me. God forbid that I should compare the soldier's enthusiasm with Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause. But, after all, my presence was necessary, the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me, then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do, indeed, possess the secret of this magical power which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to any one; none of my generals ever learned it from me; nor have I the secret of perpetuating my name and love for me in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physical means.

"Now that I am at St. Helena, now that I am alone, chained to this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? Where are any to share my misfortune, any to think of me? Who bestirs himself for me in Europe? Who remains faithful to me? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three of you, who are immortalized by this fidelity, ye share, ye alleviate my exile. Such is the fate of great men. So it was with Caesar and Alexander, and I too am forgotten; and the name of a conqueror and an emperor is a college theme; our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sits in judgment upon us, awarding us censure or praise. Such is soon to be the fate of the great Napoleon. What a wide abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extended over all the earth! Is this death? Is it not life rather? The death of Christ is the death of a God."

SECTARIAN EXCLUSIVENESS.—The Rev. Dr. Wayland has published a series of papers on "The Baptist Churches, their Principles and Practice." The articles are, of course, ably written; but, if we understand the doctor, he takes very high ground with reference to his own denomination, intimating, as it seems to us, that they only are the disciples of Christ, and that they should treat all other professing Christians as they would heathens, or avowed infidels. Is this what he means in the following paragraph?

"Suppose that as many persons as you now number had been converted from heathenism, and were living in Rangoon, Bassin, or Tongoo, and that they adopted your principles. They would say, 'There are but few of us among hundreds of thousands of idolators. What can we do to reform a nation? We will therefore never meet to worship God; we will not care to have it known that we are the disciples of Christ.' What should we think of such converts?

What would they be worth to the cause of Christ? Their light, hidden under a bushel, would soon expire. Yielding no seed, they would soon perish, and the heathen world would be none the better for their existence. Now, I ask, in what respect do the disciples of Christ on one side of the globe differ from those on the other? What would be treachery to the cause of Christ in Burmah is treachery in the United States. We cannot answer it to the Master if we hide our light under a bushel."

The Methodists are thought to be sufficiently sectarian, and the Episcopalians have been charged with an undue feeling of exclusiveness, but no one, even of their enemies, has attributed to either of those denominations such a spirit as that which is here boldly avowed. Of course it is the sentiment of but one man, and not, we trust, of the entire denomination.

FREEDOM FOR THE CHILDREN.—A short time since THE NATIONAL asked for "Room for the Children," and, as if not to be outdone by our Yankee philanthropy, the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* comes out for "Freedom for the Children," thus:

"A child of three years of age, with a book in its infant hands, is a fearful sight! It is too often the death warrant, which the condemned stupidity looks at—fatal, yet beyond its comprehension. What should a child three years old be taught? Strong meats for weak digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes told them. I would say to every parent, especially every mother, sing to your children, tell them pleasant stories; and if in the country, be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; earth is very much akin to us all, and in children's out of door play soils them not inwardly.

"There is in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures; by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substance, and beget a kindness for our poor relations, the brutes. Let children have a free, open-air sport, and fear not though they make acquaintances with the pigs, the cows, and the chickens; they may form worse friendships with the wiser looking ones; encourage a familiarity with all who love to court them; dumb animals love children, and children love them. There is a language among them, which the world's language obliterate in the elders. It is of more importance that you should make your children loving than that you should make them wise, that is, book-wise. Above all things, make them loving; then will they be gentle and obedient; and then, also, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at your knees will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you go."

CROMWELL.—The pen-portraits that have been made of Oliver Cromwell do not resemble each other. In some the dark shades predominate. In others a halo of light is thrown around the protector's head, and he is almost angelic. The following is from a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*:

"Cromwell was no hypocrite or actor of plays; had no vanity or pride in the prodigious intellect he possessed; was no theorist in politics or government; was no victim of ambition; was no seeker after sovereignty or temporal power. He was a man whose every thought was with the Eternal—a man of great, robust, massive mind, and of an honest, stout, English heart, subject to melancholy for the most part, because of the deep yearnings of his soul for the sense of Divine forgiveness, but inflexible and resolute always, because in all things governed by the supreme law. In him was seen a man whom no fear but of the Divine anger could distract; whom no honor in man's bestowal could secure or betray; who knew the duty of the hour to be imperative, and who sought only to do the work, whatever it might be, whereto he believed God to have called him. He was one of those rare souls which could lay upon itself the lowliest and the highest functions alive, and find itself, in them all,

self-contained and sufficient—the dutiful, gentle son, the quiet country gentleman, the sportive, tender husband, the fond father, the active soldier, the daring political leader, the powerful sovereign—under each aspect still steady and unmoved to the transient outward appearances of the world, and wrestling and pressing forward to the sublime hopes of another, and passing through every instant of its term of life as through a Marston Moor, a Worcester, a Dunbar. Such a man could not have consented to take part in public affairs under any compulsion less strong than that of conscience. His business in them was to serve the Lord, and to bring his country under subjection to God's laws."

CHURCH CHOIRS.—Old Ambrose Searle thus speaks of an evil more common, perhaps, at the present day than when it called forth his animadversions. I cannot but shake my head, he says, "when the congregation is called upon to sing to the praise and glory of God, and immediately half a dozen merry men (or women) in a high place shall take up the matter, and most loudly chant it away to the praise and glory of themselves. The tune, perhaps, shall be too difficult for the greater part of the congregation, who have no leisure for crotchets and quavers; and the most delightful of all public worship shall be wrested from them, and the praises of God taken out of their mouths. It is no matter whence this custom arose; in itself it is neither holy, decent, nor useful, and therefore ought to be banished entirely from the churches of God."

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The witty, but profound, Andrew Fuller, comparing a sermon to a building, truthfully observed, that if arguments may be termed the pillars of an edifice, illustrations are the windows which let in the light. In a Bible class recently a discussion arose between some of the members in reference to the first Christian exercises of the converted soul. One contended that it was penitence, or sorrow; another that it was fear; another love; another hope; another faith, for how could one fear or repent without belief? Elder G——, overhearing the discussion, relieved the minds of the disputants with this remark: "Can you tell which spoke of the wheel moves first? You may be looking at one spoke, and think that moves first; but they all start together. Thus, when the Spirit of God moves upon the human heart, all the graces begin to affect the penitent soul, though the individual may be more conscious of one than another."

SACRED BULLS.—An English missionary, the Rev. Mr. Goggerly, relates the following contest between himself and one of the sacred bulls of the Brahmin superstition:

On one occasion, I went to a large place on a market day; I had got a large number of tracts with me and Bibles for distribution, and I sat down in the market-place to converse with the people upon the grace and truth of salvation; but before I went into the bazaar—this means market-place and no more—I heard a terrible noise of women, as I thought, quarreling. They were calling somebody all manner of names but that of a gentleman, and when I came into the place I saw what was the matter. They were not abusing a man, but a great fat bull, which was eating up the rice, and sweetmeats, and vegetables, and other wares that these women had brought in from the country to sell. The bull in his rounds had found them out, and was poking his nose into this basket and that basket, and there were the women doubling their fists and cursing at his nose, but not one dared to touch him. He knew very well that hard words

would never break bones, and he went on and enjoyed himself to the great injury of the people. The women, when they saw my white face—for a white face is very uncommon in the interior villages—put their hands together, and called, "Have mercy, have mercy!"

I saw what was the matter. They were looking at the bull eating up their goods.

"Drive him away," said I.

"We dare not," they said.

"Why not?"

"Because he is a god."

"He's no more a god than I am," I said, and I took up a stick and gave him a good thump, so that he soon ran away. They said, "Drive him away from us," and as that was an appeal to my humanity, and as I saw the women distressed, I gave the gentleman two or three good pokes in his ribs, and he soon hurried away. The women went down and thanked me, and I was about to give them a solemn address on the folly of calling such a thing as that God, when I found that I had got into a terrible mess. It is very easy to get into a difficulty, but very hard to get out of it. There were hundreds of thousands of men there; and a number of men, who were watching me, as soon as they saw me strike the bull, came down and looked like thunder, and they spoke almost like thunder, too. "What are you doing?" Oh! I thought I was in for it now, and I said, "I was only driving away that great thief of a bull." "You struck it, did you not?" I said I did. "Do you know that you struck God?" "What nonsense," said I, "to call that brute God!" "Stay," said they, "here comes a Brahmin."

Now, the Brahmins are some of them very learned, and some of them not; but all of them are very proud. This man had great influence among the people, and they said, "Here comes the Brahmin, answer him." He came down, surrounded by some hundred of people, and he contrived to look as black as he possibly could, as he thought he would annihilate me with his black looks.

"What have you been doing?" I said, "My lord, I was wanting to drive away a great thief of a bull." "Did you strike it?" "I did." "Do you know that you struck a god?" I tried now to make myself two or three inches taller than I was, and to look as black as possible, and I said, "Answer me. Are you a Brahmin?" To call his Brahminical character in question was dreadful, and he said, "Certainly," and showed me the emblem of his office. "Are you a Brahmin, and call that creature God?" "Yes, I am." "Have you read your own Shasters?" "Certainly I have," he said. "Well, will you be good enough, for the benefit of these people, who do not know the Shasters, to quote one passage about God's honesty?" "I will not," he said. "For the fact is," said I, "you cannot; but if you cannot, I can; and if you won't, I will." I then quoted out of one of their Shasters, "God is honest—God is just—God is true." "Is that true?" I said. "It is," he said. "Tell me, Brahmin, was it honest for the great bull to go to these poor women, and take their rice, and sweetmeats, and fruits, and vegetables without paying for them?" The idea of the bull paying for anything never occurred to him. He had not a word to say. I said, "Now what are you going to do? You are the priest of the bull, and you are going to pay the women for what the bull has stolen." "I am sure I will not." "Can you say, then, that that is honest?" and he slunk away among the crowd, and I lost sight of him. I had then a large congregation of people, and I preached to them about the true, honest, just, and righteous God.

BARON VON HOKTHAUSEN has written a new book, which he has entitled "Russian Empire, its People, Institutions, and Resources," and which, now that peace is established, is likely to become one of the most popular works of the day. To some few restless spirits, both in this country and in Europe, who would wish to establish themselves and become gentlemen in that country in preference to joining General Walker and his army, a more useful reference than this work, which contains full information on serfdom and the relations between landlord and tenant, they cannot have. Other institutions and features of the country are occasionally touched upon, but serfs and their masters are always reverted to. As some high-spirited

fellows, with a little capital, and a reasonable share of energy, might wish to invest what they have of both in Russian lands, we extract for their benefit the speech of a landlord to his peasants, that they may know how to address their new subjects:

"You people, listen attentively to what I am going to say to you, and impress it upon your minds, and never forget it, for I will not repeat it a second time. I am thirty-eight years, seven months, nine days, and eleven hours old: whoever among you all is only an hour older, to him and his reasonable representations I will always listen; but whoever is only a minute younger, and ventures to open his lips to interrupt me, or to oppose me in anything whatever, all trace of him will vanish from my village in four and twenty hours. I am your master, and my master is the emperor. The emperor can issue his commands to me, and I must obey him; but he issues no commands to you. I am the emperor upon my estate; I am your God in this world, and I have to answer for you to the God above; but do not bend before me, but look me in the face, for I am a man like you. A horse must first be combed ten times with the iron currycomb before he can be rubbed with the soft brush; I shall have to currycomb you lustily, and who knows whether I shall ever come to the brush? God purifies the air with thunder and lightning; in my village I will purify with thunder and fire whenever I think necessary."

From our earliest days we rested under the impression that Russian prospects were marred by the dark background of Siberia, its terrible climate, and its still more terrible blood-stained, knout-inflicting officials; but we find we have been dreaming all our life, for if we are to believe the baron—who would imagine a Russian noble would be guilty of writing a falsehood?—Siberia is a perfect paradise. We could almost envy a country with such a Botany Bay for its unfortunate classes:

"The convicts sent out as colonists are mostly transported to the districts of Southern Siberia, which are described by all who have seen them as truly paradisaical. The country is romantically beautiful, the soil incredibly fertile, the climate very healthy; the cold indeed is severe in winter, but with a perpetually clear sky, and nowhere are there so many vigorous old people. The peasants, descended from the early convicts, are all well off, some of them very rich; they require only industry, good behavior, and exertion for a few years, to acquire a substantial position. Their whole outward condition is from the first favorable; as soon as they arrive in Siberia their past life not only lies like a dream behind them, but is legally and politically completely at an end; their crime is forgotten; no one dares to remind them of it, or to term them convicts; both in the public official reports and in conversation they are only called 'the unfortunate.' They are perfectly free people, serfdom being forbidden by the law. The self-government of the Communes prevails there in the most extended form; and nowhere are the people less tormented by avaricious and dishonest officials."

With the buoyancy of spirits which must prevail under these circumstances, it can hardly be necessary or prudent to indulge in further stimulants; still, we are told, "nowhere is more champagne drunk." Any settler upon Russian territory must, however, have a clear understanding in his title deeds, or, perhaps, after pronouncing the lively address quoted above, he may suddenly find himself in danger of having the same pronounced for him. The baron says:

"A ukase was some time ago issued, declaring all persons to be serfs of the landowners on whose soil they were settled. This has given rise to much embarrassment; many persons who were perfectly free, and had entered into contracts with the landowners and settled on their land, were suddenly declared serfs. In one instance a poor noble, who had acquired a few desiatinas of land, and settled upon it, having some

hundred free settlers as his neighbors, declared that all the land belonged to him, and that, consequently, these people were his serfs; they were unable to prove their right to the soil *juxta titulos*, and, as no other proprietor appeared, they were declared to be serfs of this poor nobleman."

The tone of the baron's work is throughout very favorable to Russia; all the severities of the government are softened down, and the vices of the people, even their notorious drunkenness and ignorance, are carefully palliated.

UNION.—The April number of *The Church of England Review* speaks of a possible reunion of the Wesleyans with the English Established Church, and says:

"Of all the movements which have been made of late years for invigorating our Church's life and strengthening our national Christianity, none promises to be so glorious in itself, and so mighty in its issues. It was a sad day in our history when Wesley felt bound to leave us; it has been painful to see growing up by our side, and gathering strength year by year, a body of Christian men who are separated from us not by differences of creed, but by fearful chains of prejudice, and contempt, and unbrotherly uncharitableness. We have long prayed that we might be one, not in spirit, but in name; we have long given the right hand of fellowship to men whose faith and mission are so closely analogous to our own; but the time seems to be ripening for a still closer union, the hour seems to be rapidly drawing near when the Church of England shall go forth into the battle-field with a new wing to her army, with new weapons against sin, with the tenfold strength of union and the tenfold blessings of the Spirit."

The writer does not shut his eyes to the difficulties in the way of this reunion. They are not to be got over easily, especially that arising from the question of ordination, and those which spring from what the editor calls "the complicated machinery of Wesleyanism," the conference, the chapel trusts, and the periodical removal of ministers. He says:

"The Wesleyans will have to give up much, but they will also gain much; we also shall have to resign many of our proud thoughts of superiority; we shall have to be content to reckon as brethren those whom so many look down upon with scorn. But how glorious will be our gain; for we shall then be able to reach the vast multitudes of Christians whom an ancient spirit of superciliousness, and a great difference in name, now keeps out of our reach; we shall have among our ministers a host of zealous and able men, far better qualified than the majority of our present clergy to act upon the hearts of the masses of the working population; what we lose in dignity we shall gain in power; what we lose in strict discipline we shall gain in greater fervor. It had long ago been well for the Church if she had had more elasticity in some points. What are our differences with Dissenters compared with the differences between Evangelicals and High-tractarians, between the disciples of Jowett and the disciples of Simeon? The Church embraces the one, why cannot she embrace the other? But let us not have a hollow union; let us have no gossamer web to bridge the chasm; let us strive to be one, not in name only, but in deed; let us be one, not for our mutual profit, but for the sake of our common Christianity; not because of the benefits which each will receive, but because of the blessings which union will confer on the world."

"We must not, however, be blind to the real greatness of the practical obstacles in the way, especially to the alienation of many Wesleyans from us in spirit. We cannot, perhaps, at first deal with them as a body; we must strive patiently, year by year, in our several circles, to beat down the barrier which severs us; and to show by faith and charity, by holiness and zeal, by sympathy and forbearance, that our real differences flow rather from individuals than from the system; and that with one faith, one Lord, one baptism, one work in life, one hope in death, there should be but little to prevent us from being one in communion and one in effort."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SALARY AND WAGES.—Here are two advertisements copied from the *London Times*. The first is

"TO CLERGYMEN.—Wanted, as tutor to two young gentlemen in a nobleman's family, a B. A., of sound, orthodox Church principles; he will be required to teach the classics and mathematics. To be absent during the customary vacations. Salary, sixty guineas per annum. Age between thirty and thirty-five years."

The other is

"TO TAILORS.—A clever young man is wanted at a West End establishment as cutter, and to occasionally wait on the customers. Wages, four guineas per week. A liberal supply of clothes will be allowed, as he will be required to be always well dressed."

Quite a difference between the value put upon the services of a sound and orthodox clergyman and a clever young cutter. The salary of the former is sixty guineas a year; the wages of the latter more than two hundred, besides a liberal supply of clothes!

AUTHORSHIP OF A HYMN.—A correspondent inquires, in the *Ladies' Repository*, for the authorship of the hymn beginning,

"O 'tis delight without alloy."

The verses, as stated in the Methodist Hymn Book, were written by Dr. Watts. They may be found in his *Horæ Lyricæ*, but the first line has been altered. In the original it reads,

"'Tis pure delight without alloy."

The hymn is attributed, in an early number of the *Arminian Magazine*, to Mrs. Rowe, but erroneously.

GOD'S PRAISES.—There lives near the shores of Ceylon, a large and most gorgeous shell-fish. And when the light of the moon rests dreaming on the bosom of the ocean, and gentle breezes, laden with fragrance, come cooling and calming from distant homes, it opens its bright-colored lips, and pours forth its mild, melancholy music that the breakers on shore are heard no longer, and the heart of man is moved. It was surely not said in vain, nor was it a mere figure of speech, when the Psalmist exclaimed, "All thy works praise thee, O Lord." For all creation unites in the vast hymn of praise that daily rises to his throne on high. The morning stars ever sing in the heavens; the mountains echo back the voice of thunders; the earthquake replies to the roar of the tempest; and even the tiny insect, in its mazy dance, adds a feeble note that is heard by Him.

INTOXICATION OF THE EAR.—During the hallucinations produced by taking the Indian hemp, the intensity of the sense of sound is most striking. The celebrated Theodore Gaultier related to Dr. Moreau, in poetic language—which it is hopeless to attempt to translate, so as to give an idea of the style of this highly imaginative author—the sensations produced. He says that his 'sense of hearing was prodigiously developed. I actually heard the noise of colors: green, red, blue, yellow sounds, reached me in waves perfectly distinct; a glass overthrown, the creaking of a footstool, a word pronounced low, vibrated and shook me like peals of thun-

der; my own voice appeared to me so loud, that I dared not speak, for fear of shattering the walls around me, or of making me burst like an explosive shell: more than five hundred clocks sang out the hour with a harmonious, silvery sound; every sonorous object sounded like the note of an harmonica or the Æolian harp; I swam or floated in an ocean of sound.' Such is the exaggerated language which has been employed by an individual whose taste and enjoyment of music have rendered his criticism on that art so much sought after.

GERMAN HEALTH.—The Germans are seldom affected with consumption. The reason of this is said to be that their lungs acquire strength by exercise in vocal music, which constitutes an essential part of their education. To this is also to be added much muscular exercise and frequency in the open air. It is a sort of religious duty with the German to spend a portion of his time in the gymnasium. The volume and strength of his lungs are attributable quite as much to his muscular as to his vocal exercise. Whoever has large and strong lungs need never fear consumption, whether he be German or not. There is much, however, to be learned from the Germans in a physical point of view. They are a social, unselfish, jolly race, and yet are substantial and thoughtful.

MISPRINTS.—Even printing has its romance; and the history of misprints—which has been already handled in magazine articles—would fill an interesting and curious volume. One of the most extraordinary typographical blunders we ever remember to have heard of, occurred in the first issue of the "Men of the Time," lately published by Mr. Bogue. Under the name of the Bishop of Oxford, the following singular statement appeared: "A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A skeptic as it regards religious revelation, he is, nevertheless, an out-and-out believer in spirit movements." The explanation of the enigma is, that a couple of lines had strayed out of the biography of Robert Owen into that of the bishop; thus causing one of the most curious misprints in the whole history of printing. We need scarcely add that, upon the discovery of the error, Mr. Bogue took measures to have it rectified.

THE DUTY OF A MOTHER.—By the quiet fire-side of home, the true mother in the midst of her children is sowing as in vases of earth, the seeds of plants that shall some time give to Heaven the fragrance of their blossoms, and whose fruit shall be to us a rosary of angelic deeds, the noblest offering that she can make through the ever-ascending and expanding souls of her children to her Maker. Every word that she utters, goes from heart to heart with a power of which she little dreams. Philosophers tell us, in their speculations, that we cannot lift a finger without moving distant spheres. Solemn is the thought that every word that falls from a mother's lips, every expression of her countenance, may leave an indelible impression upon the young souls about her, and form the underlying strain of that education which peoples heaven with celestial

beings, and gives to the white brow of the angel, next to the grace of God, its crown of glory.

In connection with the above, we copy the following from a writer in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, who thus feelingly speaks of "The Mother:"

"It has been truly said that the first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor in his heart's difficulty is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation in the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave; but she has left behind her influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office."

EXTRAORDINARY FASCINATION.—An English paper relates the following unaccountable occurrence, which took place a short time since:

"One of the most singular instances in connection with material things, exists in the case of a young man who, not very long ago, visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a large hammer, and watched with great interest its perfectly regular strokes. At first it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thin, black sheets; but the supply becoming exhausted, at last it only descended on the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motion; then he followed its strokes with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved to the same tune; and, finally, he deliberately placed his hand upon the anvil, and in a second it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was that he felt an impulse to do it; that he knew he should be disabled; that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of manner; but that he still felt the power within, above sense and reason—a morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good right hand."

NEW MODE OF ADVERTISING.—A few years ago some enterprising genius—a Yankee, of course—hit upon a cheap and excellent device to puff his wares. He had his advertisements printed on neat little paper fans, which were given away, used, and, of course, read at a great rate. Of late the "dodge" has been revived in Paris, and so much were the gay French taken with the humor and originality of the plan, that they even purchased them with avidity. They are generally carried round in the theaters, exhibition rooms, concerts, and the like, where, of course, fans are most needed. Next to advertising in a paper, this is, beyond question, one of the best means of bringing one's self before the public.

Another curious and notable device for impressing on the minds of the public the names and quality of certain goods which has of late become popular in Paris, deserves mention: Advertisements are printed or painted on the bottom of soup plates, which are presented to eating-houses, the proprietors of which are very glad to be so cheaply kept in crockery. "*Buy your coats of Stitch & Co.*" gradually becomes visible as the *potage* disappears under the spoon of the guest, and "*Try Snugglefritz's celebrated brandy!*" is inscribed on the side of the water-pitcher. Perhaps the next device will be to present hats to those gifted with sufficient cheek to wear them—hats bearing on their front and rear the address of unrivaled teas and sugars or inestimable coffees.

DIES IRÆ.—This well-known lyric, written by Thomas de Celano, is perhaps the most perfect in existence, combining, says the Church of England Quarterly, a perfect meter with perfect theology and perfect power. It is perfect in its meter, because of the grand majesty of its scansion, so eminently fitted for its subject, and especially because of the ternary rhyme, which falls, as it has been said, like the blow of a mighty hammer upon the heart, clinching each word irresistibly. It is perfect in its theology; for the aspect under which it represents the Judgment Day is one very prominent in Holy Scriptures. It is true that we are encouraged to think of it as the commencement of our eternal rest with Christ, and that beneath the shadow of His Cross we have no need for excessive alarm; but yet the invariable tenor of the passages in which the New Testament speaks of it, is one of solemn warning, as though we had to work out our own salvation with *fear and trembling*, for "if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" Moreover, we know not what language but that of this hymn could be fitting for a penitent, in the thought of coming retribution. Lastly, it is perfect, so far as a hymn can be so, in its powerful meaning: it sounds as the knell of the vanities of earth, and shines like a lurid beacon-light at an unknown distance in an unknown sea; it carries our souls forward on its rumbling thunders to that last dreadful night of Time when the vials of God's wrath shall be poured fully out, when the great white throne shall be set for judgment, and the ark of God's Church be borne over the surge of the deluge of flame to its heavenly haven.

Of this wonderful hymn there have been many English versions. Two or three of them may be found in previous numbers of THE NATIONAL. Here we copy, from the periodical above named, part of another translation, which gives, we think, a better idea of the force and rhythm of the original than any we have previously met with:

"Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See once more the Cross returning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

"O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

"Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

"Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking;
To its Judge an answer making!

"Lo, the Book, exactly worded!
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

"What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding?
When the just are mercy needing.

"Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reck'ning day's conclusion.

"GUILTY, now I pour my meaning;
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!

"Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!"

ANALYSIS OF THE BIBLE.—A writer in one of our exchanges thus soundly analyzes the Bible:

"It is a book of laws, to show the right and wrong. It is a book of wisdom, that makes the foolish wise. It is a book of truth, that detects all human errors. It is a book of life, that shows how to avoid everlasting death. It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published. It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurrences. It is a complete code of laws. It is a perfect body of divinity. It is an unequalled narrative. It is a book of biography. It is a book of travels. It is a book of voyages. It is the best covenant ever made; the best deed ever written. It is the best will ever executed; the best testament ever signed. It is the young man's best companion. It is the school-boy's best instructor. It is the learned man's masterpiece. It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and every man's directory. It promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing. But that which crowns all is the Author. He is without partiality, and without hypocrisy, 'With whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'"

SMALL CHANGE.

EVERYBODY CAN LEARN TO SING.—So we have heard a thousand times; but, according to Bishop Delancy, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the assertion is not true. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Theological Seminary in this city, the bishop related his own musical experience: When he was a young man at Yale College, he heard a sermon preached there which declared it to be the duty of every man to learn how to sing. He accordingly went to a singing master, who, after some lessons, gave him up, telling him, "Sir, you have no ear!" Fearing, however, that it might be incompetence on the part of the teacher, he went to another, who tried him patiently for some time, but at length told him, one day, "My dear sir, I do not wish to hurt your feelings; but really I do not think it is worth your while to go on, you have no voice." Still remembering the fervent exhortations of the sermon, and determined to try once more, he went to a third, who concluded his exertions at length with the testy, but perfectly correct declaration, "Sir, you have neither voice nor ear, and never can learn music if you should live to the age of Methuselah!"

We know at least one other clergyman who was never able to sing, and who has never tried since he was overheard by a little child while practicing alone in his study. The little fellow, it seems, had a musical ear, and was struck by the strange jumble of crotchets, and quavers, and meters, long, short, and peculiar, which emanated from the lips of the practicing divine. At the tea-table that night he said to his ma, "I know now where the new tunes come from." "Where do they come from?" asked his mother. "Why," he replied, his eye beaming with intelligence, "the minister has been making all kinds of new tunes all day!"

THE PIG AND THE MOCKING-BIRD.—Mr. Gasse, in the history of the birds of Jamaica, gives an amusing account of the mocking-bird. The hogs are, it seems, the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evening; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange-tree for a lucky windfall. The mocking-bird, feeling

nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins pecking away at the hog with all its might. Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it. The poor bird, in an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again, but increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give it up.

LUMINOUS ADVERTISEMENT.—The following is copied verbatim from an old English paper. The confusion of sentences is delightful—a maze of words, in which we are pulled up every now and then, and have to start afresh:

"A Boy that is inticed from his Mother, and lately gone from her along with one that goes by the Name of Dorothy Brichitt; that he robb'd his Mother of several things, that went away in a white riding Hood, and a striped Camlet Gown; and a young Child with her about 3 years old. The Boy that she has enticed from his Mother is about 14 years of Age, named Thomas Matthews. Whoever can give any Intelligence of them, so that they may be apprehended according to Law, shall have half a Guinea Reward and reasonable Charges, and send to Mr. George Baxter's, at the 'Bell,' in Church Lane, in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; to be taken in a Month's time, or else no Reward."

POTATOES vs. PRINCIPLES.—Sydney Smith once said, at an aristocratic party, that "a man, to know how bad he is, must become poor; to know how bad other people are, he must become rich. Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles."

ORATORICAL FLOURISHES.—Figures of speech are dangerous matters for orators to meddle with, and should be handled with care and skill, unless an ambitious speaker is willing to risk making himself ridiculous. A clergyman not long since reproved his congregation from the pulpit, and gravely assured them that "the hand of Providence would not wink at their transgressions!"

A descendant of one of the Revolutionary sires, in the national Legislature, astonished his brother legislators by saying: "My father and my grandfather both saw the darkness of midnight glittering in the blaze of their dwellings."

DOES THE SUN STAND STILL?—Soon after the Copernican system of Astronomy began to be generally understood, an old farmer went to his parson with the following inquiry: "Dr. T., do you believe in the new story they tell about the earth moving around the sun?" "Yes, certainly." "Do you think it is according to the Scriptures? If it is true, how could Joshua command the sun to stand still?" "Umph!" quoth the doctor, scratching his head, "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still did he not?" "Yes." "Well, it stood still, did it not?" "Yes." "Very well, did you ever hear that he set it agoing again?"

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The editor of one of our exchange papers vouches for the truth of the following: A certain reverend gentleman, one Sunday morning, was so absorbed that he walked into the wrong vestry and into the desk of a brother of a different doctrinal faith, and actually opened the meeting, and had proceeded

some ways with the services before he discovered his error. Meantime, brother No. 2 coming in found his desk occupied, and in a puzzled mood quietly took his seat with the congregation, determined to await further developments. Fancy the feelings of brother No. 1 when brother No. 2 arose and said that he had come in with the expectation of presiding over the meeting as usual, but was happy to see his desk so well occupied, and that he arose simply to endorse the remarks which his brother had just made. The congregation of brother No. 1, after waiting a sufficient length of time, concluded that from some cause they were in the predicament of the "sheep without a shepherd," and had an interesting meeting on their own hook.

THE USE OF LARGE WORDS.—Big words pass for sense with some people, and sometimes may be very successfully employed when nothing else will answer. As when a man, in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots on the sun, and thought the world must be coming to an end. "O, don't be afraid," said the good minister, "it's nothing but a phantasmagoria." "Is that all?" said the frightened man, and went away quite relieved.

MOURNER.—"What shall I do, Caroline? I'm worried almost to death. I shan't be able to go into colors this season, for doctor says husband can't possibly live long." *Caroline* (a maiden of uncertain age)—"Just like those men; there's no depending on them."

HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND FRENCH.—There are some very excellent anecdotes told of the Orientals now in Paris; and the following one is related of a distinguished Arab chief:

"One day," says the narrator, "he visited the National Library of this city. He was there introduced to a Professor of Arabic, who commenced talking to him the Arabic of the French Institute, which very much resembled in perfection—the French of the American boarding schools. After listening some minutes with a great deal of sang froid, the Emir ordered his interpreter to say to the learned professor that he did not understand French."

CLERICAL JOKE.—A friend in a neighboring city sends us the following: A Dutch Reformed clergyman and a High Church Episcopalian minister were conversing together one day in the streets of Brooklyn, when a Baptist preacher, famous for jests, approached them; he laid his hand familiarly on the shoulder of the Dutch reformer, remarking, Here is the Gospel; and then placing the other on the shoulder of the Episcopalian, he observed, And here the Law. The Episcopalian pointed at the Baptist and responded, And there is the Apocrypha between the two. The Baptist coolly walking on, observed, Domine, I owe you one.

LISPING.—The following extraordinary incident in the experience of a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is said to be a positive fact, and we give it in his own words, as related by him:

"A couple brought their little child to me one day to be baptized, and upon my inquiring the name chosen, to my astonishment I heard sounds which resembled very much one of the titles bestowed upon the arch enemy of mankind. Supposing that my ears

deceived me, I inquired again, when the same word, to my horror, was more distinctly repeated. 'Lucifer!' said I to myself, 'impossible. I cannot baptize a child by such a name.' I bent over once more, and a third time asked the question. The answer was still the same, and repeated louder and with an emphasis, as if the parent were determined to have that name or none. By this time my situation had become embarrassing, for there was I, in the presence of the whole waiting congregation, standing up with the baby in my arms, which, to add to my consternation, set up a squall as if to convince me he was entitled to the name. I could stand the scene no longer; so, hastily dipping my finger in the font, and resolving he should have a good name, as opposite as possible to the diabolical one so strangely selected, I baptized the infant George Washington. I thought the parents looked queer at the time, but the rite was performed, the baby had got an excellent name, and I was relieved. But conceive, if you can, my confusion, when, after service, the father and mother came into the vestry, and the latter bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'O, thir, what have you done? Ith a girl, Ith a girl, and you've called her George Washington! My poor little Luthy, my dear little Luthy!' Alas, the mother *lisped*, and when I asked for the name, she meaning to be very polite, and to say, 'Lucy, sir,' in reply to my question, had said, 'Luthy, thir,' which I mistook for Lucifer. What was to be done? I consoled the afflicted parents as well as I was able, and promised to enter the name in the parish registry and town records as Lucy, which I did; but for all that, the girl's genuine, orthodox name is George Washington."

WELL POSTED UP.—A recent number of the *Kilkenny Sentinel* (Irish) "does" the following, in its foreign news from America. It says:

"National Presidential Conventions were held at Princeburg, Philadelphia. Only two names, George Saw and Millard Philsmare, have as yet been announced."

LATIN QUOTATIONS.—Very like the mistake of the amorous youth who informed his lady-love that *Deo Volanti*, he would see her on the following evening, was that of the secretary of a reverend body of divines who recorded at the close of his journal—Adjourned *Sine Deo*. There was, after all, no great mistake made by either of these scribes, if the former alluded to the pagan Cupid; and if the latter referred to the fact, that the assembly dispersed without the benediction.

DOING IT TOO EASY.—Winchell, the humorist, tells a story of a dog, who undertook to jump across a well in two jumps. There are a great many people just like that dog—folks who think they can jump across a well in two jumps. They that undertake it, usually "bring up" down in the water.

AN IDEA FOR THE BLOOMERS.—The Circassian women, noted the world over for beauty, adopt a mode of dress which denotes their position in society. If a fair lass should chance to attract the admiring glances of a gallant knight in search of a wife, he can always tell by the color of her trowsers, whether the wearer be maid, wife, or widow; virgin white being worn by the young girls, red by her who has assumed the duties of a matron, and blue by the hapless dame who mourns the death of her lord.

WHISKERS.—A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that the wearing of whiskers was unprofessional. "Right!" responded his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too bare-faced."

Recent Publications.

Or a volume noticed by us favorably while going through the press we have the following from the pen of a gentleman who has himself written upon the same great subject, and who is, therefore, well qualified to give a reliable opinion. It is *The Central Idea of Christianity*, by Jesse T. Peck, D. D. This, says our correspondent, is a new work of three hundred and eighty-nine pages, from the press of *H. V. Degen, Boston*. The enterprising publisher has performed his part excellently, presenting the work in a most inviting dress. The author is well known, and whatever of defects a censorious criticism might detect in his work, we are persuaded, on the whole, that it will not only add to his literary reputation, but that it is destined to do great and enduring good. The subject treated is Christian holiness. The author, while strictly Wesleyan, has happily succeeded in divesting his book of a controversial spirit. In a plain, straightforward method he pursues his subject, suffusing every page with a genial and ardent piety, which cannot fail to commend him even to those who may on many points of theory differ from him. To those Christians who desire to read what will entertain them, and, we believe, profit them also, we most heartily commend this excellent work. The contents are, 1. The Central Idea Ascertained. 2. The Central Idea Defined. 3. The Central Idea Neglected. 4. The Central Idea in its Claims. 5. The Central Idea in its Councils. 6. The Central Idea in its Appeals. There may be a question as to the propriety of the title of the work—we think there is—but the vein of thought and argument throughout is clear and well sustained. The entire holiness of man, if not the central idea of the Bible, is shown to be the great aim and end of the whole scheme of salvation. The councils embodied in the fifth chapter are timely and prudent: and the appeals contained in the sixth and closing section, are such as ought to move the hearts of good men to higher efforts after that holiness without which no man can see God. Without endorsing every word and sentence, or becoming responsible for every sentiment and argument contained in the book, we repeat it is worthy of a place in any library or on any center-table in the land.

One of the best books of the season, the most faultless in style, and full of food for thought, has reached us, from the press of *Svoornstedt & Pae, Cincinnati*. It is entitled *Educational Essays*. By E. Thomson, D.D., LL.D. They are accompanied by a page and a half of preface from the pen of Rev. D. W. Clark, D.D., by whom the volume is "edited." The essays are upon a variety of topics, indicating great versatility on the part of the accomplished author. They contain many striking passages which we had marked for quotation, but for which we have no room at present. We refer our readers to the volume itself. It has our most hearty commendation.

We are indebted to the author, and should have made the acknowledgment some months ago, for a copy of *The Christian Virtues personified and exhibited as a divine Family. An Illustrated Allegory*. By Rev. D. D. Buck. The writer evinces ingenuity in the construction of his Allegory, the perusal of which cannot fail to contribute to the amusement and instruction of "the intelligent and pure minded," to whom the volume is "affectionately and respectfully dedicated." It is a well-printed duodecimo of two hundred and ninety pages, from the press of *Miller, Orton, & Mulligan*.

The Messrs. *Harper* have republished in a neat 18mo volume of 350 pages, *The Tongue of Fire; or, the True Power of Christianity*. By William Arthur, A.M. The allusion is to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost; and the subject-matter of the treatise is the fulfillment of Christ's promise to send the Comforter, the effects immediately following that wonderful event, and the benefits thence resulting. These points are discussed with much warmth of feeling and in chaste and glowing language. The practical lessons drawn from the subject are eloquently pointed out in the concluding chapter. They are comprised under the three heads, a lesson on the *Source* of power, one on the way to obtain power, and one, by far the most important, on the scale on which our expectations of success should be framed. In the course of his remarks on public preaching, Mr. Arthur adverts to a very common fallacy:

"It is often assumed that speaking is a natural exercise, and therefore needs no instruction. The word 'speaking' covers a fallacy. Conversation in a moderate tone, and at short intervals, is a natural exercise of the voice; public speaking, in an elevated tone, and for an hour together, is an artificial one. Except in very rare cases of persons singularly favored by nature, this artificial exercise is never performed with the ease of the natural one; and how often it impairs, and even destroys health, is too notorious to need any mention. Such writers as Mr. Cull and Dr. Rush, show that under proper training public speaking may become as easy and as healthy for persons of sound organs as singing is; and to the neglect of this we owe the loss, in their prime, of many of the best and ablest preachers that ever lived."

Our author's remarks on the subject of reading discourses and memoriter preaching are worthy of consideration:

"While, however, we contend that it is the duty of all who take any part in teaching, to labor to the utmost for every qualification helpful to their work, two things are to be forever and guardedly shut out. The one is, aiming at giving intellectual pleasure, instead of producing religious impression; the other, being careful about words in the pulpit, so as to interfere with dependence upon God for utterance. In the study, attention to style ought to be with a view, not to beauty, but to power. In the pulpit, all thought of style is thought wasted, and even worse. The gift of prophesying in its very ideal excludes relying for utterance upon a manuscript or upon memory. It is the delivery of truth by the help of God. The feeling of every man standing up in the Lord's name ought to be, 'I am not here to acquit myself well, nor to deliver a good discourse; but after having made my best efforts to study and to digest the truth, I am here to say just what God may enable me to say, to be enlarged

or to be straitened, according as he may be pleased to give me utterance or not."

"With this feeling of the preacher all appearances ought to correspond. It ought to be manifest that, while he has done what in him lies to be thoroughly furnished, he is *trusting* for utterance to help from above, and not *insuring* it by natural means—either a manuscript or memory. We put these two together, because we do not see that any distinction really exists between them. The plea that the manuscript is more honest than *memoriter* preaching has some force, but certainly not much; for he that reads from his memory is, to the feeling and instinct of his hearers, as much reading as he who reads from his manuscript. In neither case are the thoughts and feelings gushing straight from the mind, and clothing themselves as they come. The mind is taking up words from paper or from memory, and doing its best to animate them with feeling. Even intellectually, the operation is essentially different from speaking, and the difference is felt by all. For literary purposes, for intellectual gratification, both have a decided advantage over speaking; but for the purposes of pleading, entreating, winning, and creating a sense of fellowship, for impelling and arousing, for doing good—speaking is the natural, this is the Creator's instrument.

"We never say, nor think of saying that God will not bless sermons read, either from the manuscript or from the memory; for we are sure that both these modes are resorted to by holy and earnest servants of His, who seek His blessing, and obtain it to the saving of many souls. All we say of reading, either from the manuscript or the memory, is, that it is not Scriptural preaching. It is not ministering after the mode of Pentecostal Christianity; it is a departure from Scriptural precedent, an adoption of a lower order of public ministration, and a solemn declaration that security of utterance gained by natural supports, is preferred over a liability to be humiliated by trusting to the help of the Lord. It has its clear advantages, and its clear losses. It secures a gain of elegance, at the cost of ease—of finish, at the cost of freedom—of precision, at that of power—and of literary pleasure, at that of religious impressiveness."

The Convert's Counselor respecting his Church relations; or, Popular Objections to Methodism considered and answered; with Reasons why Methodist Converts should join a Methodist Church. An Antidote to certain recent publications assailing the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Daniel Wise. (Boston: J. P. Magee.) The title of this volume (18mo, pp. 254) fully expresses the author's object in preparing it, and that object is carried out in a neat and forcible manner. Few writers are equal to Mr. Wise in handling controverted points; and in those sections of the country where Methodist doctrines and usages have been unjustifiably assailed, this little book will prove an admirable antidote.

Every Biblical student owes a debt of gratitude to John Kitto, who has done more to illustrate the Bible than any man of his age. His works upon this and kindred subjects are a library of themselves. In 1835 he published the "Pictorial Bible," with original notes, in four quarto volumes; also the notes separately in five volumes octavo. In 1840 appeared his "Pictorial History of Palestine and the Holy Land," including a complete history of the Jews, in two volumes octavo. This was followed by three quarto volumes entitled "Gallery of Scripture Engravings, Historical and Landscape, with Descriptions, historical, geographical, and critical." Soon afterward he published "The Pictorial Sunday Book," with above thirteen hundred engravings, and in 1845 the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," in two volumes octavo, of nearly a thousand pages each. Then, successively, not to mention his lesser works, he gave

to the world his "Journal of Sacred Literature," the first series in seven, and the second series in four volumes; "Daily Bible Illustrations," in four volumes; "Scripture Lands," with a Biblical Atlas of twenty-four maps; "Sunday Readings for Christian Families;" and another series of "Daily Bible Illustrations," in four volumes. Most of these works have been republished by Carter & Brothers, of this city, who have also just reprinted the "Memoirs" of this remarkable man, *compiled chiefly from his Letters and Journals*, by J. E. Ryland, A.M., with a critical estimate of Dr. Kitto's Life and Writings, by Professor Eadie, in two volumes 12mo. He died on the 25th of November, 1854. We intend in a future number to give a sketch of his eventful life.

The Gospel Ministry; its Characteristics and Qualifications. By Rev. Alfred Brunson, A.M. A neatly printed pamphlet of seventy pages, in which the writer gives his views on the subject of Theological Seminaries. He is not in favor of them by any means, and goes a little out of his way to ridicule those who are. Of a well-known minister whom he supposes to have put forth erroneous views on that subject, our author says, intending to be severely sarcastic: "Possibly it was a misfortune to the Church and the world that ——— was not living at the time our Lord was on earth, to advise him better in selecting his ministers!" Mr. Brunson tells us why he opposed the election of Dr. Fisk to the Episcopacy. "I was then, and still am opposed," he says, "to electing men to superintend and oversee the great itinerant machinery, who, themselves, have had but little or no experience in it." The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church did not agree with him, and Dr. Fisk was elected. By the way, it is a little remarkable that of the men elected to the Episcopacy during the last quarter of a century, the General Conference has invariably selected those who have had experience in other directions, rather than in what Mr. Brunson calls "the rough and tumble work of the itinerancy." Thus in 1832 they elected J. Emory, the Book Agent. In 1836 they elected B. Waugh, the Book Agent, W. Fisk, the President of a College, and T. A. Morris, an Editor. In 1844 they elected L. L. Hamline, an Editor, and E. S. Jones, one of the Secretaries of the American Bible Society. In 1852 they elected Levi Scott, the Assistant Book Agent, M. Simpson, an Editor, O. C. Baker, a Professor in a Theological School, and E. R. Ames, who was, we believe, at the time, in the regular work, but who had become extensively known by his official station as Missionary Secretary for the West.

The Life and Travels of Herodotus in the Fifth Century before Christ: an imaginary biography founded on fact. By J. Talboys Wheeler. In two volumes 12mo, pp. 445, 466. We have seldom met with a work blending so much instruction and amusement. The imaginary biography, including the travels of the hero, is as full of interest as a romance, while the manners, literature, arts, and social condition of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and other ancient nations, are delineated with wonderful accuracy. The sacred and the profane

history of the world are connected, and the times of Pericles and Nehemiah are brought vividly before the reader. (Reprinted from the English edition by Harper & Brothers.)

Mason & Brothers publish a stout volume of nearly seven hundred pages, entitled *The Humorous Poetry of the English Language, from Chaucer to Saxe, with notes explanatory and biographical*. By J. Parton. Such a mass of fun was never before bound up in one volume. It includes Satires, Parodies, Epigrams, Burlesques, and, in fact, all the best comic poetry in the language, gleaned from the writings of Cowper, Swift, Lamb, Southey, Holmes, Byron, Hood, and others too numerous to mention. The compiler has carefully omitted all those poems, and they are more numerous in the English language than in any other, which are marred by coarseness of phraseology and obscenity of thought. There is a time to laugh, and this collection may be safely commended to those who have a difficulty in finding anything to laugh at. "An unexpected feature of the book," says the compiler, in his preface, "is that there is not a line in it by a female hand. The alleged foibles of the fair have given occasion to libraries of comic verse; yet with diligent search, no humorous poems by women have been found which are of sufficient merit to give them claim to a place in a collection like this."

Helen Lincoln, a Tale, by Carrie Capron, is an interesting story, moral in its tone, and far superior to the ordinary novels with which the press is flooding the country. It is inscribed by the fair author "To my brother 'who is not, for God took him,' and to my sister, whose smiles still lighten life's pathway." (Harper & Brothers.)

We are more and more gratified at the issue (by Lindsay and Blakiston, of Philadelphia) of Dr. Bomberger's "Condensed Translation of Hrtweg's Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopedia, of which we have received Part II., coming down to 'Arminius.'" The original, now in course of publication in Germany, will be the most comprehensive and scholarly reference-book of the kind undertaken, even in that learned and thorough-going country, and the translation by the American editor and his co-laborers appears to preserve, and in some respects to improve the valuable character of the German edition. Fortunately for the public, it is issued in convenient parts, at 50 cents each, as it is prepared, so that subscribers may begin to use it at once. It is a mine of theological and ecclesiastical history and literature, and when completed will be the best alphabetical manual of these topics that is extant. It includes explanations of all conventional terms.

Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in Indianapolis, Indiana. Published by order of the Conference. This pamphlet contains the doings of this large body of Christian ministers at their last quadrennial session in Indianapolis, together with all the reports adopted during the session. It was printed under the direction of Dr. Harris, the Secretary of the Conference—by the way, one of the best Secretaries we ever saw—and will be

of special interest to the ministry and membership of the Church.

The *Church Review*, for July, has articles on High Church and Low Church, Prescott's Philip the Second, the Clergy and the World, Free Seats or Pews, &c. We have already adverted to the fact, that while the Methodists, whose Discipline, until lately, tolerated only free seats, are now almost everywhere building houses of worship with pews to sell or rent, the Episcopalians are in many directions making efforts to build churches with seats free to all who choose to enter. The writer of the article referred to discusses the question with ability, and gives the main arguments on both sides of the question. The article on High Church and Low Church is rather severe upon Puseyian notions and Tractarianism. The Church is made ridiculous, we are told, by the excessive importance given to things in themselves trifling and insignificant:

"It looks as though we were not very much in earnest as to the great objects for which the Church exists, when questions of posture, and vestments, and furniture, and ornaments are made prominent. It does not look as though we appreciated the momentous nature of the battle we are to wage, when the tie of a sword-knot is cared for more than the temper of the blade. It is an awful thing to see parishes divided, churches copied, the peace of families disturbed, and confidence in the ministry shaken, because of the pertinacity with which one party will insist upon the introduction of some *obsolete ceremony*, some *trifling innovation*, which, though in itself harmless enough, and perhaps an actual improvement in point of *taste and beauty*, has connected with it such *associations* as to make it an offense to a large portion of the congregation. . . . One section can pray to edification only before a stone altar, with embroidered cloths; . . . one can read and preach with proper unction only from a bronze eagle or a simple music-stand; . . . one is not happy, unless he can have his sedilia, and credence-table, and litany desk, and gilded crosses, and double choir and antiphonal singing, and a general marching and countermarching through the services. . . . The prominence given to matters of this sort does not help the reputation of the Church, nor does it conduce to our own intellectual or moral elevation. When the mind deals habitually with small things it gradually contracts itself to the narrow dimensions of the subjects with which it has to do."

The *Methodist Quarterly Review* for July contains a second paper on the character and writings of *Archdeacon Hare*; an illustrated article on the *Chinese Language* spoken at Fuh Chau, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. White, a returned missionary; a critique on *Dante*, of whom the writer tells us "The French seem fast repairing their long neglect;" and a paper of equal profundity on *Alchemy and the Alchemists*. The more practical and readable articles are, one from the pen of the Rev. W. Hamilton on *Early Methodism in Maryland*, neatly written, instructive, and evincing a truly Catholic spirit; an acute, critical examination of the *figures in the Biblical Chronology of Dr. Akers*, by Professor Strong; and an appreciative sketch of *Sydney Smith*, to whom, as a wit and a clergyman, the writer does ample justice. It comes somewhat late, indeed, but we regard this as the best among the very numerous articles called forth, on both sides of the Atlantic, by the memoir of this remarkable man. Of Sydney's wit the writer says:

"It was a tropical luxuriance, in which soil and sunshine did their utmost in the way of growth and flowering. The pages of the memoir are full of his

peculiar sayings, and we suspect that the daughter has collected only a small proportion. Jean Paul says, that the current of thought, in some men, cannot run steadily on, but it is ever leaping up in jets. Sydney Smith's wit was perfectly spontaneous. There was no effort to invent resemblances, or to force a thought into a grotesque shape. Others have been famous for wit, but Sydney Smith had it as an intellectual power, and it assumed a more dignified rank in him than in any one whose name is associated with it. Not often does it stand by itself, a freak of the mind apart from its usual exhibitions; nor does it save itself for great occasions, as if it were a state wardrobe for magnificent display. A portion of the texture of his intellect, it was a natural outgrowth of active, energetic, versatile thought, and it blends harmoniously and effectually with his discussions and descriptions. Proof of this is found in the fact that, while he uttered many strikingly humorous remarks in a sort of detached manner, yet his best things are closely intertwined with weighty reasoning and earnest appeal. It was the flavor of his mind, not a sauce that the epicureanism of Gore House can furnish to a dish, but the genuine juice of the fruit. No one was less of an adept in the arbitrary collocation of words and images. Wit manufacture was not to his taste; he was too serious and direct for that laborious amusement. Play with his thoughts, and play with exuberant sportiveness, he would; but the thoughts themselves always maintained their inherent force, and the dalliance was only a pleasant accompaniment to their progress. It was not the wit of South, that needed controversy to give it edge, or some mark, like Jeremy Taylor, to make it keen and probing; it was not the wit of Fuller, bubbling up through every open crevice, and quivering, like a gentle gas-flame, that has been ignited by contact with the air; nor was it the quaint wit of Charles Lamb, leading off his intellect into hidden by-paths, and holding a strange monologue over the most eccentric, antiquated, obsolete specimens of humanity that his search could exhumate. Free from the savage vices of Swift's, and too healthy and ruddy to need the champagne that convivialized Theodore Hook's into the revelry of the dinner-table, the wit of Sydney Smith may well serve as a practical comment on the remark of the great theologian, Isaac Barrow: 'Allowable pleasantry may be expedient to put the world out of conceit that all sober and good men are a sort of lumps of iron or sour people; that they can utter nothing but flat and drowsy stuff,' and, to his praise it may be said, that so dangerous a weapon has rarely been used with more discretion and delicacy."

Of his Christian character the reviewer says:

"Tried by an evangelical standard, Sydney Smith certainly does not satisfy us. If not worldly-minded, he was too much in an atmosphere of worldliness. There was nothing wrong in his intimacy at Holland House, nor is he to be blamed for enjoying a good dinner whenever it came in his way. His wit and humor were God's gifts, and he generally used them in an amiable and unobjectionable manner. Exhilarating as his spirits were, they never transcended the bounds of refined and cultivated taste. The effervescence was not the froth of poisonous liquor, but the white foam of a stream that irrigated and refreshed the landscape through which it flowed. Table-pleasures were valued more for the mind than the body, and his wonderful powers of conversation were not wasted on trifles. All his friends represent him as most charming in his serious moods, and even fashionable women, who courted his acquaintance for the zest of his lighter talk, bear testimony to the edifying and ennobling qualities of the man. And yet it is sad to think that one so richly endowed; one so frank, cordial, truthful, exemplary; one of so much purpose, ability, and rectitude, should have fallen short of the measure of a thoroughly devout Christian, and missed the mark of an humble, godly, useful minister of Christ."

The Christian Review is always a welcome visitor. It is conducted with ability; and, although faithful to the interests of the denomination by which it is mainly sustained, (the Baptist,) it is generally free from sectarian bitterness. The number for July has a review of the Life of Jesus by Strauss; an article on Macaulay's History of England; one on the

Life of Goethe, and several others. From an essay entitled "Elements of Greatness in the Pulpit Orator," we make an extract, very pertinent, as we deem, in these days of milk-and-waterish fastidiousness among men set for the defense of the Gospel:

"A bold and earnest delivery constitutes no insignificant part of a preacher's power. Everywhere, in every serious business, boldness and energy of action not only have a strong bearing on the point of success, but are of themselves exceedingly agreeable, stirring up and exhilarating the spirits alike of performers and of spectators. For entertaining and displaying this life, this vigor, there is in public speaking the most ample scope. At the bar, in the Senate chamber, and even before the grave tribunal, scarcely any limits are prescribed to the vehemence of the orator. He is allowed to imagine that the case he is conducting absorbs all human interests throughout all time. And, if this sublime conception, like the electric element, fill him, soul and body, with contagious fire, so that over all the breathless throng it spreads in one continuous sheet, still the stigma of hair-brained enthusiasm is not suffered to light on him. Such a man is a 'magnus Apollo.'"

"If now, such is the warmth allowed by all men to secular oratory, must the pulpit orator be placed under limitations? Must no scenes attendant on man's dying hour, no images of the grand and terrible, standing out in relief on the judgment-day, no wallings from below, no halcidiahs from above, be allowed to inflame his spirit? Must no lightning flash from his eye? Must nothing thrill from his tongue? Must no muscle of his frame be in unusual play? Must the preacher alone of all public speakers be self-possessed and cool? Such, indeed, is the decision of some who affect to be more purely intellectual than the mass of their race, and who, to support this affectation, will decry and avoid a ministry characterized by a direct and impassioned eloquence."

The Quarterly Review of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for July, has a very good likeness of Bishop Paine, and contains a variety of articles, several of them of more than ordinary merit. The entire number is exceedingly creditable to the gifted editor, the Rev. Dr. Doggett, and to the publishers, Messrs. Stevenson and Evans. From a spicy article on Surnames, we quote:

"A very distinguished authority in the world of letters has said, 'What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet.' But there can be little doubt, that the great bard was inwardly chuckling at his own sophism when he wrote these words, and imagining how a rose would smell if called by some of those mal-odorous names, which he could much easier think than we could write in such a performance as this. Indeed, we have not the smallest doubt, that Shakespeare could have invented a name for a rose that would have kept it in bad odor as long as the name clung to it; and that would have been as long as it existed. No one knew better than Shakespeare that there was a great deal in a name; and no one would have been farther from calling a hero Sir Andrew Aguecheek, or a dignified jurist Dogberry or Shallow. Names are things; as many men have found to their cost, when, like their unfortunate brethren of the canine family, of whom the proverb speaks, they have had a bad name fastened on them. But names have not only a significance in the present, but also a relation to the past, that makes them to be histories, as well as biographies, in epitome; histories that are sometimes like the Egyptian hieroglyphics, wrapped in mystery and enigma."

"As they now exist, they give rise to curious combinations and juxtapositions. Thus, an old bachelor of eighty, named Benjamin Bird, married Mrs. Julia Chaff, aged thirty, proving, contrary to the proverb, that it was possible to catch an old bird with chaff. A Mr. Good was married to a Miss Evil, illustrating the union of good and evil often found in this world, and showing how good may be produced from evil: A Mr. Brass was joined to a Miss Mould; while two Messrs. Lamb, of London, married two Misses Wolfe, of Ewell; a fact which we wonder some of our inter-

preters of prophecy have not cited as a proof of the approach of the millennium. A physician had the ominous name of Dr. *Slaughter*, and another that of Dr. *Toothaker*, and Dr. *Churchyard* and *Coffin*; and a mercantile firm the suggestive one of *Ketchum & Cheatham*; which, giving rise to ill-natured remarks, they resolved to obviate them by inserting the initials of their Christian names, which were Isaiah and Uriah; but, to their consternation, they found that the sign then read, I. Ketchum & U. Cheatham. Mr. Gagger was a lawyer, in Albany, in 1852, and Mr. Sly, another in Frederic, Md., and a dancing master in Philadelphia was unhappily named Mr. *Whale*, by no means as happy a cognomen as another, Mr. *Lightfoot*. A young lady had the industrial appellation of *Pámaris Three Needles*; while another had the unfortunate one, in this hearse-hunting age, of *Grave Four-acres*; and another, whom the record mischievously hints, was a lady of uncertain and rather mature age, was named *Witt Stult Gutterer*. In other cases they are more appropriate. Thus, Drs. *Phygie* and *Harte-horn* were eminent physicians, and Messrs. *Law* and *Lee*, lawyers in Philadelphia; *Henry Moist*, a waterman; Rev. Mr. *Yocum* solemnizes most of the marriages at Appleton, Wisconsin; Mr. *Thunder* and Mr. *Loud* are organists in a Northern city; Mr. *Owings*, an insolvent debtor; Mr. *Boring*, a Methodist preacher, whose sermons were likely to be very penetrating, and Mr. *Slicer*, one who is well known to be pretty keen in the use of the weapons of his spiritual warfare. Southey's Doctor exclaims, what a name is *Lamb* for a soldier, *Joy* for an undertaker, *Rich* for a pauper, *Big* for a lean or little person, *Small* for one who is broad in the rear and abominous in the van, *Short* for a fellow six feet high without his shoes, *Long* for him whose high heels will hardly elevate him to the height of five, *Sweet* for one with a vinegar face or fiery complexion, and *Merryweather* for any one in November or February."

The English Reviewers, the *London Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, the *North British*, and the *Westminster*, continue to be reprinted with undeviating punctuality by *Leonard Scott & Co.*, of this city. We prefer them in the American dress to the original English copies, and they are furnished at the exceedingly low price of three dollars each per annum. The whole four, including also *Blackwood's Magazine*, a fac simile of the Edinburgh edition, may be had for ten dollars a year. That sum cannot be laid out to better purpose by those who wish to keep abreast of the classic literature of the age.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS.—In this department the press has been more than usually prolific. We must afford room briefly to notice those upon our table.

(1.) *Food for Lambs*, a little volume admirably adapted for the use of those who occupy that noble field in the Sunday school, the infant class. It is also well adapted for parents who desire to lead their little ones in the right way. It was prepared by *Mrs. L. A. Holdich*, to whose graceful pen Sunday schools are under obligations for several interesting volumes.

(2.) *Consecutive Questions on the Gospel of John*, of which no other commendation is needed than to say that it is edited by the Rev. Dr. Kidder.

(3.) *Sketches of My School-Mates*. By H. P. W. Interesting details of the work of grace in the hearts of several young disciples, related in a simple style, and making a volume well adapted to Sunday-school libraries.

(4.) *Fields and Woodlands*, another pleasing narrative by the author of that well known favorite in the Sabbath school, "Little Ella."

(5.) *Memorials of Margaret Elizabeth*. Margaret Elizabeth was an interesting girl, of more than ordinary talents, and of decided piety. She passed from earth to heaven at the early age of nineteen; and here we have a touchingly written sketch of her life, with selections from her writings in prose and in verse.

(6.) *The Delmont Family* is a series of familiar conversations between Aunt Maria and her little friends on a variety of important subjects, such as Contentment, Patience, Kindness, Obedience, Truth, Industry. The several subjects are illustrated with interesting facts and anecdotes.

(7.) *The Life of Robert R. Roberts*, from the pen of the Rev. B. St. James Fry, is an admirably condensed sketch of the labors of this venerable servant of God. It is mainly founded upon the biography written by Dr. Elliott, but contains some new matter, and is well calculated to interest juvenile readers.

The preceding are from the press of *Carlton & Porter*. From the *Baptist Publication Society* we have

(8.) *Blossoms of Piety*, culled from the *Recollections of a Sabbath-School Teacher*, being brief memoirs of three Sunday-school scholars, girls who loved Christ, and who were translated at an early age up into the paradise above.

Literary Record.

The Empire of Brazil.—The Bible Record, the organ of the American Bible Society, has recently published a series of very interesting letters from the pen of the Rev. J. C. Fletcher, who, as the society's agent, has been engaged in a tour of Bible distribution along the Brazilian coast. Mr. Fletcher has been pursuing the course and following the tract of a missionary of our own Church, the Rev. D. P. Kidder, who, nearly twenty years ago, personally distributed the word of God in all the principal cities of Brazil, from San Paulo, three hundred miles south of Rio de Janeiro, to Para, two thousand three hundred miles north. It is

heart cheering to perceive from Mr. Fletcher's correspondence how many of the former things remain, and the obvious proofs that the word of the Lord, however widely dispersed abroad, does not return unto him void. As Dr. Kidder's mission resulted in a book on Brazil, the only one, in fact, up to this time, which gives a comprehensive view of the country, so Mr. Fletcher's return is to be followed by the issue of another, in which, for the sake of making it complete, both the gentlemen referred to will be interested in a species of joint authorship. Their united observations in the country cover nearly twenty years, a period of great interest

and extraordinary development in the only empire of the American continent, and we can venture to promise the reading public that "Brazil and the Brazilians," as the new book is to be called, will be found worthy of general attention, and, in fact, indispensable to all well-selected libraries.

The Law Library of New-York.—There is probably no Law Library in the country which has upon its shelves so rich and valuable a collection of rare works on legal topics. The catalogue comprises a very full collection of Reports of cases in the American, English, Scotch, and Irish Courts; sets of American and English Statute Law; the publications of the English Record Commission; and, in addition to the less rare and curious volumes which are set forth in all the glory of fresh sheepskin, there is a set nearly complete, of English Reports from the year 1216 (reign of Henry III.) down to the present time. *The State Papers* of England and America are a feature of this Institution of peculiar value. Among the documents pertaining to American History are the charters of the American colonies, Congressional Papers from 1791 down to the present time, and New-York State Papers since 1691. The English and Irish Records, in which this Library is peculiarly full and rich, contain complete accounts of the foundation of British and American Law. The early laws of the Anglo-Saxons; those of England under William the Conqueror, the laws ascribed to Henry I., and the "Monumenta Ecclesiastica," from the seventh century to the tenth century, are among the documents which will be found to possess interest and attraction; not for the lawyer only, but for the antiquarian as well.

Paris papers report the death and funeral of Augustin Thierry, one of the most distinguished writers of our time, and particularly popular in England as the historian of the Conquest. For more than twenty years Thierry had suffered from paralysis and partial blindness, the effect of over-work; but his intellect remained clear to the last hour. His remains were attended to the grave by nearly all that is left in Paris of the body of his contemporaries and compeers.

Poems.—Under the title of "Sebastopol," a volume of poems, of considerable merit, with the Crimean war for the subject, has appeared in Breslau, by Gottshall. A humorous poem, called "Frottila," hitherto quite unknown, has been published at Florence; it is asserted to be by Petrarch. A new edition of Dante's minor poems has been published in Florence.

From a most interesting work, "Glimpses of Life in Persia," by Lady Shiel, just issued from the London press, we take the following thrilling scene, which is strictly Oriental from beginning to end. It refers to what followed after the suppression of a Bábée conspiracy, in which an attempt was made on the life of the Shah when out hunting:

"About thirty persons were put to death, and, as is customary in that sect, or, perhaps, in all new sects, they met their doom without shrinking. Suleiman Khan, the chief of the conspirators, and two others suffered torture previously to execution. The last two were either cut to pieces, or shot or blown from mortars. Holes were pierced in various parts of Suleiman

Khan's body, into which lighted candles were placed, and allowed to burn down to the flesh, and, while still alive, he was divided into two parts with a hatchet. During these horrible tortures he is said to have preserved his fortitude to the last, and to have danced to the place of execution in defiance of his tormentors, and of the agony caused by the burning candles. Among the conspirators was a moolia of some reputation. After the attack on the Shah had failed, he had persisted in urging on the accomplishment of the plot. He told the disciples that the work must not be left incomplete, and that he was resolved to bare his arm, and, sword in hand, to attack the Shah on his entrance into Tehran; that if they saw him lying as if dead, they were not to believe it; they were to fight, and he would rise, and be among them. Strange was the device adopted by the Prime Minister to elude the danger personal to himself of slaying so many fanatical Bábées. Their vengeance was to be apprehended, as about this time many persons were unaccountably murdered in Tehran, who, it was supposed, had been too explicit in the expression of their feelings against Bábecism. His excellency resolved to divide the execution of the victims among the different departments of the state; the only person he exempted was himself. First came the Shah, who was entitled to kissias, or legal retaliation, for his wound. To save the dignity of the crown, the steward of the household, as the Shah's representative, fired the first shot at the conspirator selected as his victim, and his deputies, the *ferashes*, completed the work. The Prime Minister's son headed the Home Office, and slew another Bábée. Then came the Foreign Office. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a pious, silly man, who spent his time in coming over the traditions of Mohammed, with averted face made the first sword-cut, and then the Under Secretary of State and clerks of the Foreign Office hewed their victim into pieces. The priesthood, the merchants, the artillery, the infantry, had each their allotted Bábée. Even the Shah's admirable French physician, the late lamented Dr. Cloquet, was invited to show his loyalty by following the example of the rest of the court. He excused himself, and pleasantly said he killed too many men professionally to permit him to increase their number by any voluntary homicide on his part. The *Sadr* was reminded that these barbarous and unheard-of proceedings were not only revolting in themselves, but would produce the utmost horror and disgust in Europe. Upon this he became very much excited, and asked angrily, 'Do you wish the vengeance of all the Bábées to be concentrated upon me alone?'

Of the "Histoire de France," by M. Henri Martin, the seventh volume has been published. It comprises the time from the end of the reign of Louis the Eleventh up to the first years of the reign of Francis the First, and distinguishes itself by an excellent *exposé* of the history of arts and sciences in France and Italy during the Renaissance period.

Another Biography of Heine.—Herr Alfred Meissner, the German lyrist, is about to write an extensive biography of the late Heinrich Heine. Herr Julius Campe, Heine's publisher, has furnished the biographer with a great part of the materials of his work.

Mr. Rogers's library, which took six days to sell, has realized, after all, no very great sum; and by far the larger proportion of even this is due rather to volumes of engravings and etchings, and to those works which are decorously disguised in the catalogues under the title of *facéties*, than to the value of the works properly so called. To indicate the extent to which the class above referred to existed in the collection, we may mention that two copies of the "Hypneromachia" of Poliphilus were put up for sale: one copy (an *editio primaria*) realized £13, and the other, £7.

A fourth edition of M. de Montalembert's "Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre" has been published at Paris.

Arts and Sciences.

Washington's Statue.—This beautiful work of art, which was inaugurated on the 4th of July, was commenced on the 22d of February, 1852, and the model was completed in the autumn of 1855. The casting was made at the Chickopee Foundry, near Springfield, Massachusetts, in June of the present year. The bronze is of a very beautiful quality, although some persons will find it lighter than they expected, but time and the weather will darken it. The metal is composed of copper—eighty-eight parts; tin, nine parts; zinc, two parts; lead, one part. The statue stands at the junction of Broadway and Fourth Avenue, near Union Square, facing southward—the best position for it in the city. Its cost is thirty thousand dollars, which, for the encouragement of art, and the honor of the city, could not have been more judiciously expended.

Herr Knoll, the sculptor, has just finished a most interesting work of art, called the "Tannhauser" shield; it illustrates the story of the "Sängerkrieg," or musical contest of the Minnesingers in the castle of the Wartburg, with the addition of several episodes out of the old German mythology. These bas reliefs are wonderfully beautiful, full of deep poetic feeling, and remarkable for the skillfulness of the execution, combining in the figures modern strength with the gracefulness and Adonis-like beauty of the ancient sculptors. The divisions in this series are formed by allegorical figures, in niches, of Germany, history, fairy lore, and legend, the latter holding the rod which the Pope had given Tannhäuser, with green shoots sprouting from it, the merciless Pope having said, that when that dry stick produced green leaves Tannhäuser should be pardoned, and not till then; the two inner circles are occupied with strange wild illustrations of German mythology, very interesting, but requiring too much time to examine here in detail.

Mr. H. Carpenter, of Brooklyn, has recently invented a form of iron cross-tie for railroad tracks, which will prove almost indestructible by time, and, by allowing grass to grow over the whole surface of a railroad, will rid the passengers of the dust. The ties are to rest on a foundation of stone, and to be cast with a hollow upright cylinder at each end, to receive a plunger, or loosely fitting piston, on the top of which piston is cast a chair to carry the rail. The plunger does not rest directly upon the bottom of the cylinder, but is sustained upon a thickness of an inch or more of India rubber, previously introduced, so that, although the iron tie and cylinders may be supposed to be perfectly firm, the support to the rails is quite elastic, considerably more so than with the ordinary wooden ties.

A late English patent is for making steam boilers revolve so as to bring a new surface constantly in contact with the fire, and thus make them last longer. There are two hollow trunnions, through one of which the feed water is received, and through the other the steam is taken for the engine. The whole apparatus is

thus made to resemble some of the new-fashioned wash boilers, in which the clothes are stirred by revolving the whole, or like the coffee-roasters, in which peas are reduced to well-burned "prime old Java" by continually turning over a moderate fire.

Of the rapidity with which some portions of the machinery employed in the manufacture of cotton operate, we may form an idea from the fact that the very finest thread which is used in making lace is passed through the strong flame of a lamp, which burns off the fibers without burning the thread itself. The velocity with which the thread moves is so great that it cannot be perceived there is any motion at all, the line of thread, passing off a wheel through the flame, looking as if it were perfectly at rest.

The Steamer Adriatic.—The shafts for the new steamer were made at Reading, Pa. They are monstrous masses of iron, their weight in the rough having been eighty tons, and when finished sixty-six. These shafts are said to be the heaviest work of the kind, by ten tons, ever known to be made in the United States or any other country. We understand that the company, warned by the fate of the Pacific, are about to fit her out as a complete floating lighthouse, emitting a light which not only cannot be mistaken by other vessels at whatever distance, but which will illuminate the ship's track several miles ahead, and render an approaching vessel, an iceberg, or any other obstruction almost as visible as at noonday.

An American mechanic has invented a process for engraving by *nightlight*. On a plate of copper covered with petroleum, a photographic proof on paper of the object to be engraved is placed; this proof is a positive, and will necessarily make a negative on the metal by the action of the light. After an exposure of a quarter of an hour to the sun, the image is reproduced on the resinous coating, but is made visible by washing the plate with a solvent which removes the parts not impressed by the light, and brings out a negative picture made by the resinous tracings of the bitumen. The designs are very delicate, and the tracings receive solidity by an exposure during two days to the action of a diffuse light. When thus hardened, the plate of metal is plunged into a bath of sulphate of copper, and is then connected with the pole of a battery; if with the negative pole, a layer of copper in relief is deposited on the parts of the metal not protected by the resinous coating; but if with the positive pole, the metal is grooved out in the same parts, and thus an etched engraving is obtained.

In Nuremberg, a new discovery of fresco paintings has just been made; they date probably from the year 1520, and are of the school of *Albert Dürer*. They were found on the exterior side of the council chamber by Herr Eberlein, a painter, who has offered his services to restore them; but they are terribly injured by time and exposure, and in some places nothing is left of them but the outline.